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A Bow to Progress

BY THOMAS BOYD

Author of "Through the Wheat," "The Salt of the Earth," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

RESENTMENT showed plainly in the lift of Uncle John's short, black beard. He straightened up slowly, as if it was only by sheer force of will that he was able to wrench his shoulders and back free of that fixed slump into which years at the plough had moulded them. And leaving the two milk-buckets in their accustomed place under the pine table on the back porch, he clumped wrathfully around the corner of the old house in the mellowness of the early June evening.

As always at this time of day Aunt Mary was at the wood-stove cooking supper, and the smell of coffee, of potatoes and sausage-cakes being fried was pleasantly heavy in the air. As he passed, Uncle John saw her through the bright window of the kitchen, but his dark, fulminating eyes did not soften. He passed the lilac-bush by the corner of the house and turned toward the green hedge which fenced in the front yard from the highway. With each step his eyes grew darker, his beard higher and more outthrust, until his back beneath his rough work-coat was stiff as a drum-major's.

He stopped at the gate, near the white mail-box, and snorted irefully. There before him was the new road, the concrete road running beside the willow-shaded river, taking the place of the old mud-and-gravel road which had been there longer than his memory. It was this new road that he had fought against, and without avail. He had been sure that the new road would raise his taxes till he should be headed straight for the poorhouse; now he knew it for a fact. He had felt that the new road would bring more of the troublesome people from Defiance, several miles up the river, to hunt and picnic and leave refuse over his land. . . . The raise in taxes had come as well as the four-hundred-odd-dollar assessment for him to pay as his share of the construction cost, apportioned to abutting landowners. And every ten minutes or so a car whizzed past, going east or west.

The new road had been there for some weeks, but, though Uncle John had seen it many times, he could not fully believe in its existence: the other road had been there so much longer; and then, too, the new one so palpably violated all of his feelings of what ought to be. With a slow hand he grasped his beard in chafing perplexity.

A short way up the river he could see the quiet bend of the green banks guiding the wide sheet of rippling water as it swelled toward the dam. And there were the locks, of an ancient, peeling red, the grassy knoll, and the old smooth green which held school-day memories of long ago, of times when the now forgotten village of Independence was alive with canal boatmen and passengers going to Toledo, or south even as far as Cincinnati. Only the road, the whitish, level concrete road was new.

And the new road meant taxes, assess-

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ments which he would be unable to pay with the money brought from his crops and live stock. No, not even when Aunt Mary's money from the chickens was added to it. And since he would never willingly sell the farm the difference between what he earned and what he had to pay ominously foreshadowed a mortgage. A mortgage! The first that would have been plastered on the house in a hundred or more years! And in the end a sheriff's sale, and a hard, aimless row to hoe for a man and his wife who were well in their sixties.

"John! Oh, John!" Aunt Mary's voice sounding over the green yard made him turn. He raised his hand above his head to let her know that he had heard, then left the hateful road.

"Supper'll be stone cold," she said as he passed on his way around the house to the back porch. He made a grimace as he changed stiffly from his boots to the comfortable felt slippers. In the kitchen Aunt Mary looked sharply at him. "I'll declare, you act sometimes like you've gone clean out of your head. If you don't like the looks of that cement road why do you stare at it? Standing out there without a hat on in this night air!" she scolded. It was her way of being sympathetic and solicitous.

Uncle John grinned wryly. "Just lookin' at the raging canawl," he explained as he filled the blue enamel wash-basin with hot water and carried it out to the back porch. Invariably he spoke of the disused canal which ran alongside the river as the "raging canawl," just as he always put his boots in precisely the same place each evening.

Aunt Mary had lighted the lamp on the supper-table. It spread a pale glow over the cloth and made the cherry-colored jellies glisten, but left the corners of the room in darkness. Outside night was spreading, and purple shadows lay banked against the window which looked out toward the road. Now and again there could be seen the headlights of passing automobiles, spearing the all-embracing gloom. As they sat there Aunt Mary said: "Fred Willaman was over to see you today." Fred Willaman was the local manager of the Farmers' Community Telephone Company, members of which owned their own 'phones and paid for all repair either in cash or labor.

"Why didn't he come out in the field?" said Uncle John, not looking up from his plate.

"Hadn't time, he said. He was breaking in that sorrel colt. He said to let him know which you want to do, pay cash for the telephone-poles the wind blew down or do your share in work."

"Likely I'd pay cash," said Uncle John, "when we won't even be able to straighten up our taxes this June!"

"I guess Fred'll do his work, too. Taxes on both his farms come close to five hundred dollars, don't they?" said Aunt Mary.

Uncle John nodded. "And he's got seven per cent interest in a six-thousand-dollar mortgage besides." He was silent, thinking of loan companies, mortgages, sheriff's sales because of delinquent taxes. Land brought no more than a hundred dollars an acre at a forced sale, principally because nobody wanted to buy it. Fred Willaman had been one of the majority of abutting landowners to sign the petition for the new road. Like many of the others Fred had wanted to sell his farm so as to be free of the burden of taxes, and had hoped that the new road would not only increase the value of his two hundred and forty acres, but would bring purchasers as well. Uncle John, on the contrary, had not wanted to sell his farm, didn't want to sell it even now. He had been born there, and he was willing to die there, but meanwhile it was grievous to know that for all his work, in summer from sunup to sundown, he was losing irrevocably a little each day.

As he sat there in gloomy contemplation there was a sound at the front door. Aunt Mary said: "Now who, for goodness sake, can that be, coming at this time of night?" She stood up, slipping her calico apron from her plump waist.

"Maybe it's Fred," suggested Uncle John, and listened while Aunt Mary went to the door, where the knocking was growing more insistent. Shortly he heard the voices of a man and a woman, the woman talking a little like Mrs. Beasely, who was the president of the Woman's Club of Defiance. The man was certainly a stranger; maybe he and the woman had lost their way.

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He stopped at the gate near the white mail-box and snorted irefully.—Page 387.

"Oh, John," he heard Aunt Mary call, "is it forty-seven or forty-nine miles to Toledo?" He thought: 'Yes, that's it: two people traipsin' over the country at night and losin' their way.' He walked through the sitting-room to the front door, where Aunt Mary was standing talking to two people who were dimly outlined on the front porch.

"Lookin' for the way to Toledo? A pretty good piece . . . about forty-nine miles if you follow the river road," he said.

"It's not the distance," answered the man in the shadows, "but it's getting late, and we've come a long way already."

Silence. Then the woman said in a tired voice: "It wouldn't be possible for us to stay here for the night?"

Uncle John looked at Aunt Mary. These fool tourists, he thought. Why didn't they stay home where they be-

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longed, or else spend the night in hotels. . . . But nobody had ever asked in vain to spend the night at Uncle John's; in fact, few people needed to ask.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Mary. "Step right in. You're welcome to what we've got." She was embarrassed that she had not suggested it herself.

"Yes," said Uncle John, "you can run your machine right down the lane and put it up in the barn, right behind the double buggy." He went out to the back porch for the lantern, his dislike for these two people who had asked for shelter gone. But not so his aversion for tourists. For Uncle John's mind lumped things together into classes. As tourists he could barely be civil to this pair, but as people who had asked for shelter he could have no ill feeling against them; somehow they were no longer tourists.

"Come pretty far?" he asked the man as they walked in the light of the lantern toward the car.

"Left Chicago at nine o'clock this morning. Pretty good roads, too."

"Well, well. You must be tired, comin' all this distance. But I suppose you get used to drivin', livin' in such a big city."

"Oh, I don't live in Chicago. You couldn't get me to leave Omaha, or my wife either, far as that goes."

"Omaha, well, well! Drive all the way from Omaha, Nebrasky?" he asked as they drove down the lane.

"Yep, and going clear up into Maine. Kennebunkport. For the summer," explained the man, following Uncle John's lantern through the dewy grass.

In the house, by the light of the sitting-room lamp, Uncle John saw that his visitor was a medium-sized, thick-shouldered person, wearing a light suit and an Elk's fraternal insignia suspended from a heavy gold watch-chain at his vest. Uncle John smiled hostlike about the room. "Well," he announced to Aunt Mary, "these folks are from 'way out in Nebrasky."

"Yes," said Aunt Mary, nodding toward the woman. "Mrs. Yates was telling me." She continued solicitously: "And they must be pretty tuckered out. Excuse me, I'll straighten up the spare bedroom." She opened the up-stairs door and disappeared.

Mrs. Yates, Uncle John thought, was very much like Mrs. Beasely, of the Defiance Woman's Club. She had a square jaw and bright false teeth, sat militantly erect with her hands folded in her lap.

Lying in bed that night Uncle John told Aunt Mary: "Right sociable people. Mr. Yates says lots of folks ask him why he don't ever go to Europe, but he always tells 'em there's plenty for him to see in his own country. He's got the right idea, seems like. . . . Travels all over every summer. Must be pretty well fixed."

Aunt Mary sighed: "I do hope they're comfortable. That spare-room bed is pretty high to climb into." They went to sleep.

The next morning Uncle John had returned to the house from milking, and Aunt Mary was frying ham and eggs and potatoes when Mrs. Yates came billowing into the kitchen.

"I slept like a top, utterly like a top," she pronounced. "And in such a lovely old bed. I never dreamed I'd find such a lovely old four-poster out here in the Middle West. That chest of drawers, and those hooked rugs! They're just too lovely."

"They're middling old," smiled Aunt Mary, pleased at the genuine enthusiasm of her guest.

"What a gorgeous morning!" Mrs. Yates rolled massively out on the back porch and rounded the house. A short while later she returned with her husband, just as Aunt Mary was putting breakfast on the table.

"What a lovely place you have here," she intoned as she unfolded her napkin. "That view out there"—her plump arm gestured backward toward the river road —"it's so picturesque, like a bit of New England. Those willows over the river, and the curve of the banks up ahead! You really should turn this nice old place into a tourist inn."

"And serve ham like this for breakfast," said Mr. Yates, passing his plate for another helping from the platter in front of Aunt Mary.

Uncle John leaned back in his chair and put his hand up to his beard as if to still a roar of mirth. "Yes sir, I guess we ought to be hotel-keepers!" he laughed. The notion of himself and Aunt Mary as

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tavern-keepers was so funny that he laughed again.

"No, really, I mean it," said Mrs. Yates when breakfast was finished.

"That chest of drawers, and those hooked rugs! They're just too lovely."—Page 390.

But Uncle John chose to regard her suggestion as mere whimsy.

"Well, if we're going to make Cleveland to-night—" began Mr. Yates. He drew a leather bill-fold from his pocket and opened it. "If you'll tell me how much we owe you for our room and breakfast——"

Uncle John looked at him with almost stupefaction. He could understand why Mr. Yates had opened his pocketbook no more than if the man had drawn a revolver. He felt somehow as if Mr. Yates had taken advantage of him.

Noticing Uncle John's hesitation, Mrs. Yates said: "Of course we intended to pay."

"Yes, ma'am, I see you did," Uncle John grumbled in bewilderment. Clearly they *had* taken advantage of him, had shown the cloven hoof of the tourist.

"We wouldn't have stayed otherwise," said Mrs. Yates. "Think of all the trouble we've put you to."

Uncle John was silent, gulping down his feeling.

Mr. Yates took out a five-dollar bill. He said: "Let's call it square."

Uncle John stepped back, scowling through his black beard. "We ain't tavern-keepers," he said flatly.

Aunt Mary stood silent with embarrassment.

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Mrs. Yates breathed sharply through her bright teeth. "Well!" she ejaculated. A stubborn light had come into her eyes, but as she turned to Aunt Mary she said sweetly: "We intended to pay. We always do whenever we stop by the roadside. Many farmhouses make it their business to take in tourists. We thought, of course, that you did too." She delivered a mellifluous farewell while Uncle John went out to the barn to unlock the door for her husband.

Uncle John stood by the open barn-door saying good-by to Mr. Yates. Then as the car rolled slowly up the lane he walked toward the house.

Aunt Mary was at the sitting-room window looking out as he entered. "They gone?" he asked.

Watching Mrs. Yates walk over the yard to the waiting car at the roadside Aunt Mary mildly scolded: "John, you oughtn't to fly off the handle like that."

"No, I guess not," he said wistfully. "They seemed like right sociable folks." He looked down at the table, thinking darkly of how pitiably times had changed. In the old days— "What in Sam Hill!" Peeping out of Aunt Mary's wicker work-basket was one end of the disputed five-dollar bill. "This yours?" he asked gruffly as he took up the money.

"Goodness no!" said Aunt Mary. "It must be Mrs. Yates's."

Uncle John scratched his beard. "Hell-bent on havin' her own way, wasn't she?" He looked quickly out the window. Mrs. Yates was just getting into the car. Uncle John strode to the door and ran out over the yard as swiftly as his stiff legs would carry him. "Hi!" he called. "Hi!"

The gears of the car ground softly, then stopped. One hand on the wheel, Mr. Yates leaned over the side of the machine, waiting.

"Here," said Uncle John, and paused for breath. "I said we wa'n't tavern-keepers." He thrust the money over the side of the car and turned.

"All *right;* all *right,*" said Mr. Yates irritably. The car lunged away and Uncle John went back into the house.

Uncle John went past the house to the back yard and climbed the rail fence by the barn. These damned tourists thought they could buy him soul and body, did they? well, he'd show them! On his way to the corn rows he skirted the field of wheat, changing from green to tawny gold under the midsummer sun. But the heads had a thin appearance, and there were places in the field where the dark earth showed through. Already behind with his June taxes, Uncle John found in the sight no encouragement. He would be no better off in January when all his crops had been marketed.

He spent the day hoeing under the hot, breathless sky. When the sun, like a flaming ball of orange yarn, lay close to the rolling horizon, he was glad to go up the long lane to the house.

After the supper-dishes had been washed, Aunt Mary came into the sitting-room, where he was reading the Toledo *News-Bee.* He watched her take up her wicker work-basket and place the lamp so that her lap was inside the mellow circle of light, then went back to his paper. Soon he was scowling darkly at some reference to America's proposed entrance into the World Court. . . .

It was quiet in and about the house, but from the road came the hum of automobiles, frequently passing. Aunt Mary said: "That five dollars would have been more than I get from a whole week's gathering of eggs at the best laying-time."

Uncle John went on reading his paper.

"And a good deal less bother mixed up with it," continued Aunt Mary.

"What's that?" asked Uncle John suddenly.

"I said 'less bother.'"

"Who's less bother?"

"I was talking about that five dollars," said Aunt Mary touchily.

"Oh!" said Uncle John. He folded the paper and laid it on the table. "You didn't want to keep it, did you?"

"No," said Aunt Mary. She sighed over her sewing. "But I wish I could earn that much every day and not have to bother any more than I did last night."

Uncle John leaned back, laughing. "Why don't you start a hotel?" he asked with sardonic amusement.

"Why not?" answered Aunt Mary indignantly, ignoring any facetiousness in Uncle John's remark. "It's all right for

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you to sit there and ask me, but what about all the extra washing I'd have to do!"

Uncle John had felt that his suggestion sheets to the laundry. Not much, she wouldn't do it!

"Be all right to take 'em to the laundry if you got paid enough for your trouble,

"This yours?"—Page 392.

of the hotel had capped the pinnacle of absurdity; now, no matter what he said, it couldn't sound foolish. Drolly—or so at least he thought—he suggested: "You could send out your bedding to the Defiance Steam Laundry." He scratched his beard and watched Aunt Mary.

"And have them rip my fine linen all to shreds!" Aunt Mary seemed horrified at the recommendation. She had very fine linen, and chests full of it, but it was always closely guarded. Uncle John chuckled to himself at the thought of Aunt Mary sending out her embroidered wouldn't it? Think of all the sheets you could buy in a year if you took in tourists a couple of times a week," he went on in his bantering tone.

"Likely I'd buy sheets when we've got our taxes to pay, and that four-hundred-dollar assessment," said Aunt Mary.

Uncle John's face grew shadowed, the glint disappearing from his dark eyes. His feeling for jest suddenly terminated. He stared bleakly through the window toward the new cement road, where, now and again, he could see the level, glowing shafts of light from the passing cars.

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When he spoke his words came slowly: "Five or ten dollars a week would come pretty close to straightenin' out our taxes and assessments."

thing. What had she said the old place was like? . . . Some fancy word or other. Well, Uncle John himself had always thought it was a right pretty spot, there

"Like 'Tourist Rest'; how's that?"—Page 395.

"Five or ten dollars a week!" echoed Aunt Mary. "I guess we would have more money than that coming in from all these tourists that go past."

"Maybe we would at that," said Uncle John hopefully. The decorative words of praise spoken by Mrs. Yates came up to the surface of his mind. He remembered how pleased she had been with everything by the river. And she had gone off her head about that rickety old bed and those rag rugs up-stairs. Uncle John, for his part, had never cared much about that bed. It was too hard to climb into; and the rugs didn't cover enough of the floor to keep you from getting your feet cold in the winter. But then if Mrs. Yates liked it there were probably other people just as

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crazy. There was another room across the hall from the one in which Mrs. Yates had slept, and it was furnished in the same way. And then there was another room up-stairs that could be made into a bedroom: the one right above the kitchen. He said: "Yes, I reckon you're right. We've got three spare rooms, if it comes to the worst."

"Three?" repeated Aunt Mary. "Where is the third one? You mean that spare room over the kitchen?"

"Why not?" he asked. "It's a good room. Got two windows in it. I've slept up there many a time."

"It's the storeroom now," said Aunt Mary. "What would we do with the sausage-grinder if we used that for a bedroom?"

It was a question to which Uncle John had no answer.

"And that stack of magazines. We couldn't put them any place."

He remembered the piles, high as his head, of *Hoard's Dairyman*, *The Breeder's Gazette*, *The Farmer's Review*, and *The Ohio Farmer*. "No-o," he said hesitantly. For a moment the whole romantic plan was about to fall apart because of the magazines and the sausage-grinder. "What you keepin' them for?" he asked, thus for the first time challenging the right of any customary object to have and keep its place in the house.

Aunt Mary answered: "I haven't been keeping them. It was you that always wanted them up there."

Uncle John considered this. And at last he remembered. The magazines were kept up there because The Old Gentleman used to like to read them every now and then. But The Old Gentleman had been gone for years. "Guess we might just as well use 'em to start fires with."

This decision was so unexpected and momentous that Aunt Mary was startled. Her darning-egg fell from her hands to the basket. It also startled Uncle John, but inwardly. He had made a lesion with ancient custom, and it was so much of a shock that he felt free, felt as if he were competent to deal with the matter of the sausage-grinder. He said: "I tell you, Mary Jane, I can build a shelf out on the back porch for the sausage-grinder."

Aunt Mary considered this. "We'd have three rooms all right," she admitted at length. "If we had three different tourists here in one night! It makes me giddy to think of it."

Uncle John got up and turned toward the old, built-in secretary for a pencil. Figures, tantalizing figures were floating in his mind. Three times five and seven times fifteen. He had to put it down on paper. Speculation for the first time had grasped him. Edging his chair to the table, his stiff fingers gripping the pencil, he bowed over the writing-tablet, making neat little marks, little symbols. . . . Once he looked up to say: "Don't you reckon five dollars is too steep?"

Aunt Mary said: "Goodness knows I wouldn't think of paying it."

Uncle John nodded, not raising his eyes. The sheet grew dark with columns of numbers. Finally he straightened up. "Mary Jane," he began impressively, "if we charged a man and his wife four dollars for board and lodging, and if we averaged ten a week, we'd have forty dollars. And, now let's see, in a month that'd be—" he stopped, superstitiously silent before so large a sum of money.

"That road's getting thicker with automobiles every day, and lots of folks take their children along. We could charge a little more for children."

"Yes," said Uncle John, "that's right." He bent over the paper again to alter his calculations so as to include so many families with children. Once he stopped his computation, but only long enough to say owlishly: "That's *all* right; yes, sir, we ought to have good cement roads all over this country. I'll make a sign and put it up first thing in the morning. We'll call it something catchy, like 'Tourist Rest'; how's that?"

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"His Majestie's Servant"

BY OTIS SKINNER

Author of "Footlights and Spotlights," "Three Madmen of the Theatre," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

UNLESS it be the moment when, after an hour's fruitless whipping of a discouraging stream with every fly in your book from Brown Hackle to Scarlet Ibis, your rod-tip bends and your taut line sings to the tug of a two-pound trout, I know no thrill that is comparable to that of the unexpected find of a rare volume in an obscure and shabby book-shop. Even that comparison is feeble when the book is one you long have coveted; the thrill lasts longer and its recurrent waves radiate from the stone-splash of your discovery until they are stayed on the shores of your library shelves, and there they lap in much content.

You devoutly hope the mouldy dealer, who never pays any attention to you or your prowling through his dusty rubbish, doesn't really know what he has got.

What you have found is in a miscellaneous lot containing Green's Arithmetic, a novel by Marie Corelli, a copy of the Laws of Indiana for 1869, and McGuffey's Fifth Reader. How it ever had got into such abandoned company, heaven knows!

Your predatory instincts are aroused. May a beneficent Providence keep that mole of a bookseller's eyes blind to its worth!

Picking up the McGuffey you ask its price of the indifferent old party; he gives you one which you pretend to regard as shockingly high, and tell him so. You find an eighteenth-century volume of sermons in a sacredly shabby calf binding. You don't want it, of course—you never read sermons—but you get the dealer's valuation. It is so absurdly low that you are really tempted, but what would you do with the old thing anyway?

Then, still stalking your prey, your ear alert for the tinkle of the shop-door bell that announces another customer who may catch you at your little game, you lift up a tied bundle of *Graham's Magazines* from a dirty corner; they don't interest you either. You stroll to a neighboring rack and pick out a geography; you fancy your criminal procedure quite perfect—you are a fraud and you know you are, but you wonder if the dealer knows it, too. He has seen people like you before. Your face is a mask; you are doing the best acting of which you are capable as you saunter back to where your treasure lay. It is still there. After pawing over the entire batch of stuff, you ask the price of *your* book. The cunning rascal! He knows its worth. You have wasted a lot of your valuable time. But no matter, its price is gratifyingly modest—you would have to pay three times the sum in any advertised book list.

What I found was in a back-street shop, down South, whose window displayed not only books but some oil-lamps, glazed mantel figures, a tray of jumbled silver articles, another of old coins and a Seth Thomas clock.

It has borne its years quite bravely. The credit on the title-page is:

LONDON
Printed for Robert Gosling at the Mitre
Near the Inner Temple Court in Fleet Street,
1710. Price 3s. 6d.

It is the "Life" of the eminent and respectable Mr. Thomas Betterton, who died shortly before the date of its publication, and whose virtues are therein set forth with great naïveté. The work is anonymous, but pretty good authority ascribes it to one Gildon. Beyond doubt Gildon had much scorn for the theatre, for though the late eminent tragedian receives due laudation he seems to be a good deed in a

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naughty world. The material that made up the ranks of the acting profession in the days of the Merry Monarch and thereafter was, in this writer's opinion, a sorry one.

From the Theatre Collection, Harvard College Library.

Thomas Betterton.
From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

It is sad that in our degenerate day we are even denied the privilege of looking back to the golden age of Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle (what a fine, mouth-filling name—Anne Bracegirdle!) as a period when the British stage was in flower. It would ease our conscience if we could look to a glorious background, though we are but poor inheritors of the tradition.

I learn, however, that even the revered Thomas had feet of clay; he imported a Continental vice in introducing scenery for the first time in England for the mounting of one of his earliest plays, thereby bringing about his periwig a flood of censure. But how tolerant the biographer! He tells us that:

> Others have laid it to the Charge of *Mr. Betterton* as the first Innovator on our rude Stage as a Crime; nay as the Destruction of good Playing; but I think with very little Shew of Reason, and little knowledge of the Stages of *Athens* and *Rome*, where, I am apt to believe was in their flourishing Times as great Actors as ever played here before Curtains. For how that which helps the Representation, by assisting the pleasing Delusion of the Mind in regard of the Place, should spoil Acting, I cannot imagine, . . . since the Audience must be often puzzled to find the Place, and Situation of the Scene, which gives great Light to the Play, and helps to deceive us agreeably, while they saw before them some *Linsey-Woolsey* Curtains, or at best some piece of old Tapestry fill'd with awkerd (*sic*) Figures, that would almost fright the Audience.

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This was in 1662. The long night of Puritan dominance was over, and the theatre was emerging from its ten-year sleep under the ban of the Commonwealth. The young King was endeavoring to make England forget Cromwell by dazzling it with court gaieties and providing amusement for a people who were hungry for it. Charles's hunger was even greater than theirs; there had been little laughter for the prince and his shabby court in their long exile, begging a bare existence on the Continent, badgered and driven from pillar to post and often wanting the sheer necessities of life.

The drama had ample support in two companies, the Duke of York's and the King's. Letters patent were granted, giving them the practical monopoly of play production, the actors of the King's company at Drury Lane, of which Betterton later became a member, being known as "His Majestie's Servants."

Charles's interest in the two organizations was mainly on the feminine side, and he was royally impartial; from the Duke's house he chose for his mistress Moll Davis, "an impertinent slut," but possessed of sufficient ability, both as dancer and actress, to tickle the fancy of old Pepys. She lasted for over four years, presented Charles with a daughter, and then was totally eclipsed by Nell Gwyn, of Old Drury. Nell had been successively street arab, fish and fruit peddler, tavern mountebank, orange-girl in the theatre, and finally Drury's brightest, merriest comedienne. She caught Charles's love of humor by her frank impudence toward the ladies of his court and her clever, coarse mimicry of his mistresses.

Other favorites came and departed—Nell kept her hold on the King and made him laugh.

While driving through the streets in her coach she was once mistaken for the Duchess of Portsmouth, who had incurred public disfavor on account of her papist leanings, and was greeted with yells of derision. Thrusting her head through the window she cried: "You're mistaken, good people, I am the *Protestant* whore!" She won a dukedom for her child by the King by referring to him in Charles's presence as a "little bastard."

Charles protested.

"What other name, then, can I call him by?" asked Nellie. The King thought that the Earl of Burford would be as good a name as any.

Charles's dying words were: "Do not let poor Nellie starve." Two years later she followed her royal lover, having composed this jocund epitaph for her own tombstone:

"Here Nellie lies, who, though she lived a slattern
Yet died a Princess acting in St. Cattrin."

She and her merry sisters properly scandalized our good author; he bemoans the character of the players, men and women, who could readily lend respectability to the theatre, did they not——

by their own loose Lives, by an open Contempt of Religion, and making Blasphemy and Profaneness the marks of their Wit and good Breeding; by an undisguised Debauchery and Drunkenness, coming on the very Stage in Contempt of the Audience when they were scarce able to speak a Word; by having little regard for the Ties of Honor and Common Honesty to say nothing of the Irregularities of the Ladies, which rob them of their Deference and Respect, that their Accomplishments of Person would else command from their Beholders, especially when set off to such an Advantage as the Stage Supplies in the Improvement of the Mind and Person.

So warm does he wax on his topic that he suggests if the culprits were

discarded on the Discovery of their Follies of that Nature, I dare believe that they would sooner get Husbands, and the Theatre lose Abundance of that Scandal it now lies under. For even our Times, as corrupt as they are, have given us Examples of Virtue in our Stage Ladies. I shall not name them, because I would draw no Censure on those who are *not named*.

Somehow, I think that unfair to the "Examples of Virtue," but what could one expect from the examples set by royal Charles and his cronies, Buckingham, Arlington, and Rochester, companions of many a secret enterprise and all "equally ready to empty a bottle, seduce a girl and write a sonnet or play"!

Though the censure of our anonymous recorder is in his own words, it is undoubtedly that of the redoubtable Thomas Betterton himself, who perhaps acquired his propensity for roasting by legitimate inheritance—he was the son of an undercook to Charles I. You hear the mellow

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thunder of his denunciation as, to his Boswell, he hands out this:

When I was a young Player under *Sir William Davenant*, we were under a much better Discipline. We were obliged to make our Study our Business, which our young Men do not think it their duty to do; for they now scarce ever mind a Word of their Parts but only at *Rehearsals*, and come hither too often scarce recovered from last Night's Debauch; when the Mind is not very capable of considering so calmly and judiciously on what they have to study, as to enter thoroughly into the Nature of the Part, or to Consider the Variation of the Voice, Looks and Gestures, which should give them their true Beauty, many of them thinking the making a Noise renders them agreeable to the Audience, because a few of the Upper-Gallery clap the loud Efforts of their Lungs, in which their Understanding has no share. They think it superfluous Trouble to study real Excellence which might rob them of what they fancy more, Midnight, or indeed Whole Night's Debauches, and a lazy Remisness in their Business. Another Obstacle to the Improvement of our Young Players, is that when they have not been admitted above a Month or two into the Company, tho' their Education and former Business were never so foreign to Acting, they vainly imagine themselves Masters of that *Art*, which properly to attain, requires a studious Application of Man's whole Life. They take it therefore amiss to have the Author give them any Instruction; and tho' they know nothing of the Art of Poetry, will give their Censure, and neglect or mind a Part as they think the Author and his Part deserves. Tho' in this they are led by Fancy as blind as Ignorance can make it; and so, wandering without any certain Rule of Judgment, generally favor the bad and slight the good.

From a photograph by Walker & Boutall, London, E. C.

Nell Gwyn.
From the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

'Tis marvel what little change has been wrought in the character of our young players since the Restoration!

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As an eternal reproach to these stage goslings the noble war-horse holds up the example of his estimable co-worker, Mrs. Barry, who, he declared, would always

From the Theatre Collection, Harvard College Library.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barry.
From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

"consult the most indifferent Poet," and thereby often make acting successes of "such Plays, as to read, would turn a Man's Stomach."

As Thomas grew older he became grouchier. The poor man had his troubles, for we read that at seventy-five, having long been tortured "with the Stone and Gout, the latter at last, by repellatory Medicines, was driven into his Stomach, which prov'd so fatal as in a few Days to put an End to his Life. He was bury'd with great Decency in *Westminster Abbey*."

Comforting thought—he was buried with *decency!* He must, indeed, have hailed the death angel with joy in that he could shuffle off the garment of a corrupt world and crawl into the clean shelter of the tomb. One may to-day make pilgrimage to this last resting-place in the Abbey, where his virtues are tabled and enshrined in the flamboyance of the age of Queen Anne.

He had seen many changes in his day. When he began his professional career it was under the management of Rhodes, a former Charing Cross bookseller, who had secured a license to set up a company of players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane the year before the triumphant return of Charles II to England. In this earliest

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recorded engagement he was in association with "boy actresses," and no doubt he may have played *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of the most brilliant of these, his fellow apprentices, Kynaston, and possibly may have had to wait his curtain on "Hamlet" until Kynaston was properly shaved for *Ophelia*.

The pursuit of play-acting at this period was conducted under distressing circumstances. The auditorium of the theatre presented a most disorderly scene; the fashionable but dissolute women of the town appearing masked in the open boxes and receiving unconcernedly the noisy attentions of the beaux during the progress of the play. The conduct of these riotous gallants and coarse women rendered the place well-nigh intolerable to decent patrons. Performers were frequently jeered at and their efforts at stilted emotionalism greeted with drunken yawps and howls of execration. Orange-girls, selected for their alluring appearance, under the leadership of an older woman styled "Orange Moll," pushed their way through the spectators of the pit clacking the virtues of their expensive fruits to the brawling crew who devoured the sweet juice and used the rinds to pelt at the actors. Not infrequently an insolent beau, bemused and heated with liquor, would lurch upon the stage from box or pit, or the so-termed "fop's corner" (there being no intervening row of footlights, albeit he had to beware lest in his assault he rip his finery and his laces on a sort of *chevau de frise* topping the protecting orchestra-rail), and start a pitched battle with the hapless actors, leading other noblemen to the fray, using the furniture and scene properties, and even drawing swords in earnest, the unlucky manager looking on the while despairing and helpless at the results of his own pandering to the doubtful privileges of the gallants of the town.

His was an early example of gouging the public; not satisfied with his legitimate profits in the takings at the door, he augmented them by the sale of special favors. The custom of the Elizabethan theatre had provided certain favored ones with seats on the stage itself, where they sat cluttering the entrances and exits, puffing the smoke from their long pipes into the very faces of the players. This feature, annoying alike to actors and audience, had been banished by royal order, but like the ticket-speculating theatre magnates of to-day the manager was not to be denied his graft. For a liberal tip, distinguished beaux were admitted not only behind the scenes and into the green-room, but into the very tiring-rooms of the actresses, witnessing their robing and disrobing, and carrying on such scandalous conversations as would frequently put to flight the young serving-girls attendant upon these saucy queans.

The scandal grew until even Charles pretended to be shocked, and by an edict drove the practice out of vogue, forbidding the dressing-room privileges to the gilded fops, tearing the masks from the faces of the women spectators, and restoring decency to the course of the performance.

It is high time to see what manner of man is this Thomas Betterton; to do so it is best we go to Drury Lane on one of his *Hamlet* nights.

The theatre is well filled long before the curtain hour, as the lesser public who honor their Shakespeare and the acting of Betterton are avid for the events of the evening. It is a less rowdy crowd than that which occupied the boxes and pit on the previous evening, when Wycherly's salacious "Country Wife" drew the bucks, the rakes, and the wanton ladies of the town; nevertheless the auditorium is animated and noisy. The real play-lovers fill the balconies; for the most part they know nearly every line of the tragedy they love so well.

Down in the pit, partly benched and part standing room, is the usual mixed rabble of the well-to-do, officers in semi-uniform, East India merchants talking trade, brokers from the Exchange matching prices for to-morrow, three or four liberal-minded clergymen, critics, pamphleteers, London aldermen, rich shopkeepers, lawyers, members of the Parliament, poets, dramatists, a sprinkling of actors who are out of the bill, frequenters of the coffee-houses, men about town. There is a fair representation of the fops as well, though this is not one of their nights; they form a group by themselves over in the corners where they may flirt with the beauties in the boxes.

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The orange-girls are busy, now and then getting into an altercation over rights in a certain customer, possibly that red-faced alderman who encourages both sides to a hair-pulling match. A ribboned gallant steals an orange from the basket of one of the vendors; she retrieves it and bestows a volume of billingsgate on the filcher. He retorts with some lewd proposals and, while his jewelled fingers steal down her plump neck, receives a smart slap on the cheek. She moves on with her wares, quite happy and unruffled—it is all part of the game.

The boxes are animated with beauty, gay costumes, fashionable chatter, spirited repartee, lively disputes and screams of laughter. Complacent lords sit majestic, silent and stupid, masked ladies wave their fans to gallants in the opposite boxes. A handsome soldier leans over the chair of a blonde little thing in rose-colored satin, the long curls of his periwig sweeping her bare bosom; she glances at the dozing elderly husband at her side, and gives an assenting nod to his proposal. As he moves away his hand trails a caress across her shoulder.

The candle-trimmers are adjusting the lights—the play is about to begin. As the curtain rises there is still the gabble of the spectators, but it soon hushes as the *Ghost* stalks into the affrighted presence of *Marcellus*, *Bernardo*, and *Horatio* upon the platform at Elsinore. The scene terminates with an audience intent on the play—expectant, silent.

Now a fanfare of trumpets, and enter their Majesties of Denmark clad in the costume of Charles II, stately and formal; the sitters and standees in the wings make way respectfully for the procession. The *King* leads on Mrs. Barry as the *Queen* (she is greeted with hearty though orderly applause), then follows Betterton, and the plaudits continue for some moments. But we have received a shock of surprise and disappointment; we forget that we have projected ourselves back two centuries and a half. Here is no spirited David Garrick or graceful Spranger Barry, but an ill-formed, squat gentleman whose black court costume, laces, and curled periwig are not sufficient to conceal the clumsy figure beneath them. The head is so large as to be almost out of proportion, the neck is short and thick, and the shoulders stooped; to these are added a corpulent body, thick legs, and large feet. The face that looks out from its framework of curls is broad and somewhat pock-fretted; in it are set two small but expressive eyes, capable of portraying an unusual variety of emotion. His arms, which are short and fat, are kept at rest, except at occasional intervals; his left hand lodged in his breast between his coat and his waistcoat, his right conveying the appropriate gesture to his speech.

This latter gives us a second disappointment. As he begins "'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother," it rasps and grumbles like the wooden works of an ancient clock. The entire personality of the man seems an anachronism.

But presently, as he listens to the tale of the spectral visitor, we are aware of something arresting, the voice loses its discordance, and in its strained attitude of listening excitement we lose all sight of the cumbersome figure with its unseemly costume.

Our ears have grown accustomed to the grandiloquence of speech, the weighty pauses, and the formal emphases. We yield to the majesty of demeanor as we yield to the spell of the perfect proportions of Sir Christopher Wren's St. Paul's Cathedral.

Now we question nothing. The scene with the *Ghost* takes place, and I shall let Mr. Colley Cibber tell you about it:

> He opened with a pause of mute amazement; then rising slowly to a sol mn, trembling voice, he made the *Ghost* equally terrible to the Spectator as to himself; and in the descriptive part of the natural Emotions which the ghastly Vision gave him, the Boldness of his Expostulation was still governed by Decency, manly, but not braving, his voice never rising into that seeming outrage, or wild Defiance of what he naturally rever'd.

Even the fops in the audience are silent —the orange-girls spellbound.

Mr. Samuel Pepys is at the play and he says of his *Hamlet:* "It is the best acted part ever done by man."

He had evidently won the loyalty of Mr. Pepys, who spoke of him as a serious, sober gentleman given to studious pursuits and bearing his riches and his honors with humility. Only once did he bring upon himself the reprimand of the diarist,

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who was surprised that, in a performance of *Mustapha*, Betterton and his fellow player, Harris, "could not contain for laughing in the midst of a most serious part from the ridiculous mistake of one of the men upon the stage; which *I did not like*." Neither, I am sure, would you or I.

But not for worlds would I rob the dear old man of his moment of mirth even though it be in a tragedy. If ever an actor earned the privilege of laughter it was he. Notwithstanding the unusual honor and homage paid to him, the highest salary he ever received was the lavish sum of five pounds a week, but upon this he was enabled to establish a home wherein domestic happiness ruled supreme. His wife adored him; they had been lovers from their youthful days when she first played *Juliet* to his *Romeo*.

My little volume of Betterton's "Life" with its wealth of punctuation marks, its *s's* that look like *f's*, and its capitalized nouns, is mainly a treatise on the art of acting as he conceived it. Little is left to nature or impulse; all is stately and measured, as we may fancy the general conduct of the performers in the windy tragedies and mannered comedies of the period, Otway, Dryden, Wycherly, and Vanbrugh. It was scarcely to be expected of a gentleman clad in voluminous velvet garments trimmed with yards of lace, mounted on high-heeled buskins, and all but extinguished under the ringlets of his periwig, that he should be anything but pompous and grandiloquent. It was not real life that the stage represented, but a mock reality, conventionalized, transformed, and clothed in rhetoric. Passion went by rule, gaiety to the beat of the metronome, emotion was measured by the yard-stick, and dignity governed the manners of the mimic world.

But no exemplar of this school could compete with Betterton. He subdued his hearers to rapt attention by a majestic and magnetic control. Says Cibber:

> I never heard a line of tragedy come from him wherein my judgment, my ear and my imagination were not fully satisfied, which since his time I cannot say of any one actor whatsoever.

After his retirement into privacy and into the distresses of his stone and gout, a benefit performance was given him at the new theatre in the Haymarket on the 7th of April, 1709, on which occasion his old comrade, Mrs. Barry, declaimed this eulogy written by the poet Nicholas Rowe:

> "Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
> Old Shakespeare's Ghost had risen to do him Right,
> With indignation had you seen him frown
> Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless Town:
> Griev'd and Repining you had heard him say,
> Why are the *Muses'* Labours cast away?
> Why did I only write what only he could Play?"

When he took his wife into his embrace that night it was with a foreboding that all was not well—but, notwithstanding the agony his gouty foot was causing him, he gave her a kiss and a cheery word and was helped to his coach. Arriving at the theatre he was carried to his dressing-room, where he thrust his foot into cold water to reduce its swelling before he could even bear as much as a slipper upon it.

Waiting the veteran's appearance was an audience representative of the best that London could boast and packed from pit to gallery. In its welcome, as he came limping upon the stage as *Melantius* in "The Maid's Tragedy," Betterton forgot his ills, and under a barrage of bravos and shouts of loving approval he acted to the end of the play with a miraculous renewal of his youthful fire.

He was never again seen publicly, and in forty-eight hours he had reached the undiscovered country in whose confines death's surcease came not only to his bodily woes but to his financial worries as well. He had ventured in an overseas enterprise that proved disastrous, and his benefit fund was of great assistance to his widow, although it was not long before this faithful soul followed her husband.

So passed from view a stately, splendid figure.

For more than fifty years, from Charles II to Queen Anne, his has been the finest example of excellence among the servants of their Majesties.

No better description of him could be given than is contained in three words of the theatre license granted by King William:

THOMAS BETTERTON, GENTLEMAN

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Ritchie of Maryland

BY FRANK R. KENT

IT is interesting to observe the different routes by which men in this country arrive within hailing distance of the Presidency. When the long list of those who—some successfully and most unsuccessfully—have aspired in the past, and those who to-day are more or less openly in the White House race is considered, it is clear there is no standard method of approach, no beaten path to follow. Some arrive from one direction, some from another. Men like Wilson, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Hughes, Hoover, become Presidents, Presidential candidates, or Presidential possibilities through the vibrancy of their personalities, the power of their intellects, the renown of their achievements, with no help from the party machines—often in the face of their intense hostility. Some, like Mr. Coolidge, arrive through the simple expedient of early getting aboard the escalator of the dominant party in a large and politically important State, standing steady back of the party leaders, avoiding controversy and conflicts, docilely going along in a well-disciplined, complacent and commonplace way. Others, like Governor Smith, start in fiercely playing the party game, carve out a tempestuous political career, forge to the front, and by sheer force of character and ability become outstanding leaders, either winning control or taking possession of a machine. Occasionally one of the crusading species—a Bryan, or a Reed, or a McAdoo—through the fire of his eloquence and the force of his fighting spirit, or by the sudden appeal of a popular issue, seizes a party nomination or, getting within seizing distance, just misses seizing it.

And then there is Ritchie—Albert Cabell Ritchie, governor of Maryland—different from all of these present-day Presidential aspirants and unlike any in the past who can now be recalled—without the might of the Wilson-Cleveland breed of statesman, not in the least the Smith type of leader, by no means the drab sort of business-bossed political plodder Mr. Coolidge is; neither a politician nor an idealist, without much inner glow or pretense of greatness. Yet no clear-headed, posted person will dispute the fact that to-day Ritchie is within hailing distance if not of the Presidency at least of the Presidential nomination. He is far from being the leading candidate of his party. He will not go into the next Democratic convention with many more votes behind him than the sixteen he had from his own State last time, but he has an under-cover strength utterly lacking before, and his strategic position and reserve force are amazingly greater than is generally grasped. This is no boost of the Ritchie candidacy, but the plain fact is that the potentialities of the position into which he has worked himself are being largely overlooked—and it is in his interests that they should be. It may be that he will not figure in the convention other than as the favorite son of an unimportant State, but he may—very easily may—if one thing happens, come out of it as his party's candidate for the Presidency. That one thing, of course, is the failure of the Smith candidacy. As things stand to-day, any betting man would give odds on Smith getting the nomination. The chances are he will, but Ritchie, who sincerely believes that Smith is entitled to the nomination, that he ought to be nominated, and who will go to the convention prepared to deliver his Maryland vote to Smith if, when, and as he needs it—Ritchie is the next best bet. There is no doubt of that. The reasons are clear—he is not only in the best position to inherit the Smith strength but he is the second choice of practically every influential Democratic leader, not only in New York but outside, at present interested in the Smith candidacy—far more so than Jim Reed or any one else.

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This is one of the facts of the existing Democratic situation that has heretofore escaped more than casual mention in the press, and which few of the professional political analysts appear to have noticed. Most of them will likely dispute it now, but it is so all the same. Those who have watched Ritchie for the last four years and know what he has been doing, know it to be true. Several things have combined thus to put him second on every well-kept Democratic slate. One of these, of course, is the fact that since the New York convention in which he first appeared on the national scene, he has been elected governor of Maryland for the third time by a majority greater than that given any other man for any other office in the history of the State—no small feat when it is fairly considered. Maryland gives her governors a four-year term, and until 1922 it had been her unbroken rule, observed since the Civil War, not to reelect them. Ritchie smashed that precedent five years ago and then, putting aside the United States senatorship, which he could have had without a struggle, last year dared to run again for governor and was overwhelmingly reelected. His three terms will extend over a longer period than Smith's four, and his third election to a four-year term stands him out now as having consecutively served his State as governor longer than any other governor has served any other State in the country in two generations.

That's one thing. Another is that since the day the 1924 convention adjourned, Ritchie has been a candidate for the 1928 nomination. There is nothing surprising in that. It was natural, human, inevitable. Once mention a man who has had a taste of public office for the Presidency—even in a whisper—and he is an incurable candidate the balance of his life. They never completely recover—not even when they publicly renounce all hope as did Mr. Hughes some months ago—though at the time it seemed to some that this particular renunciation was more hollow than real, that in order really to remove oneself from a race, it is necessary either to be in the race or to have a chance of winning if entered. In his candidacy Ritchie is no different from any of the rest. Where he differs is in the perfect candor with which he promotes his candidacy, the complete absence of self-consciousness, coyness, and posing, the entire clearness with which he sees himself and his chances. If there were nothing else about the man, this alone makes him unique among present-day aspirants. Seeing no reason to conceal the fact that he would love to be President, he sees no reason to pretend aloofness, none to prevent him from actively going after his chance so long as he does not destroy his dignity. And that he has done and is doing. Without personal press-agents, publicity bureaus, organization, committees, or money, he has conducted an active, quiet, but singularly effective campaign. No man in either party has done as much work for himself—or done it so well. He has not neglected his job in Maryland but neither has he neglected an opportunity to enhance his political fortunes outside. In the past four years, these opportunities have carried him, travelling and speaking, into many cities and States. He has been as far West as Omaha and Kansas City, as far South as Richmond, north to Boston, and into Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, and New York—and he is still going. He overlooks few, if any, bets, and wherever he has gone he has done two things—first, made a really fine impression on the crowd with his speech; second, made a particularly good impression on the practical political leaders with his personality. And at Annapolis in the past three years a considerable number of Democratic leaders from various States have come to visit and been entertained. When the show-down comes—if it ever does—it will be found that the Democratic bosses in the big States who swing delegations and have heretofore dominated conventions, know Ritchie as they did not know him before, like him, are his personal friends.

The third thing that has contributed to building this Maryland governor up as the only national political figure his State has produced since the late Arthur Pue Gorman died, are his speeches. No matter how energetically a man goes after the Presidency, excepting the few instances where obscure and insignificant men have profited by an act of God or a sudden stroke of luck, he has to have something

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besides local prestige and an attractive personality to get anywhere. With some it is money or money support; with others it is a machine, or the evangelical appeal, or an idea, or an issue. Ritchie lacks the money and the machine. There is nothing of the evangelist in his nature, but he comes nearer to having an issue than any other man except Lowden now on the national horizon. He makes no pretense of having originated his issue. All he has done is to revive it, but the clearness, cogency, persistence, and force with which he has restated the traditional Democratic doctrine of States' rights, which he prefers to call "State Responsibility or Local Self-Government," have identified him with that issue over the country, gained him much publicity, and created a certain favorable sentiment for him in all sections. Since Ritchie began, nearly three years ago, making his Local Self-Government speeches, a good many others have followed him. Mr. Coolidge, for example, did not hesitate to use some of his States' rights arguments—but the alert Ritchie is still carrying the ball and his declarations have aroused a real response. By the Anti-Saloon League, his local self-government appeal has, of course, been construed as wet, and inasmuch as local self-government does certainly clash head on with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, it is wet—but it is much more than that. Ritchie's assault is against the whole tendency to centralize power in the Federal Government, to take away power from the States, to regulate human conduct with a Federal yardstick, to build up and multiply bureaus and job-holders at Washington, to increase the dependency of the States on "Federal aid." It is to abolish unnecessary and unwarranted Federal interference and supervision in the States. The Ritchie doctrine does hit Prohibition squarely in the eye, but that is because Prohibition is the shining example and not because Prohibition is his sole target. He hits as well the Child Labor Amendment and Maternity Act, the efforts at governmental educational meddling, and every other scheme for extension of the Federal authority. In his Chicago speech before the Iroquois Club on January 8, 1926, he stated it this way:

"To check this centralizing process and its increasing dangers, we must restore and develop the power and authority of the only government that in the very nature of things can ever be close to the people. That is the local government in each State, where each individual citizen may make his individual personality and his individual needs and views felt.

"That is the traditional gospel of our party. Since the Federal Constitution was set up, Federal centralization *vs.* States' rights has been a fundamental issue. On that issue the Democratic party has always stood and always will stand. Faith in the States and belief in their rights! The rights of indestructible States in an indestructible Union!

"What is an indestructible State? It is, first and last, a State which has the fullest measure of local self-government. It is a State which has the right and the responsibility of deciding its domestic problems itself, and of settling its home affairs at home. It is a State which is trusted to do these things, and which the Federal Government leaves alone while it is doing them.

"It is a State in which the people are allowed to lead their lives in freedom and in liberty, so long as they do no hurt to others and no injury to orderly government. It is a State in which standards of life and of personal conduct are not imposed upon the people who live in it by people who do not live in it through the mandates of the Federal Government. It is a State which demands the right guaranteed to it by the Constitution of living its life in its own way and permitting its sister States the same freedom."

Now there is not a bit of doubt that with this sort of stuff Ritchie has rung the bell. People have seemed ripe for a revulsion, and he has really made a dent with his doctrine. Combine the facts that he has something real to say and has the ability to say it with clarity and force; add to these his other activities and assets as above set forth, and a pretty good idea can be had why Ritchie next year will have an extremely good chance—in fact the best—of being the Democratic Presidential nominee if Smith is not. A Protestant, he will not have the anti-Catholic prejudice to overcome that is so big an obstacle to Smith; a Wilson Democrat and fifty-one years old, he is free

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from the two principal objections to Jim Reed; a wet so far as opposition to the Volstead Act is concerned, he is not insane on the subject, and has some influential friends on the dry side. Take it all in all, and he seems, at this time anyway, a likely winner in the race if the favorite falls down. Of course, there are few things more unpredictable than a Democratic national convention. It would be foolish to attempt a forecast eight months in advance. The anti-Catholic and rigid drys may dominate and control—though it is not likely. Smith may have a majority after a few ballots shake out the favorite sons, and win despite the two-thirds rule. Or his health may fail and his name not be presented. Or another fearful tangle may ensue. Or the Ritchie alliances and assets may fade and crumble when the test comes. A good many things may occur and political prophets not cracked in the head always arrange for plenty of fire-escapes. In politics, however, as in most other things, it is the expected that usually happens, and certain obvious facts make it reasonably certain that Smith or some one personally friendly and politically congenial to Smith and his supporters will be nominated. One of these facts is the dwindling of Mr. McAdoo as a political figure and the failure of the drys to find any other around whom to rally. Another is the desire among politically dry Southern senators to win, and the realization that there is not a chance without a candidate who can carry wet New York and New Jersey. A third is that the three leading candidates—Smith, Ritchie, and Reed—are all on the same side of the fence.

Beyond question it is a situation that makes Ritchie the second most interesting figure in his party, and warrants some study of him as a man as well as a politician. One of the points made by critics of our political conditions is that the "right sort of people" do not go into politics. Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, modestly used to refer to them as "our sort of people," though since a mean turn of the Pennsylvania political wheel compelled him to throw his affectionate arms around the rough red neck of old Bill Vare, the subject seems more or less painful to him. Anyhow, Ritchie is exactly the "right sort of people" in the sense David Reed used to mean it. In birth, background, social station, breeding, education, good looks, he grades with the best. These are not essential qualifications for a great President. Abraham Lincoln had few of them. Senator Peter Goelet Gerry of Rhode Island has them all, except that he is not any too good-looking. If there were nothing much to Ritchie save these he would not only not to-day be a Presidential possibility, but he would never have been governor of Maryland the second time, much less the third. The truth about Ritchie is that, without being brilliant and with none of the attributes of genius or the outer earmarks of greatness, he has an extraordinarily fine mind, high character, a breadth of view and very real ability. Clear-headed, practical, logical, quick of comprehension, trained to reason accurately, and well-informed, when Ritchie concentrates on a problem, whether of law, politics, business, or State, he does about as good a job as can well be done. Even his enemies in Maryland—and of course he has enemies—do not question his ability or his character. Conceding them, they maintain that Ritchie is not really a big man, that he is cold, selfish, unappreciative, ungrateful, insincere, not really concerned about principles except as they seem politically expedient for him. When it is considered that these represent about all the criticism of Ritchie it is possible to get in his home State, where he has unavoidably got in the way of certain politicians and of course had to disappoint many seekers after State jobs, and where he has pretty well ruined the Republican party, it is perhaps about the best tribute that could be paid a man who has run as often and served as long as he. The truth is that Ritchie does not pretend to be a big man. He does not pose as noble or pure or unselfish. He does not pretend to burn over the wrongs of the people or sweat with anguish when the right fails to prevail as it very frequently does, or to be filled to the bursting point with high ideals and lofty purpose. This is not because he has no ideals—he has—or because they are not high—they are—but he simply is not constructed to emotionally exhibit or parade them. He is no breast-beating statesman, and his failure

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to flame is at times disappointing to his friends, some of whom hold he would inspire a deeper personal devotion and attain a larger popular following if he were a little shorter on intellect and longer on impulse. Perhaps he would. There is at least one outstanding instance in our present-day public life of an individual short on both who has none the less climbed—or been pushed—to the very highest political peak, achieving a popularity at once the marvel and despair of many who struggle toward the same goal. But Ritchie is Ritchie, and can neither make himself nor be made over for political purposes. The apparent lack of inner fire and deep emotion is more than compensated for by a complete absence of humbuggery and cant tremendously refreshing in these days of posturing and press-agented statesmen. Also, it does him an injustice to describe him as cold, and insincerity is a completely baseless charge made by foes in his State because there is nothing much else there with which to charge him. The fact is few men will go farther to stand by a friend than Ritchie. He does not get credit for this quality in Maryland, because it is not one he displays. What most people outside of politics think of Ritchie in Maryland is that he has made the best governor the State has ever had, that he knows more about the State's business than any other man, that he is attractive, companionable, clean, capable, a governor of whom the State can be proud. What many of the politicians think of him is that he is the best vote getter in his party, that his chief concern is in his own political advancement, that he concentrates on that all the time, that to promote himself politically he would sacrifice anything and anybody. Ritchie would be the last man to deny that his own political fortunes are his primary concern, and that he gives more thought to them than to almost anything else. He would admit that with complete candor—but the rest of it is absurd. Here is what happened last year. Ritchie, after carefully balancing the thing for weeks in that clear, logical mind of his, finally decided to run for governor a third time instead of taking the senatorial nomination, which was being offered him on the well-known silver platter. With his eye on the Presidency, undoubtedly one of the considerations that had weight with him was the argument that a third election as governor for a four-year term would make him a bigger national figure than entering the Senate as a new member of the minority party. Of course, his decision was bitterly disappointing to various aspirants for the governorship, who felt he was trying to "hog" the thing and unwilling to give any one else a show. Also there was some sharp criticism from national Democratic leaders in Washington, who took the view that Ritchie was selfishly imperilling a possible Democratic majority in the Senate by refusing to run himself, when his election would be sure. It was held in Washington and in Maryland that if as a result the Democrats failed to elect a senator, the fault would be Ritchie's, and he would be destroyed as a Presidential possibility. Obviously, it became necessary for Ritchie as the party leader in the State to select as a running mate a candidate for the Senate who could win. If he won himself and the Republicans secured the senator, he would justify the charge of selfishness and be buried under resentment of Senate Democratic leaders. No one grasped that situation better than Ritchie, and for weeks he scoured the field and anxiously conferred with his political advisers in the effort to get the strongest possible man. There were plenty of aspirants, but no one wanted to enter without the Ritchie backing because that insured nomination without a fight. Just at the critical moment when an agreement had been reached and the Ritchie candidate was preparing to announce his candidacy, the catastrophe occurred. A close personal friend of Ritchie's, with whom he had grown up, a lawyer of high standing and character but utterly non-political, advised by another personal and non-political friend, without saying a word to Ritchie for fear of embarrassing him, went to Annapolis, made his deposit, filed his papers, and publicly proclaimed himself a candidate for the senatorial nomination. At once there was the wildest political excitement. The leaders rushed to Ritchie, excitedly pointed out to him that this candidate was his former law partner, his closest friend, and that it would never be believed that he had not personally picked him. He would be, it

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was asserted, charged not only with trying to "hog" the governorship but with trying to hand the senatorship to a man who had no party claim, merely out of personal friendship. He would be on the defensive from the start. Further, his friend was not a Democrat, was known as a Roosevelt man, had voted for Hughes against Wilson, could not possibly win, might easily drag him and the whole ticket down to defeat. "Yes," Ritchie explained in his unemotional way, "I know all that. I had not the least idea he was going in and I am sorry, but he is in and I have got to be with him. I have just told him I would be. There is nothing else I can do." Further, he announced his support of his friend in the newspapers.

Well, they got him out, though Ritchie made no move in that direction, sent no one to him, stood pat on his support of him. But the moment the friend, who is one of the finest men in the State, suspected that instead of relieving Ritchie of embarrassment he had actually caused him embarrassment, he jumped out as quickly as he jumped in. Being non-political, he simply had not understood the situation. Being a gentleman, when he did he acted. Ritchie made no secret of his relief. There is no doubt that in the short time his friend was in the field he suffered severely—but he would have gone through with it just the same. Later, the real candiate—Congressman Millard E. Tydings—was brought out, and elected with Ritchie by only slightly less majority. But those were three pretty bad days for the governor. He saw his whole future darkened just when it seemed brightest. Yet there never was any question of the sincerity of the support he was prepared to give. It is all very well to talk about his selfishness but if any man in politics could have come through cleaner than Ritchie did in this instance, his name cannot now be recalled. He suffered, it is true, but not sufficiently to blunt his sense of humor about the title of the address he had to make in Philadelphia on one of those three bad days. It was "The Red Cross—An Agency to Which a Governor Can Turn In Time of Great Distress." It throws some light on the real Ritchie, that he was able to laugh at that then as well as later. The truth is that to those who really know Ritchie and recognize his flaws and failings—because he is by no means perfect—it is as impossible to conceive of him doing a mean, or a discreditable act as it is to conceive of him doing a dishonest act. He simply is not bred that way. It is said of Ritchie that he does not like a fight and that is true. He avoids a fight when he can. He becomes reconciled with his foes. He apparently bears no political malice, harbors no grudges, is apt to form close friendships with the politicians who have berated him all over the lot, a tendency at times extremely irritating to those who have stood by him without a break, and who take political enmities more seriously. It isn't fair to say that Ritchie will compromise a basic principle because that is not the sort of thing his sort of man does, but he will, to avoid conflict and achieve results, compromise as close to the principle as he can without giving it up. None of this should be taken as meaning that Ritchie will not fight. It merely means he would rather not fight and does not fight if there is a decent way out. He fights only when forced to fight but this is to be said of him—that when he does fight, he fights. He isn't what could be called a happy warrior, but he does not funk the fight when it seems logically necessary. And he does not quit a fight once he is in. Also, the fact that he does not hunt fights has not prevented him from having some exceedingly bitter ones at Annapolis during the legislative sessions in which he jammed through his reorganization programme and redeemed his party pledges, the net result of which has been to give Maryland the most modern, efficient, and foolproof governmental machine in the country. Under eight years of Ritchie, things have reached a state in Maryland where the problems are purely administrative, and not one of the system.

To understand Ritchie personally and politically it is necessary to know that fifteen years ago he had concededly reached the first rank of the Maryland bar. By many he was regarded as having the finest legal mind in the State. A large and lucrative practice lay before him. At thirty-six he deliberately—not impulsively or accidentally or experimentally—but after logically thinking

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the thing out and deciding what he wanted—deliberately abandoned the law and did what, as before mentioned, Senator David Reed used to say "our sort of people" ought to do—went into politics. And he did not go in the way Senator Reed or "Jimmie" Wadsworth or the Honorable Ogden Mills, or certain other of "our sort of people" went in, with pockets full of money they had not made and bags full of money back of them. Nor did he go in the way Coolidge and many another went in—to eke out a thin law practice with a State or government salary. When he made up his mind to go in he was in a different position from any of these. He was not as poor as Mr. Coolidge and did not need the salary to live on. He was not as rich as the Reeds, the Mills, and the Wadsworths, but he could have stuck to the law and been rich. No one in Maryland disputes that. Exactly why Ritchie went in is hard to say—certainly not from a sense of duty, certainly not from any inner urge to serve the people, certainly not from any overwhelming desire to pose and parade before the public, because, while it is undoubtedly true the applause of the people is music in his ears, there never was a man who did less strutting or posing or parading than he. There is not, and never has been, any touch of conceit about him—there is no official who, while careful enough on public occasions about the dignity of his office, puts on less "dog" privately. Ritchie, himself, would probably find it hard to explain why he gave up the law, which he loved, at a time when he could have reaped its richest rewards, for the struggles and hazards of the political game. But he did give it up, and when he gave it up, he gave it up completely. For fifteen years he has not made a dollar out of the law or a dollar out of anything else. His modest personal fortune is several thousand dollars less to-day than when he became governor eight years ago, but he has no thought of going back. All his thought is directed toward going on. What he did first was to secure appointment as people's counsel to the State Public Utilities Commission. In that job he made a record that brought about his nomination and election as attorney-general. In that job he not only made a record but by diligent personal cultivation of the right men attained a popularity with party workers and leaders that brought about his nomination for governor. He started after the attorney-generalship the moment he became people's counsel. He started after the governorship as soon as he became attorney-general. He started after a second election as governor right after he got his first election. He started after the Presidential nomination immediately he got his second election—and he is still after it, not with a brass band, or a publicity machine, or an organization, but personally and persistently, the way he went after his other nominations. He isn't a receptive candidate, he's an active one. What luck he will have no one can tell. If he does not get it, he will not be heart-broken. "I have already," he says, "gotten so much more than I had any expectation of getting or any right to hope for, that I am on velvet now."

The answer to the question of who is backing Ritchie is that Ritchie is backing himself. His State is behind him, of course, and he has more influential political and financial friends in the country than any one suspects, but he is not being financed or pushed or promoted by any interests, individuals, organizations, or agencies. He never has been. As to the sort of President he would make, the answer is he would make the sort of President for the country that he has made governor for Maryland—a highly intelligent, extraordinarily capable, amazingly industrious, extremely effective, absolutely upright, and very popular President—who would combine high standards of efficiency and an inherent and unshakeable decency with an exceedingly practical political outlook—a President who would induce the very best men in the country to serve in his Cabinet, just as he has been singularly successful in getting that sort to serve in State jobs and on State boards in Maryland—a President who would believe, except in rare instances, it unnecessary to go outside the Democratic party to get the best men—a President who would be a candidate for a second term the day after he is elected for the first term. There remains only this to say—that if ever he does get to the White House Ritchie will look more as if he belonged there than any President we have had in a considerable time.

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Should Johnny Go to College?

BY CHRISTIAN GAUSS
Dean of the College, Princeton University

PEOPLE used to ask me far more frequently than they do now: "Should my son, John, go to college?" I always used to answer: "I do not know, because I do not know your son John."

The question was put to me usually when John was fourteen or fifteen years old. That is the time to ask it, then or later, not before. Now the question is asked, if at all, when John is still "Johnny," when he is three or four. At that time no one can tell, not even his parents. I know that there are persons, especially those of wealth, and sometimes even of college training, who answer this even earlier, the day that John is born. They are probably making a mistake, but it is useless to argue with them. They do not then know their son and any satisfactory answer to this question is therefore as yet undiscoverable. One cannot answer this for the boy. One can only with patience, if one is wise, discover the answer in him, in his tastes, in what we sometimes call his personality. Until these have been disclosed during the process of the boy's development, parents should be urged to forget all about this problem. This means that they must defer their answer until the time when the boy is no longer Johnny and when they call him John or Jack. The only thing to do in his infancy is to make financial provision for him; to put some money away at compound interest, if possible. Where this is not possible, it is wise to take out some form of insurance which will provide funds that may later be called for. It is a serious mistake to tell him that you have made this "sacrifice" for his college course or to start the presumption of college in his mind. This will merely prevent the problem from coming up cleanly at the proper time and will prejudice parents and the boy in favor of what may be a regrettable decision. If you must discuss this matter with him, talk to him in terms of his education, of what he wishes to do, and not of his college.

The average total cost of a college education, when all items are counted, does not run much under ten thousand dollars. A recent writer has estimated the average outlay by parents for a son in college at fifteen hundred dollars a year. In the East tuition charges range from two hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars. Institutions where tuition is high make liberal provision for poorer students through scholarship aid or remission of charges. In State universities tuition is less, and in the Middle West generally living expenses are somewhat more moderate, and the cost of education there will probably run lower. An investigation of amounts expended at the university and in the city of New Haven seems to indicate that the average undergraduate at Yale spends eighteen hundred. At Yale there are many who "earn their way." There are also many sons of wealthy parents. It can, of course, be done for less but we are speaking of the average, and the Yale figures are probably not very far wrong. This estimate would make seventy-two hundred dollars in all during the school years. If you add to this what the college must give the student which he does not pay for, and what he might have saved during four years of productive employment between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, eight or ten thousand is not excessive. This sum, if invested wisely at a boy's birth, will help to make him comfortable for life and may give him as good a start as other boys will have with a degree. Furthermore, his proper education, even if he does not go to college, may take just as long, and you can be positive that the

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money will be useful. He may need it all the more if you decide not to send him to college, and in any case the certain value of that sum properly invested should always be balanced against the probable value of his college course. Every university official knows of many cases in which the sum of human happiness would have been increased and family relations much improved if a particular father had bought his son a ranch or farm instead of a college degree. In addition, the son would, in the long run—and life is a long run—have received a far better education. He would be gratefully devoted to his father, whereas they are now living in a series of unhappy wrangles.

II

I KNOW that in the evening, under the lamp, there are long sessions between mothers and fathers as they pore over college catalogues. These sessions are not usually, as in Shakespeare, either sweet or silent. There is interminable discussion of "units of credit," "preliminary and final examinations," "new plan and old plan," "comprehensives," etc., and in despair distracted parents scan the lists of certified schools. It is all, they say, too intricate and complicated. There are too many examinations and it is all made to hang upon the results of those last few crowded years of preparatory or high school—and just when John is beginning to go out into society! Yet it is really only in those years that the matter can or should be wisely decided. I know that there are many examinations, but I should still like to add one more. This one would have the advantage that it could be taken earlier and by others instead of by the boy himself. I would examine the parents upon their fitness to have a son in college and most certainly upon their qualifications to decide whether he should go there. Where parents fail to pass, the matter would be left for decision to the head master or to the high-school principal. This is not a question of whether parents are or are not themselves college graduates. That has nothing to do with it. Indeed, such parents are often the worst sinners, since they do not have an open mind. The question is simply whether they do or do not really know their own son. In the altogether too frequent cases where they do not, it should be left to his teachers. There is a great deal of misunderstanding on this point. Parents have often come to me in deep distress to tell me they cannot tell about all this. They are worried because they cannot follow their son in his work. I remember one mother who was near despair. She was afraid her son was slipping away from her. "Some of his studies I never even heard of," she explained. "I never studied Latin and he is reading Vergil. I don't know anything about equations or zoology. How should I be able to follow him?" It is well, of course, if parents do understand the boy's scholastic difficulties, but it is not necessary.

The most perfect relationship which I ever saw between a parent and a college son was that which existed between a Phi Beta Kappa man and his mother who had been a poor immigrant woman and was still poor. She knew nothing of the subjects her boy was studying, but she knew, sympathized with, and thoroughly understood him. He went to her for counsel on all personal affairs and I have heard him tell me again and again that all that he ever did he owed to her. It is fortunately not necessary that a parent should know the particular subjects a boy is studying; it is only necessary that he know the boy.

III

IT is, however, unfortunately true that in our complicated age there are parents of social position (indeed, it is usually just such parents) who do not know their sons. I hesitate to generalize, but I am inclined to believe that the poorer parents of high-school boys know their children better than parents who have sent their sons away to preparatory schools and summer camps after they reached the age of ten or twelve. Blessed, in this sense, are the poor. On the other hand, however, an equally qualified head master usually knows his boys better than a high-school teacher, for he has had better opportunities to watch them at play as well as at work. He lives with them all day long and he knows what choices they make when they are off their guard. How

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a boy employs his leisure and whether he seeks or avoids a library or laboratory in hours that are entirely his own, is quite as revealing and significant as marks obtained in tests and examinations. Many parents to-day can offer very little helpful information on these points.

Directors of admission can cite many cases of such parents which have been forced upon their attention. I remember very well a mother whom I saw on several occasions, but only when her son was in trouble. She could never understand and was always pressed for time. The tone she used was one which left no doubt that in all cases she blamed the college. She had a litany that ran about as follows: "I cannot understand why you should have difficulty with my son or why you should suggest that he better withdraw. We do not want him to withdraw. You know his father is a college graduate and we expect our son to be graduated here. I have given him every advantage. I have sent him to the X school. During vacations he has been in a summer camp and one summer I even sent him to Europe, on a personally conducted tour." Quite evidently the tour had not been personally conducted by the mother or father any more than had been his education. The boy was really a total stranger to both his parents. This was the more regrettable as he might have given them much happiness had they known him. Around the college he was one of our favorite waifs. University officials had to see him frequently because he was often in trouble and we came really to enjoy the interviews. So did he. A summons had no terrors for him. He liked to talk about himself and after a time he occasionally came to see us even when not "summoned." It would have been the easiest thing in the world for anybody, even parents, to become acquainted with this engaging lad.

His history was as follows: He had, after much coaching, barely passed his entrance examinations. He had failed at the end of his first year in college and been dropped because of low standing. After much correspondence with the parents and a physician, the dropping was cancelled because of the boy's "ill health," and after a year's absence from college he was allowed to re-enter and repeat the year. I could never convince myself, in spite of the physician's diagnosis, that the boy was ever sick of anything but college. He admitted as much. He spent his year off, against his mother's protests, at work in a foundry in which the family had financial interests, and he had keenly enjoyed this work. He used to tell me about it and what "good eggs" some of the fellows in the foundry were and what fun it had been when they were pushing through rush orders. He wanted to remain. The boss wanted him to. But his parents had insisted that he return to college and his mother promised him an automobile if he would. He returned to please his mother and he brought his new green car with him. Because of what was perhaps a congenital distaste for books he had been two years late in entering college and with the two years additional which he had lost he now felt out of place with his freshman classmates. He spent hours in his car going about to resorts frequented by the small "rah-rah" group of undergraduates to which he did not really belong and which he did not thoroughly enjoy. He was not "collegiate" in any sense, even the worst. He occasionally drank, as a great many boys do. He used to tell us about it frankly and would discuss some of these resorts with an unusually sensible man-of-the-world attitude. He smoked too much, for his fingers were often yellow with nicotine. He also spent hours "tinkering" with his car. He would become so absorbed that he would honestly forget all about his classes. There was nothing wicked about him. With his few friends and with the university officials he was frank, manly, and generous.

After repeated warnings and discussions, it was finally necessary to dismiss him. He had disliked regularity and hated compulsion, but only in college. In our farewell interview with him he was much relieved. He was going back to the foundry. He had felt "part of the show" there. He never did at college. He asked me to try to "fix it up" with his mother. I had some difficulty, for she still did not understand, and I had to hold my peace while she assured me that her boy was such a good boy (he was at bottom), that he never smoked, that he never drank, and that he had never caused her a moment's

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worry. Of course not! She simply did not worry about him! He was unhappy at college. That was the reason for his lapses, for his inability to apply himself. Yet he was a fine chap; he needed no further social training and I would back him to win anywhere except in college.

Misunderstandings of this sort are all too frequent and far too often tragic. Among scores of such cases I remember one in which a boy had been planning to withdraw from college. He explained his situation to the university official with entire candor and frankness. He had been engaged for two years to the daughter of his family's next-door neighbors. He was deeply in love and not interested in studies. On the basis of his college and school record, either all signs would fail or he would in the near future have to be dropped from the rolls. A letter explaining the boy's scholastic difficulties was sent to the mother. A blundering university official had suggested in a postscript that perhaps his being in love played some part in his failure. The mother resented the university's intrusion. Under no circumstances was withdrawal to be entertained. As for his being in love it was nonsense. Far from being interested in any particular young lady, her son was not interested in young ladies at all. Two months later he eloped with the daughter of one of his mother's closest friends.

Both of these undergraduates had been unhappy in school and at college. They should not have been sent there. It is an easy rule for parents to apply and I believe it almost infallible. If a boy is unhappy about his studies in high or preparatory school, he should not be urged or encouraged to continue. If parents and teachers have to drive him through his work only in order that he may enter "with the rest of the boys," it will be a kindness to prevent him from torturing himself further for what will be a useless experience for him and an unnecessary expense for parents. It sometimes takes not only common sense but courage to prevent a boy's doing this, because it is against the custom of the day, but the boy's ultimate education, his mental and moral health, and often his happiness as well, depend upon the decision.

I do not mean that boys should be coddled or that difficult tasks should be avoided. A difficult intellectual task is a challenge to the lad who is interested, if he is of the right sort, and it does not make him unhappy. Different types of boys respond to different types of challenge. It is nothing against them and they should be encouraged to develop their own proper sort of talent.

School and college should be happy years to all those adapted to them, and happiness in this sense is the surest index of psychological adjustment. We enjoy doing the things we are temperamentally qualified to do. If a boy does not enjoy study at school, he is not and never will be qualified for, or happy in, a college. It is a far surer test than entrance examinations, and college officials know that they must look for trouble, nervous and moral as well as scholastic, in the cases of unhappy undergraduates. Where there is incompatibility of temper between a lad and his school or college, in the interests of all concerned and in spite of the social flurry all engagements should be broken and divorce made easy.

IV

In addition to the boy who is unhappy at school, there is another type of lad who should not be encouraged. This is the lad who is unwell, who shows signs of nervous instability, or who has some physical ailment and low resistance to disease. It is doubtful whether there has been any "suicide wave." I believe, however, that nearly all college officials would testify that with the "rush to the colleges," there has been a considerable increase in the number of serious, distressing, and occasionally tragic cases of nervous trouble, resulting from general maladjustment. This is not because college courses have been made more difficult, but because parents are less careful about this question of adjustment and because many candidates who are physically disqualified now enter the colleges who twenty years ago would have remained at home under more watchful eyes and in the company of friends or parents.

Such a boy does not wish to lose his class and the parents do not wish to disappoint him. The life of a college to-day,

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even exclusive of its main business, study, is, to the young, strenuous and exciting. It demands even from the healthy a considerable effort of adjustment. In these new and stimulating surroundings the lad who is nervously or physically below par will feel his handicap far more seriously, often with grave consequences. Girls' colleges often demand from their applicants a careful physical examination and medical history, by a competent physician. I believe this is an excellent plan, for, in addition to excluding temporarily a few applicants who should never be subjected to the strain, it provides valuable information to university departments of health and hygiene in case they are called upon to treat this student later. I believe that men's colleges, although they will never be as rigorous as West Point and Annapolis, will come more and more to demand certificates of good health. One of the difficulties in this regard, however, is that the medical examination is not made by an impartial body like the College Entrance Board. The family physician is often more interested in obliging the parents than in giving a strictly accurate medical history or prognosis. Parents, however, should recognize the serious danger of sending to college the physically and especially the nervously disqualified. In a few cases the boy should not come at all. In a great many cases he should be given a year, not of idleness, but of healthy out-of-door work, to build him up and develop self-reliance before he comes to the college.

If a boy, then, is temperamentally disqualified by his dislike of study, or is disqualified by reasons of health, he should not come. There is another consideration which should weigh far more heavily than it does. If a boy otherwise qualified does not wish to come, that should end it. There is no better reason why he should remain away. He will almost never be a success, and college may do him harm.

V

THE fact, however, that a son wishes to come to college, that he has the necessary intellectual and physical qualifications, should not end the discussion. There is one further highly important consideration. Parents should be sure that he wishes to come for the proper reasons. A boy will "get out of college" only what he comes for. If he comes to learn "to call forty men by their first names," he will learn to do this glibly, but that is about all he will bring home, even if, after four years of skimping his work, he comes back with a degree. If he comes for opportunities in athletics only, he will develop only physically. If he comes to have a good time, that is about all he will have to show for it, except a number of unfortunate habits which it will take years to eradicate and which may help to disqualify him in the world's later, fiercer competition for success.

I believe there is one point which the public has failed signally to understand in the present "rush to the colleges." Many have told us that this rush results from a deeper realization of the value of college education which was demonstrated during the war. It may be so in part. There is, however, another and a far simpler reason. Young men and young women prefer the society of other young men and women to the society of their elders. With the general obscuring of the colleges' original purpose and function, it has unfortunately become a kind of glorified playground. It has become the paradise of the young.

If, nowadays, you give a boy of eighteen the option of going into his father's office or of going to college, on the assumption that in every case they are equally good things to do, he will therefore in almost every case choose college. It is almost never true, however, that they are equally good things to do. We have tried to explain that it depends upon him. In many cases a continuation of education in college is certainly preferable, often necessary. If he is to be a lawyer, a doctor, an engineer, a scholar, it is absolutely essential. In a good many other cases it is, however, far preferable, if you are thinking of your son's later success in life, that he should immediately put himself into harness and develop his sense of responsibility and begin his climb up the world's long ladder. This is what we have forgotten to-day. It is this simple psychological fact that is resulting in an unfortunate rush for admission. It is

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quite generally assumed not only that college is just as good for every boy of eighteen, but that it is better in all cases, if he can manage, or you can manage, to pay his way. Of the six hundred thousand young men now in college, it would possibly have been better in nearly a hundred thousand cases, had they not come. Had the money which each of these boys will spend been invested for him and had he immediately entered the ranks of the economically productive, he and the world would have been far better for it. There is, of course, no reason in the world why a boy who plans to enter the world of business should not go to college, even if he has no intention whatever of being a professional scholar or teacher. It will enhance the value of his later leisure and give him something to think about "when the long winter evenings come." Some of these men make our best undergraduates. But no father should urge his son to go to college for the social prestige it will give, or for any other reason than that for which the college exists, which is to train the mind by exercising it in study. If a boy does not care to study, a college course will not educate him and will give him nothing worth while.

But let us look at it as the candidate sees it. In most cases, to his mind a degree is a highly valuable social and business asset. As college and business are generally presented as equally valuable, and indeed as college is often represented by parents and the public as always preferable, the only question for the boy to decide is where he will have the better time. Let us look into his father's office. The youngest man there, besides the office boy, is probably twenty-five. There are ten men ranging in age from twenty-five to sixty. None of them is of his own age. Then let us look at what college offers. He will for four years more be one of a group of four hundred or two thousand or four thousand young men, or young men and women; nearly all the friends of his own age will be there. He will, of course, decide to throw in his lot with them, especially now when there is less understanding between the generations. Youth goes toward youth and all youth drifts to the colleges.

We should be sure, therefore, that a boy not only wishes to go to college, for he almost invariably wishes to do so, but that he wishes to do so for wise reasons. In case he desires to prepare himself for a profession, he should, of course, continue. In case he loves to study and desires a further general education, he should also go. But if he has been dazzled by the glamour of college life or merely sucked in by the almost irresistible drift of our time, it is far better that he go to work.

Granted, then, that the boy has the qualifications and the proper desire to develop himself along university lines, there is the still further problem as to which college he shall choose. The boy's college is more important than his clothes, but in both cases there should be a perfect fit. There are more than seven hundred colleges in this country and all of them different, just as your boy is different from every one of seven hundred other boys. Choose that one to which he is best adapted, but do so fairly early, a year or two in advance of his coming. If possible, go to visit the college you have in mind, before he matriculates. If you are his mother, do not go with him when he enters in September. He should then fight it out and begin to hunt his way by himself with his freshman classmates.

When Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton a solicitous mother came in to see him on the busy opening day. She had probably not thought much about the problems involved and was worried as to whether it would be safe to trust her son to this new life, and whether he would have a good time. "Madam," said President Wilson, "we guarantee satisfaction or we return the boy." This is, or should be, true of all colleges. Remember, however, that it is the boy who should and must provide the satisfaction. Be fairly sure that he will do this before you send him. Then the college itself, even more than his classmates, will give him a "good time." You can then also rest assured that it will profit him. Where, therefore, you have been able to answer these questions of the candidate's fitness in the affirmative, cease worrying about him—send him with your fullest confidence and with your blessing.

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Fragments from the Hills

BY ROY DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE PACIFIST

AUNT MARIA DEMAREST was a pacifist. She lived with her daughter's little boy in the big stone house standing alone across the river. Aunt Maria had always been fond of peace. She spoke well of it every chance she had. Every week a few ladies from the village would come up to the Demarest house and talk over methods to prevent war. The society had a main office somewhere down south and Aunt Maria was continually giving cake sales and card parties to raise money, sent later to headquarters.

One day I called and Aunt Maria took me into the front parlor. On a table at one side was a big bible with little china knobs on the corners. There were five sprays of pampas grass lying in state beneath their oval glass case on the mantelpiece.

After discussing local news for a while, the name of a village character was mentioned and Aunt Maria reached underneath the parlor table and brought out the old family album. There in their curious, plush frames were baby pictures of most of the older people around our section. George MacNomee the butcher, Hen Fuller the blacksmith, and the Reverend Mrs. Darlington all dressed up in starched white baby clothes. "How quickly life runs on past us," said Aunt Maria. "They are all old folks now."

Toward the back of the album we came to the war pictures of sixty-five years ago. There was one of Aunt Maria's oldest brother who was killed at Antietam, and her cousin George who never came home. Under each picture was a description in the angular handwriting of the girl who saw them all go away in those days of long ago. The last in this war group was the faded picture of a tall, square-jawed young man in uniform. At his side was a big sword, and two black eyes looked out from the old daguerreotype, flashing as bravely as they probably did on that other morning long ago when he went off with his regiment. Beneath the picture was written "Alonzo Williams, killed in action at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863." When we came to these war pictures Aunt Maria took occasion to do a little preaching about her work for peace. Every peace was good and every war bad, she told me. She and her little group were doing all they could to make any recurrence of war impossible.

Further on in the album was the picture of Aunt Maria's husband and under it in his own bold signature "Joshua R. Demarest." He was a stout, good-natured looking man, I thought, and then Aunt Maria closed the book. We talked of something else, then I went back to my cabin up in the hills.

Later on that day down at Martin's store, when George was giving out the mail, I asked old lady Jackson who Alonzo Williams was. In no time at all she told me. Just before the war broke out back in the spring of 1859, Aunt Maria was going out with two young men. The whole village was interested in the outcome. Alonzo Williams, son of Squire Williams, seemed to have the inside track and Grandma Jackson thinks to this day that Maria cared more for him, but young Josh Demarest's suit was helped along by all her folks and every one in the community who was interested in seeing young people "get on in the world."

For some of the Demarest family have lived in the big house on the hill ever since the Indians used to come down from

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the mountains on raids. There were 4,000 acres in the original grant. Josh's grandfather had founded the local Baptist church which still stands. Josh, too, was a steadier, more practical sort of a boy. He sang in the choir, was steady and respectable, and had money in the bank. Aunt Maria finally capitulated to village opinion and married him. Folks came from all the villages nearby to the wedding. Old lady Jackson remembers it well.

When the war came, Alonzo Williams left among the first. Josh Demarest's father hired a substitute for his son. Alonzo was killed at Gettysburg in the big charge, as many old folks of the village still remember. Josh stayed at home and his substitute died of fever in Libby Prison. But he had always been a good, steady husband, and finally he passed away quietly, full of local honor and with money still in the bank, eighteen years ago last summer.

It has always been my theory that a person's view-point changes entirely every ten years or so as creeping age comes on. Environment, age, and work for a cause always alter people, I thought in my ignorance. But my opinion was revised to-day. Last night Aunt Maria Demarest died in the big stone house across the river. The doctor had been there for some time when I arrived, and all the household spoke in low, hushed tones. It was quiet and still there among the trees. Aunt Maria died quietly in the old rocker in the front parlor as a tired child turns quietly to sleep. On the floor beside her, as I walked in, I noticed the faded daguerreotype of a tall, square-jawed young man in uniform, with a sword at his side.

IMMORAL CIRCUMSTANCE

There have always been styles in ethics which have varied as widely as in women's clothes. Positive morality has in all ages consisted of prohibitions. The Jews prohibited murder, theft, the eating of pork, and seething the kid in its mother's milk. In the Marquesas the natives could imagine nothing so wicked as eating from a vessel reserved for the use of a chief. On the banks of the Ganges the remarriage of a widow is something too horrible to contemplate. Mr. Westermarck, in his "History of Human Marriage," produces much additional evidence to prove that moral rules are by no means eternal ordinances. Long before the modern writers, other men who had Utopias up their sleeves have labelled morality, especially sex morality, as an invention of the weak to neutralize the strength of the strong. All of them delegated some responsibility for the individual's moral standards to the State. Thus Plato: "Like man like State; governments vary as the characters of men vary . . . states are made out of the human natures which are in them."

The State always seemed dragged into discussions about morals, and I thought Plato was all wrong until I met Joe Burnside and "her."

They live in an old gray house facing the road, clapboards nailed over the logs, and a new porch which Joe built last summer overlooking the brook. Every evening when the weather is good Joe and she sit on the porch, and what they talk about no one knows, for nothing ever happens. Every morning Joe walks down the hill with the thirty-two waterbreaks, his lunch in a tin box, and works until five at the Davis's place in the valley. I always thought that the lady who shared his home with Joe was Mrs. Burnside until, in the matter of some land I was buying from him, the deed described him as "Joe Burnside, bachelor" just above his mark.

For nine and twenty years she had lived in the gray house on a footing which formed a subject of painful reflection to the righteous folk in the valley. She was in fact unwedded and for a reason which confused the moralists. No one knew by what magic Joe had triumphed in his unconventional courtship of years ago; but some sort of magic they thought it must have been. For Annie Renshaw was reputed to be a lady of high Christian principle, when, a woman of thirty-five she came up into the hills. Everybody overlooked, I suppose, the magic of a widow woman's heart in an empty world. A woman who had always helped other women in their households wanted a home of her own. Everybody also overlooked the

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Alonzo Williams . . . seemed to have the inside track.—Page 417.

jolly twinkle in Joe's eye and one other fact.

Every day, just after Joe went to work, she would start off with a shawl over her head, a package in her hand, a little white dog behind her, and walk down the lane past my cabin. The first trip was at eight in the morning, sure as a clock. She would pass going back at ten. Then there was another trip at two and a last one somewhere near eight in the evening. In early spring, in midwinter when the snow lay deep, on hot summer days this schedule never varied. One day I followed her. She went down the lane, over the big brook, then turned off on a small trail which was carried across a small stream by an old log. Across that she went on, arriving finally at a tiny cabin almost hidden in the woods. Soon after she entered I saw smoke coming from the chimney. Every day she made the same journey, never failing.

And so eventually she grew to be old,

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and in a manner of speaking, respectable. The older women around forgave her. Most of them called her Mrs. Burnside and she spoke with her equals. Joe never by any chance referred to her by any name except as "her" or "she." One night he stopped in at my cabin on his way to bring her home from the last trip. "She's over there again," he said. "He ain't so good to-night. Seems lots worse. Maybe he's going to die. Be a darn good thing, too." By the simple expedient of listening I gathered that her brother had been paralyzed for almost thirty years. "Always used to set around with his one leg crossed over his knee doing nothin' at all," said Joe. "You get so you can't use legs no more. Anybody knows that. Jest as worthless as he can be. Can't do a thing for hisself. She's got to cook his meals, wash him, lift him outa the bed an' everything. She even has to pay old George to cut wood for his fire. Doctor's comin' up the mountain to-night to see him again."

"What would her brother do," I asked, "if she couldn't get over there some day. If she fell sick or broke her leg?"

"He'd die, I guess. Starve to death. And be a good thing. He's jest a terrible bother to everybody."

But Mrs. Renshaw evidently didn't agree. The trips to keep a paralytic brother alive continued and I realized what had helped Joe in his wooing years ago for his house was nearest, save my shack, to the cabin in the woods.

When the new minister came up as a missionary to the mountain people, in accordance with the will of Amanda Perkins who left money for the purpose, he wanted to move Annie's brother to the county home where he could receive good care. But she wouldn't hear of it. Then one summer afternoon, after he had talked to several ladies at the Dorcas Society meeting in the village below, the minister came up the hill to urge upon Joe the justice and expediency of transforming Mrs. Renshaw into an honest and respectable woman. When he arrived he found Joe sitting on a chair beside his sunflowers. His stiff gray hair and scraggly whiskers formed an oval frame for his weather-stained face. He acted like a man who was expecting an unpleasant visit.

"I have come to see you on a matter which is of grave importance," said the minister. "It concerns Mrs. Renshaw. Can we talk here without interruption?"

"Talk ahead," said Joe. "She's over to her brother's again. That old sinner's getting better again. Can you beat it?"

And then the minister applied himself to Joe who was highly embarrassed at his point of view and his suggestion. Joe hadn't been to church since he was a boy and he was amazed to hear how conclusively his own wickedness could be demonstrated in parables, fortified by scriptural texts of a painfully prophetic character.

"She has been a good woman to you," concluded the minister. "Isn't it only right and just that you should rescue her from living in sin with you by joining with her in the holy bonds of matrimony?" Joe didn't know just what to say, so he kept repeating "Yep, she's been a good woman to me," and just then old Mrs. Renshaw came up with her little white dog behind her. "All right," said Joe, "I ain't never asked her but if it's the right thing to do, I'll do it." The new minister beamed at Joe's words and greeted Mrs. Renshaw so warmly that she became worried. "I have a message of grace for you, sister," he said. "Listen while I tell you."

His method of telling was Scriptural in form, richly studded with shining parables. "What does it all mean then?" asked Mrs. Renshaw.

"It means he is going to marry you."

"Who is?" demanded the woman who had lived in sin.

"I am," spoke Joe. "I'm goin' to marry you in a church all right, and proper too. It's a reward, that's what it is. You've been a good woman to me."

Mrs. Renshaw took one step forward with wondering eyes that lighted for a second, then grew firm. Long and steadily she gazed at the minister, then she spoke. "Twenty-nine years I been livin' here with Joe and this is the first time I ever been bothered about this marryin' nonsense. Who do you spose would pay the doctor's bill if I got married? Where would the money come from for wood and food for him lyin' sick over there in the cabin? I had one husband once. That was enough for me. He was a veteran. He fought with Grant at Appomattox. I get money from the government, thirty

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She went down the lane, over the big brook, then turned off on a small trail. . . .—Page 419.

dollars a month, as long as I don't marry again. And it's kept that sick one alive for twenty-nine years. Don't talk to me about marryin'. The government won't let me."

Later as the sun went down, the new minister walked slowly down the hills, puzzled about ethics. I don't believe the matter of marriage has been discussed in Joe's household since.

Thirty dollars a month is a pile of money up here in the mountains.

ON THE THIRD DAY

One shining night in late September Ellen's mother and a tin-peddler from the north had followed the old trail as far as the stone bridge, stood there talking a while, and then had gone on toward the plains. That was ten years ago when Ellen was seven. All the next day George Daniels and his little girl waited for her to come back. Long after sunset they stood on the gray cliff below the house and looked off into the valley until the lights came on in the farmhouses far below. Since they returned to the house that evening, her mother's name, Ellen

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was told, must never again be mentioned. As she grew older, sometimes at night when the breeze stirred and the pine boughs swayed in the darkness, Ellen whispered the name to her pillow, "Margaret," a good name to say in the night. A sweet name for a lonesome girl to say sometimes by the pleasant trickling streams when her father was working down at Pete Nelson's dairy in the valley.

Ellen tidied up the house after the breakfast-dishes were done every morning, fed the chickens in the clearing, then used the needle as she sat outside and looked off over the hills. They lived from day to day seeing few people. The two neighbors who lived in a cabin down the trail a mile, now and then a hiker with pack on his back. Sometimes she was very lonesome up there alone all day under the solemn watchfulness of the purple hills. She and her father were good friends and the loneliness drew them closer with a deeper bond. George Daniels came to our section from the coal mines in Pennsylvania. Dropped from a freight-train, walked up into the hills, and cut himself a clearing out of the woods. A squatter he was in those days, who drank every Saturday night till he fell on the floor at Poison Mike's. Margaret had been ladies' maid for a rich man's wife in the exclusive mountain colony to the north. Never a drink did George take after she went with him into the hills. Not even any whiskey when she went away. As Ellen grew older George saw in her, as he sat by the fire and looked at her over the top of the catalogue, every trick and charm of her French mother. Seventeen years old and all her schooling out of the few books her mother had left. George meant to find the tin peddler and the woman next spring. They had been seen up near Haverstraw, he heard. He didn't know just how he would handle the disgrace they had brought on him. He thought of many plans, brooding by the fire until he dozed off after the heavy work of the day. Ellen met him down the lane every evening at the same time and together they walked past the spring and up to the house. One evening in June George came up the hill and she wasn't there. She was in the little bedroom with the gingham curtains, ill. He could tell at once that she was desperately ill. She died the next day just before George got back up the hill with the doctor.

Two full days it was now since George had rolled the stone across the mouth of the cave under the gray ledge. That he had done in defiance of all law and reason because of a tradition in those hills where three races have blended, the renegade Dutch, the Indian, and the black. On the third day, if the ones they loved wanted them back, the return of the desired one was possible. Grannie Groot had come back on the third day just at dusk, the mountain people said, from her journey. The doctors said she too had died. It was a matter of faith and absolute belief that those loved beyond expression could in rare instances return.

And George yearned for that return. A bed of sweet fern in the cave for two days and then on the third day she would come, if he believed. For two days he had cast out all doubt of it. The mountain tradition which he had heard often was confined to some extent by dim recollections of a Scranton church, and later word from a preacher who had come up into the mountains one summer. There had been a Jew long ago who had moved a stone on the third day.

The stone before the cave was not so large that a girl of seventeen couldn't move it if she wanted to. Several times on the morning of the third day George walked down and looked at it. It rolled easily on its base. It would be moved that day from the inside, of that he was sure. He mustn't doubt that power. He walked up to the cabin and cooked his lunch, then couldn't eat it. He went into Ellen's room and once more tidied it up, smoothed out the pillow, swept in every corner, threw open the shutters and let the sun stream in. Then he sat down to wait for her. It would probably be the middle of the afternoon before she would come and he would be ready. She must come before the sun set. That was the latest it could happen. All the mountain people knew that. The sun was high now, still high above the fringe of trees on the hill opposite. This end of his waiting seemed short somehow after the long two

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days before. He sat quietly waiting. The only sound was that made by little things singing in the grass. On the grass plot in front of the cabin he saw a new spot where a shadow was cast by a tall pine. As he sat and watched, the shadow grew, stretching toward the door. He walked out and looked off again over the hills listening. No sound of light footsteps. Silence. When he came into the room again it was not quite so bright as it had been. The sun was lower. She would be coming soon. Up the opposite side of the valley the frontier of shadow crept silently and swiftly. Through the window he could see a pale mist rising from the river far below. The last rays of sun, almost level now, made the windows glow in burnished gold. He could hear the faint sound of cow-bells. Yet there was still time. After the rock was rolled away there remained the steep walk up the path. It was getting darker. He took his seat near the fireplace where he faced the door. There was a slight noise on the path below. Surely those were footsteps. He could feel again Ellen's arms about his neck, her cheek pressed to his. His little girl had come back because he had trusted and cast out all doubt. There was a timid little knock on the door. He tried to speak, to welcome her, but no sound came. Then the little gray door pushed open and in the dusk he saw her. Not Ellen but Margaret, with fear in her face and tired eyes, alone. "Come on in," said George, "and set down here by the stove."

Not Ellen but Margaret, with fear in her face and tired eyes, alone.

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MOUNTAIN SOLITUDE

People who drive through our valley see only green hills on the left as they hurry on to make their thirty-five miles before the hour ticks away. Looking down at them from the hills they seem like scattered scared things from out some monstrous ant-hill, blind, confused, in a great hurry to get nowhere in particular.

The hills look deserted from the one road, a blank wall of waving green with a few rocks standing out like great toads under the moon. Over the river the perfume of wood-smoke is swallowed up in the lower stench of stale gasoline. Just across the gray bridge, hidden except for those who know the place, is a sharp turn and a trail goes up, as far away from the valley road in everything except distance as the Mountains of the Sun.

One wild night in late March, with the bare branches dripping and the wind roaring, a gray-haired man in brown tweeds turned in from the valley road, left his car by the river-bank, took a heavy sack out of it and walked up the steep trail above the glen. He toiled slowly up its hill, then left the trail about a mile above, where a smaller one bears off to the left. Beneath a big oak he stopped, then felt his way with both hands into a dark place under the ledge of sandstone there. The cave was there where it had been since he was a boy. He went into it and crouched over the flame of a match. The wind blew it out but at the third trial a little flame flickered, then blazed with the leaves and wood he had picked up, lighting the roof above as the smoke oozed toward the entrance. He was a slight man, slim, and well-dressed, with wrinkles at the back of his neck. His keen blue eyes were fixed on the flame and his long white eyelashes almost touched his cheek-bones as if he were dozing. Suddenly he started as he heard steps, then the clank of iron on stone. A voice from outside, "You in there, Jim?"

"I'm here Pete," said the fire-lighter from over his fire, and the other walked in. He was a huge man, not tall, but with long arms and a barrel chest, thick neck, and black hair that had gone bald over his forehead. His forehead was very white and his high cheek-bones burned with two red spots. He frowned always, twitching his black eyebrows. He had a red-knotted handkerchief round his neck. His suit was the dull prison gray and there was a chain on his right foot.

"It's time you came. The file, did you bring that too?"

"It's in the sack with your clothes as you asked."

"Let's go then," said the man with the chain. "It'll take a half hour to file this thing off and get changed. Damn near got caught too, when I climbed into the garage to phone you. They're after me all right. Shot my way out. And that's no small job from solitary, chained to a floor-ring. It took me six weeks to loosen that ring from the cement."

"Hurt anybody, Peter?"

"No, they beat it when I shot at their feet. Hurry it up. Ten years, and now I'm loose if you work fast. Anybody see you leave?"

"Don't think so. Didn't have much time though to look. You said to meet you in an hour. It's twenty-six miles to the bridge. That meant speed. The plates are changed. Going to Philly like you said?"

"There's a boat out of there to-morrow afternoon for Santos and I'll be on her. You won't have to worry about me when I get out and come home, like you used to. This is your riddance of the black sheep."

While he was putting on the clothes his brother had brought, and filing the chain from off his leg, they talked, these two brothers. A listener might have gathered that the crime for which one man had spent ten years in prison had been shared by both; that both also had been unwilling tools of another man who was at that moment coming north from the Bahamas in his yacht. There's a long story in that, psychological, full of sociological questions, triumph over the third degree and other matters of interest but not now. This is a story of a few hours in a few words.

Peter, who had served ten years more than he deserved, had escaped that afternoon and phoned his brother Jim. The

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Drawn by George Wright.

"It's time you came. The file, did you bring that too?"—Page 424.

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latter had done well in those ten years and was a banker in Montclair. He had been told to meet his brother at the old cave where they used to camp as boys.

What Jim didn't tell Peter was this.

Jim had decided it on the way up. He would give Peter his clothes and stay in the mountains. He knew, as Peter didn't, that the escape would be front-page stuff the next morning, that his relationship would be known to every newspaper reader, that he would be exposed and ruined by it. He had a curious mixture of thoughts. Dislike of being the ruined Valjean of a respectable suburb was confused with a long-suppressed desire to be a Thoreau. He would build a cabin with his own hands up there in the isolated mountains. He was sufficiently selfish to want an excuse for deserting a home in the suburbs, a balky furnace, a wife and two children, with all the details they involved, in favor of a look at the moon across a mountain-top, a diet of raw vegetables, and the right not to shave. He had always wanted to live alone as a squatter in the deserted hills. But he wanted his brother to believe that he was sacrificing an assured position, a respectable social environment and the comforts of life, as some sort of recompense to the brother who had kept his mouth shut for ten years.

So when the prison clothes had been burned, the chain filed off, he made modest mention of it, but it is doubtful if Peter heard him. He was far more interested in making what reporters persist in calling "his getaway." Which he did in a few moments walking down the hill sideways in the manner of a crab, pausing to wave at the turn in the trail. Jim Barnes then took from the bag and put on an old flannel shirt and khaki trousers, lighted his pipe and looked off over the hills. He was content.

A few hours later came the dawn, almost as quickly as it did at the Hollywood Vaudeville on Tuesday nights. Jim rolled out of his blanket, bathed his face in the cold brook and realized with a happy thrill that the first day of his new life was actually his to do with as he wished. He turned from the brook to walk back to the cave of his boyhood memories. Then he stopped suddenly. A large sign in shiniest A & P red was creaking gently in the morning breeze. It bore this simple message:

CAVE OF THE WINDS

Hamburgers, Waffles, Hot Coneys
Clam Chowder

OPENS MAY 15TH

Development

BY KILE CROOK

LEVEL off the rises
And fill in the ravine;
Place trees of certain sizes
With intervals between;

Cut the elder bushes;
Smother out the brook;
Trample down the rushes
And straighten every crook;

Build two-storied boxes,—
Hispano-anglo-dutch;
Plant zinnias and phloxes,
Geraniums and such;

Lay a hard, smooth paving;
Venerate the sod . . .
"Come live, at a great saving,
Midst the open fields of God."

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Sketches from the Eastward Valleys of the Pyrenees

BY GERARD WALLOP

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE PLAINS AND THE SEA ROAD TO SPAIN

FOUR men were leaning over the bow of the packet from Havre, singing "Annie Laurie" softly into the night. They sang so softly that a yard away the waves drowned their song, and no one heard their singing but themselves. It was the last night of three weeks in which that peculiar rite was consecrated. To-morrow they would be scattered, but to-night, with the sea in their faces and three weeks of joyous vagabondage fresh in their minds, it was meet that they should sing their song.

The first night it had been sung was under the Avenue des Platanes, in the ancient capital of the Kings of Majorca. All day had been spent on the skirt of the sea and the mountain. We had (for it is simpler that I should confess to "we" at once) gone to Argeles, a tiny town gathered round its tall church tower, huddled on one side from the sea, and on the west from the vineyards and cork groves that ran from there in long lines to the mountain whose blue feet were all that the clouds would let us see. Once, for a dazzling moment, the clouds had parted high up, and we had caught a sight of Canigou's snow peaks, standing over us with the sunlight playing in every color of the rainbow on her. But only for one precious second. At Argeles we found an auberge and a dejeuner of gigantic proportions—savory garlic, and a collation of the strongest fish that ever came out of the Mediterranean, washed down by the soft red vin du pays, which is not the least of the Roussillon's blessings.

Replete and hiccoughishly benign, we took up our sticks and found the sea road that leads to Spain. A few miles of song (for however tuneless some of us might be, the will to sing is the spirit of the Pyrenees) brought us to the first fingers of the mountain, where they trailed lazily into the sea. Here we found wild lavender beginning to catch our knees, as we left the road and started to run through a cork grove down toward the sea. The smell of the wild lavender, and the sheets of their purple flowers in the sunlight through cork leaves, once sniffed and seen, will not easily leave you. We came out on the edge of the cliff, where it first turns into a headland, in token of mountainhood. The wild lavender became stunted and sparse, and instead grew thyme and sea-pink and strange saxifrages that drowned the smell of the sea fifty feet beneath us. It lay calm and blue, as the very sky above it; here and there with a faint wisp of mist coiled lazily on the surface. Far beyond, out against Majorca, under the horizon, stood a piled city of clouds in the sunlight. Just at our feet was a tiny cove with a shingle beach and brown pools groined in the rocks. So we scrambled down the little cliff, deliriously each chose a rock for his clothes, left them there, and then shivered, waiting for the next man to take the first reckless step. It was April, and the sky was warm—we were not quite so sure of the sea. Being cowards, we lined up and let no man stay behind to mock. That bath was an unforgotten glory. If you can imagine an eighteen-hour rumble, second-class, in anything but a train de luxe, and a night of incredible stuffiness in an inside room of a hotel, with washing materials too primitive to belong to anything but a front-line dug-out—if you can feel the first joy in the freedom of the roads after laborious

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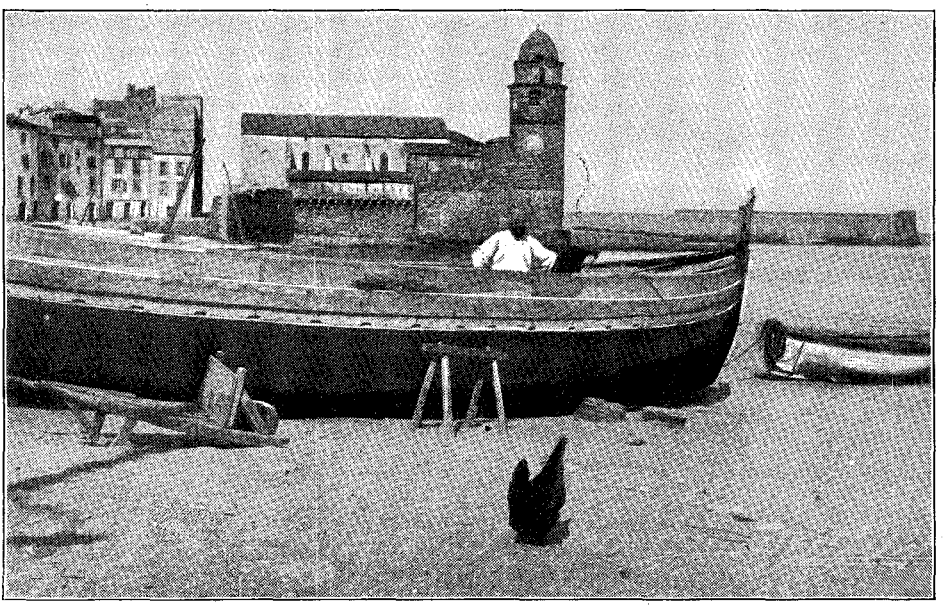
months in civilization—if the gypsy is always in your heart, and if you love sun and clear green water, and the wind on your body, you will know what that bath meant to us. Till we could be sun-dried we played ducks and drakes and took photographs of each other's backs, which the developer, in a fit of modesty, returned unprinted.

The sun left our beach in shadow; so, sadly, but with a wealth of energy, we climbed out over the rim of our cove and left it to the goblins. Once more on the sea road to Spain we sang to the next village, greeting the muleteers who passed and always getting a jest in answer; for he who travels light of purse and heart can always buy good-fellowship.

From the village, whose red roofs climbed up from the bay, we took the train back to the one-time capital of the Kings of Majorca. A "Bock," complete well-being, and the Catalan company of our neighbors in the third-class compartment of the "train d'omnibus" crowned the day's journey.

That evening we cleaned the dust from our shoes and faces and went to the market to buy our provisions for the hills. Sandals with rope soles for the mountain, and gourds to carry the sour wine that keeps body and soul together in the stony places. The gourds are leather bottles of goatskin, with the hair inside. If they are new and unseasoned with rum or eau de vie, the incautious drinker will not take a second pull.

Then, our shopping done, we inquired of a friendly chemist (they are mostly the friendliest folk in foreign towns) where one might dine as befitted a famous day's voyaging and Easter eve in a Franco-Moorish town. He told us the Lion d'Or, down a labyrinth of streets behind the Spanish market, with a lucidity that even our northern ears could not but understand.



An infant seaport on the road to Spain.

The Lion d'Or was worthy of its promise, and the dark, narrow streets that led to it. We made a famous meal, but wounded the "patron" deeply by debating on the wine-list with gourmet relish and ordering Bock like any simple Teutons. We appeased him, however, by taking our coffee with a glass of his most cherished "Fine."

After dinner we took another street as narrow as its fellows, more to explore the town at random than of set purpose. It

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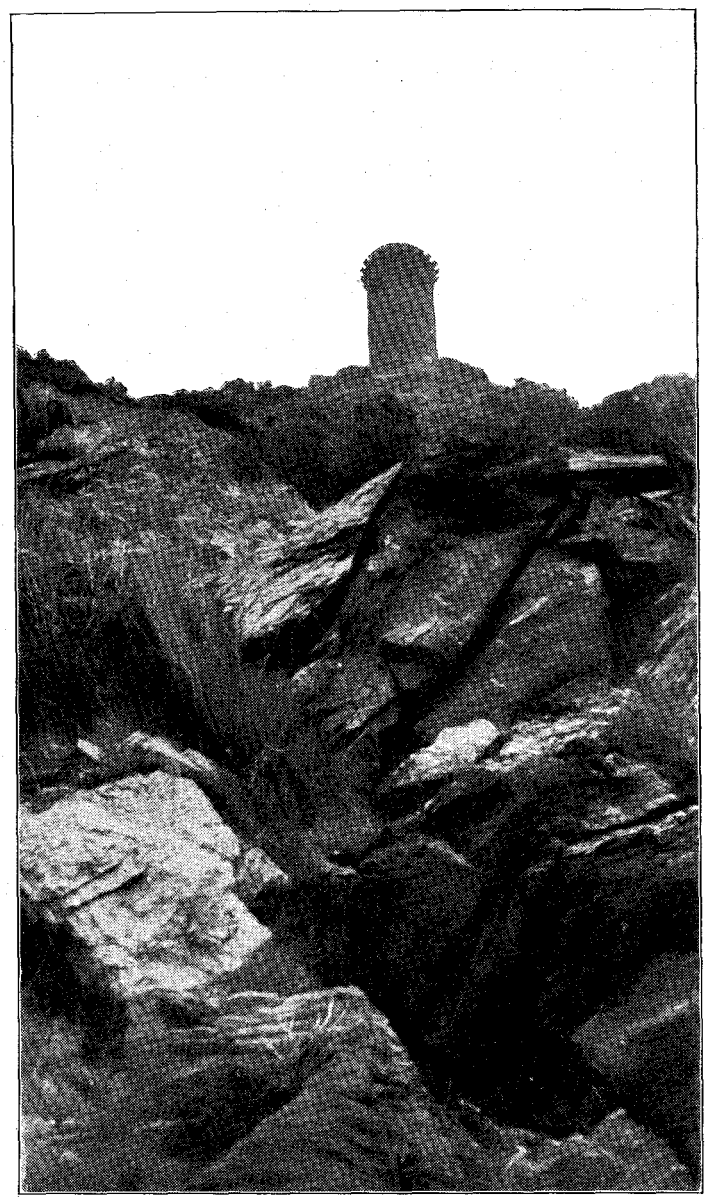

A frontier watch-tower.

suddenly ended in a dark "Place," with a huge Moorish building on one side of it, surmounted by the cross as if by mistake for the crescent. We went in to the dim pool of quiet under its long nave. An old priest was praying by himself in an aisle, a few chapels were lit for their saints, and a few old peasants were saying their prayers before them. How long we sat there, with peace eating into our souls, I don't know. Then we went out into the night, awed by centuries of worship stored in the dark cathedral. A few steps brought us to another Place. There was no peace here, but a dense mass of the good people of the town crowding toward a sound of singing. We were borne along with them, still half in dreams,

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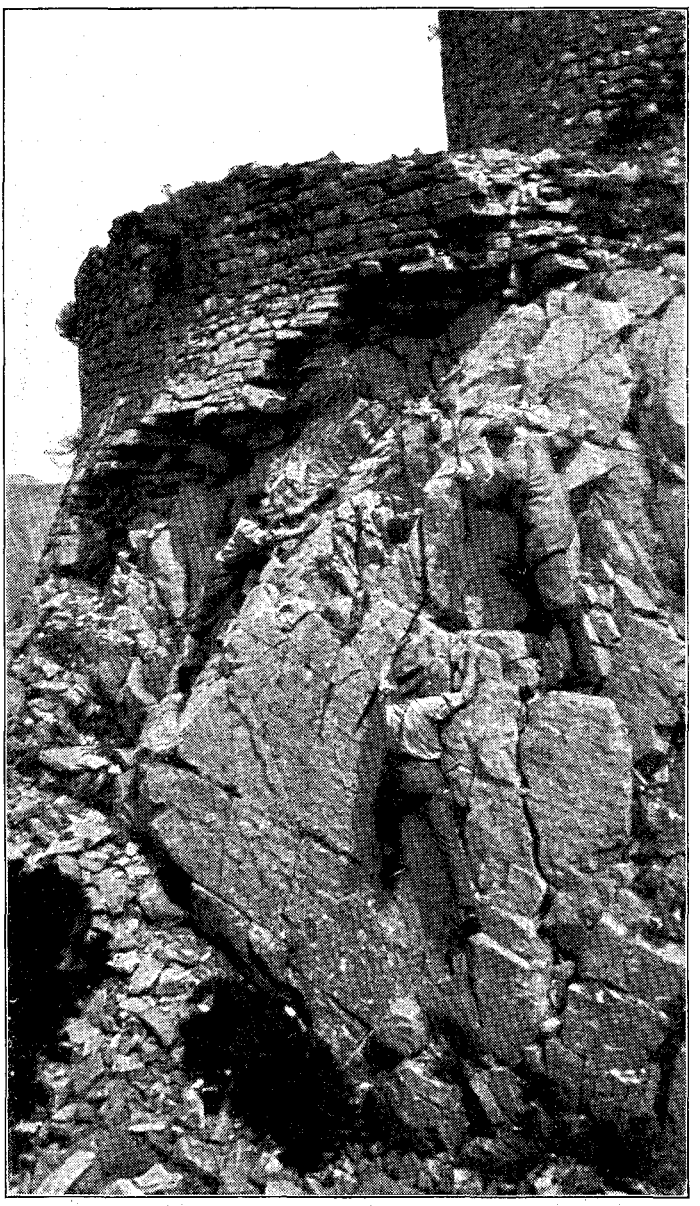
to the singers. They stood in a circle, those singers, with red Catalan caps on their heads and the lights of the brilliant "Place" in their faces. Behind them was a narrow alley, with one dim lantern swinging from a sign and a velvet slit of night between the leaning roofs. The songs they sang were in Catalan, songs of Easter, which they had learned from their fathers and would teach to their children. Some were low and wistful, mostly mountain songs with the sorrow of mountain people in their melody. But the last was a glad song, with a joyous swing in the tune, a true herald of Easter morning. It was when their singing was over that we walked together among the monstrous boles of the plane-trees. We sang "Annie Laurie," in token that we, too, knew mountain songs of our own land.



Steeper than the gables of a German town.

Next day we left the town in fête-day mood and took the train d'omnibus for Banyuls, and while we are still in the plains let me tell of the delights and fellowships and fragrance of travelling third-class in a train d'omnibus. If the seats are wooden and the floors dirty, even for a hobnailed boot, if the prevalent odor is garlic and the population not entirely human, and if the population shows no inclination to stay in the train when you leave it, that is no matter. A peasants' train is an endless and bewitching novelty.

There are old ladies and young men. The delight of the old ladies is only equalled by the scorn of the young men

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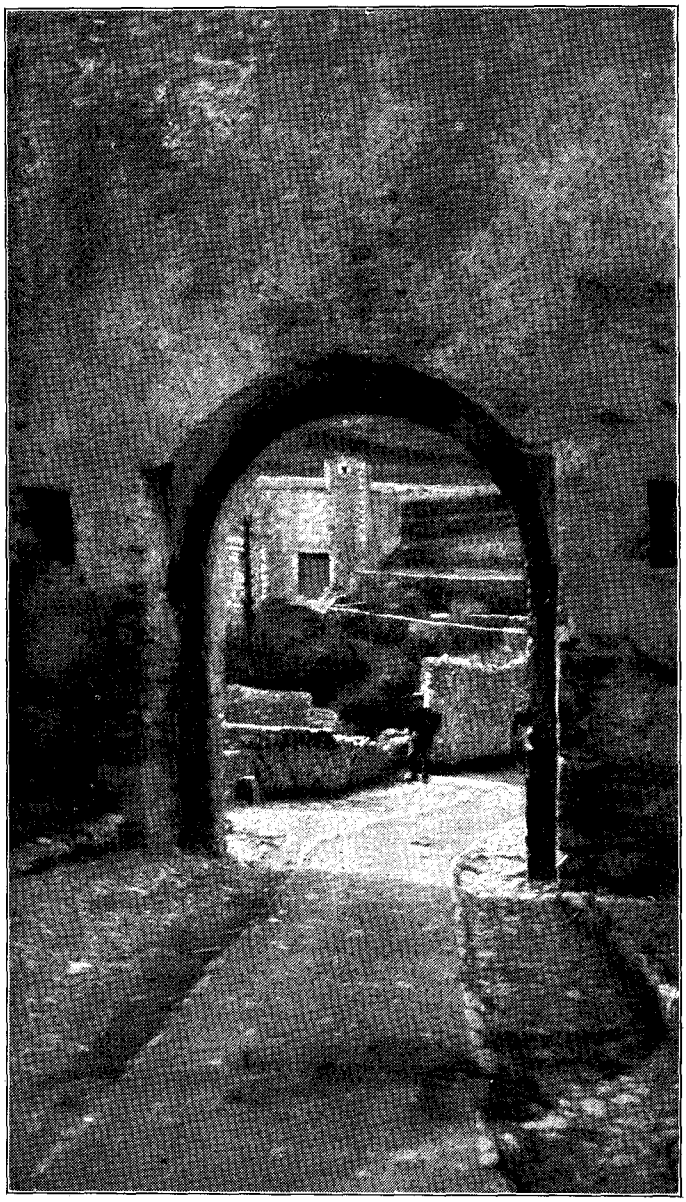
if you behave with sufficient chivalry to offer the former your seat. There are poilus on leave, and sometimes a conscript being called up; there are "ouvriers" who eat their bologna sausages and drink from their day's bottle of wine with one breath and vigor of esurient lips. Once we came on a party of Spanish mountain peasants being brought in to break a French strike. They had never been in a train before and could open neither window nor door, and when the wonderment and awe of their new surroundings wore off they chanted old Spanish shepherd songs in a high falsetto. They sounded like Arabs I have heard singing to their nurses in the hospital. The mark of the Moors is very strong on this province, the first to be recovered for Christendom. We felt rather like Don Quixote at the shepherd's hut as we listened to their ballads.



Prats de Mollo. The Shepherds Gate.

But the old ladies are the most frequent travellers. On week-days they take their goods to market, for they are the best at a bargain. On Sundays they carry flowers, in dutifulness, to put on the graves of their husbands. Why they outlive them no one knows—whether it be that their tongues are sharper, or that the men in that country do no work and, therefore, decay sooner, I do not know. But they are jolly fellows, these gray-haired, white-capped, rose-cheeked old bodies, and the fewer their teeth the heartier and shriller their cackles of laughter.

It was in such company as this, that, complete with rucksack, stick, and gourd, we alighted in a thin drift of mist at

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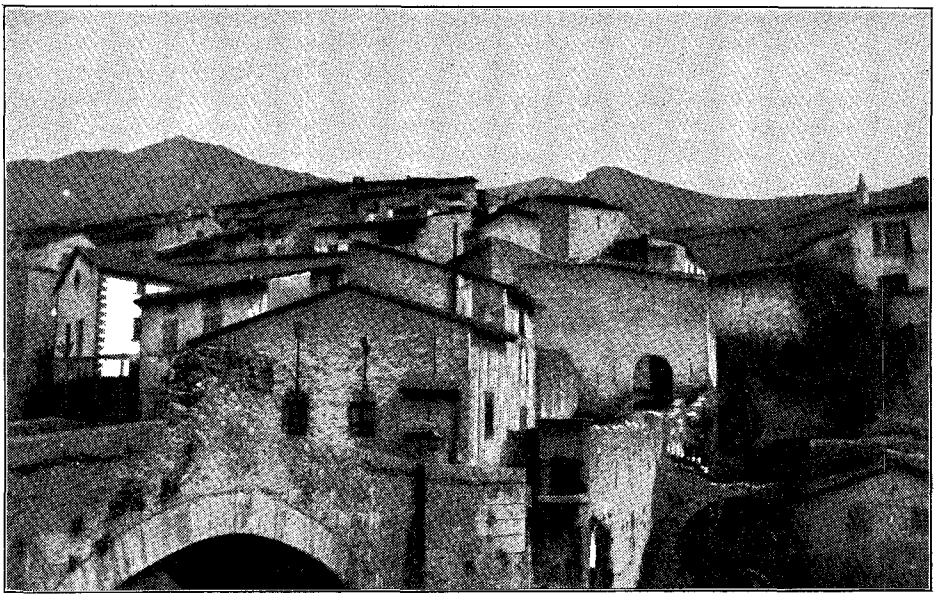
Banyuls, famous in the "Midi" for its wine. Banyuls was the most flower-smothered of all the infant seaports that we met. No lack of drainage in road or dwelling could overcome the scent of the syringa and roses and wisteria. Even the churchyard of the tiny church was so deep in iris and roses and periwinkles that hardly a gravestone kept its head afloat.



The summer capital of the kings of Aragon.

At the edge of the sea we found our inn and a gray-haired patron and patronne. They gave us of their best to eat and drink, the white wine of Banyuls, over which less blessed valley folk smack their lips in envy. At Banyuls we spent a day of misty dreams. We took a sea path over the thyme between the vineyards and the sea. With the quiet rain in our faces we came to the last headland at Cap Cerbère, which is the Spanish border. While we stood there on the cliff's edge looking south and west to the Spanish bays and ranges, the sun came and flooded the evening world with a soft gold light. We climbed up to find a hill way, that led us home in a riot of broom and lavender. It led down a razorback of hill, with the sea on one side in a labyrinth of coves and headlands, and inland, on the other, a high circle of peaks rimming the valley. On most hills there were frontier watch-towers, in memory of days when Christianity was a militant profession. At our feet lay a wee village, clustered on the crown of a knoll. Its red roofs were green with age, from which feathers of wood smoke curled upward, whose savor we caught in our nostrils as gods take the incense of sacrifice when they lean out of Olympus. Then we remembered our dinner and swung down the hill, exploring, as we went, a ruined farm and its tower half-buried in the olive-yards. That night we sang awhile to the sea, and then slept to its surf, dreaming of next morning's odyssey across the hills.

THE TECH AND THE SEABOARD MARCHES

The next morning was one of those joyous, sunlit times when "jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops." I have never met a better phrase for a fine mountain morning than that one of Shakespeare's. We sang as we performed the simplest of toilets, and it was only the excellence of mine host's bowls of café and bread and honey that stopped us singing through breakfast. The patron himself had once walked the hills and told

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us well the line of our march across the seacoast mountains to Sorede, a foot-hill inland village, which we hoped to make for our night's rest. For assurance's sake we set our maps and gained a general knowledge of our line of march by compass, and then set out on his path, bargaining for our day's ration at the baker's as we went. With a still hot kilo loaf from the baker, a length of native sausage, and a gourd of wine we set off up the path beyond the hamlet of Puy del Mas, which we had seen the night before and where to-day, at the edge of a broken bridge, we took a photograph of the start. The bridge, so the peasants said, was broken by Suchet in his retreat across the Pyrenees. The bridge by the new coast road had taken its place, so it remained a monument for that quarter-century of turmoil whose hand still lies so plainly over France. Even there, each little municipality has its Rue La Fayette and Place Carnot. Long ago these hills were famous battle-grounds. Two ways there are for an army to enter Spain, one lies at the western end. There Roland met his Roncesvalle; and to this day, in the noise of the water tumbling through the Pas de Roland, those who have ears may hear the horn of Roland winding; and in its perpetual mists you may see "Chevauche Carle"* wheeling rearward to the rescue of his paladin.

The other road lies at the mountains' eastern end. That too is no less the land of Charlemagne's border fights for Christendom. And all the land bears the imprint of his epic. But before Charles and the Moors fought for the western world Hannibal led the van of his army over the first great ranges into Gaul; and there are few coastal towns that did not once bear a Roman name. The name of Roussillon is only a corruption of the Latin. Later the successors of Attila pushed down that road to Spain, which had been Cæsar's when he was proconsul, and before him Scipio's.

But those are days which the scholar may learn of, but the people do not remember. From Charles is the date of their legend and the naming of the land. From then to now those hills have been the scene of untold battles, of feudal lords, and later of ambitious kings, for each inch of that scarred barren abruzzi has been fought over.

Our own path, to end this digression, lay over two battle-fields of the Gascons in the foot-hills, past fortified and now ruined farms. Our landmarks to show us the way were two frontier watch-towers on the highest hills. From one of these lonely Mizpah's we looked across the endless barren ridges, and one locked-out valley. That was our first real sight of Spain. From it, too, we could look to the sea and mark the laborious route we had climbed—vineyards and olive-yards followed by the cork groves and lupin crops beneath them, then the steep slopes of ilex, and last of all the summit's shoulders, clad only in white heath and rock, between whose crannies we found dwarf daffodils, delicate golden things dancing among the rocks, as if they were fairies changed to flowers at the approach of man. To weary travellers that summit brought a moment's peace which would have drifted into hours but for the imperative need of gaining civilization for our night's lodging. The wild valley between us and our next and last range looked a long step.

With one last sight of the sea we swung ourselves down the hillside into the wilderness. It was no light work that slope, steeper than the gables of a German town. Progress over and down the rocks was only a matter of care, but on the heath and dry grass our route was harder on the seats of our trousers than on the soles of our boots. At last the slopes grew gentler, and the heath had been burned, so, except for the knees of one of us, clad in shorts, we fared easily to the stream that we had marked for our meal. That stream was good—the first water we had met since the sea. The butter and bread and sausage seemed the royalest feast a man could have. But it was here that misfortune began for the day's work. We had not learned then the French way of dealing with their loaves. The true way to cut a French loaf (the peasants will tell you, the only way) is to treat your chest as a cutting-block, so that he whose bosom is ample, scores. But we labored, cutting outward; the inevitable happened. The sharp and new campaigning

*Old French for "Charles rides."

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knife in which we had such pride, neatly and very nearly successfully severed the top of a finger. How a finger could produce so much blood we never knew, but only the clotted excess of bleeding succeeded in stanching the flow, so that wherever we went for the rest of the day we could terrify the passing goatherds with a finger bandaged and so sanguinary that they crossed themselves. It was bitter up-hill work that afternoon, however. A pack is an easy load for high spirits and a full stomach in the morning, but with a noon sun it is no help to climb a five-mile side of a house. Nor did the sausage, sustaining and garlicsome as it was, suit our northern bellies. One of us, especially, bitterly regretted its nourishment—its effect was only relieved by a strong pull at the emergency flask of eau de vie, at the top of our last divide.

After that our way, by no means ended, was simpler. We climbed down a jungle of stunted shrubs that swarmed up the hillside till we found a shepherd's path that led to the stream, whose course we were to follow. I remember that valley with real affection. Like all true Pyrenean valleys looking north, it was deep and narrow, with a clear stream racing through it, pausing here and there in deep rock pools for breath. The soil was rich by its banks, where the corks and holm-oaks, great gnarled trees, grew strong and immemorial. It was in it that we first discovered the kindliness and courtesy of these mountain folk, who did not take us for foreigners, but only "gens du Nord." It was here, too, that we first heard Catalan spoken. When we asked a girl, driving the cattle home to milk, how many kilos it was to Sorede, she sang back to us: "Una 'ora." But she must have been a light-foot girl, who could reach Sorede in an hour. Perhaps she had a goat path of her own across a spur of the hills. For us, who followed the road to the plain and then turned west to the village, it was a good two hours of footsore marching. It was Easter Monday, and we found the populace dancing, still en fête, in the village place. The girls and the young men were dancing in the dust to the stertorous efforts of the commune's trombone. But the old ladies in white Catalan caps, knitting at the side, and the boys found us, especially him in shorts, a sufficiently novel spectacle. The nervous indignation of our self-made showman, a stranger workman and native of Narbonne, over our train of harmless, wide-eyed gamins was a nuisance. It needed all our tact to soothe the villagers when, under our protection, he asserted that these people of the foot-hills were *des barbares*. He acted as a middleman in the bargaining for our rooms at the tiny café and auberge so officiously that, for a while, we thought he was the patron; and as our comfort lay presumably in his hands we suffered his ministration and even took our supper most ceremoniously with him. But charity was over when he disclosed himself, and hinted that he would like payment for his trouble. We were not his trouble, but he was our misfortune in an otherwise unforgettable evening.

For, after we had done our washing in the stream, with the whole village—young, old, boys, maids, and matrons—watching this unheard-of ceremony, three deep from the bridge, and after we had eaten very generously, we grew, in military terms, "matey" with the muleteers. An evening began when we sang for them chansons Anglais to the mouth-organ, which one of us carried. This was an instrument whose music was far more thought of than the singing. They, in turn, rolled us cigarettes, spoke and swore in Spanish, showed us how to tie their red-and-blue ceintures round our waists. And since we had already revealed our nationality we drank a liqueur du Canigou to the health of our respective countries, France, and Spain, and England.

Our beds were comfortable, though "populous as the beard of Justinian," but we were very weary after twenty-five miles of mountain, and did not find this out until the following day.

Our next day's marching was, comparatively speaking, level—our first and last day's walking in the plains. We skirted the edge of the mountains where the road, for the sake of evenness, coiled itself at the foot of the hills and nuzzled into the valleys. The olive-yards were deep in lupin. The trees themselves seemed half as old as time, full of gnarled, spreading feet and riven boles. They seemed like any

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Northern thorns leaning with knotted elbows on the downs. Yet they had the strength of the oak and the grace which he in his old age lacks. It is curious that the olives, the tree of fruit and life, should belong to the old maid, Minerva; and that the tree named from the birthplace of Venus should be used to give the cachet of respectability to cemeteries, civilization in its most Christian aspect. We did not long consider the olives, for before us in the sun lay Canigou, clouds on his shoulders, but his white summits dancing in the sunlight, a sign for mariners a hundred miles away. After this we rarely left the presence of that mountain, which stands guardian over the easternmost Pyrenees. There are fellow peaks, who jostle behind, whose stature is greater; but, for all that, try as they may, they cannot see over his shoulder seaward or to the northern plains. Often his nine thousand and odd feet were hidden from trunk to head in clouds, but henceforward we all felt him about us as a child feels the presence of a bogey with which his nurse has threatened him.

So with Canigou before we took the road lightly, past the foot-hill villages, where the main road never comes and where the people find travellers such a rarity that they treat them, for want of a code, like their neighbors.

Each of these villages lay at the mouth of a valley. Each valley had a hamlet caught somewhere in its folds, and higher, nearer the heads a few crofters and goatherd cottages, where the last traces of road ended. If any one reading this is a gypsy, too, he will understand the power of will needed to pass these valley mouths, where so much might lie hidden under the cols to Spain, where the clouds were hanging—the curé and the mountain folk, clear-voiced goatherds, quaint festivals, and corners high among the rocks, with a bed of columbine to rest on.

But we held to our purpose bravely, and left the road where it wound through the cork and thymot that grew where the cropland ended. We crossed the fields till we came to a main road, where lay a village which could give us dejeuner without delay. We found an auberge whose hospitality was Rabelaisian. We were told: "Buvez bien, mangez bien." We did both, and took the road to Ceret with a warmth without and within not wholly due to the sun on the white straight road. This it was, too, maybe that made us pitch our camp for an hour in the lupin with the fallen log of a holm-oak for a pillow, and the gray-green foliage of a cork grove for shade. The Tech and the wide valley lay between us and the blue hills; a bamboo brake hid us from the world and the air was alive with a sonorous murmur of early summer. So our songs trailed into the noise of the bees and we read a tale from that most whimsical book of fantasy, "The Starry Pool" (by Stephen Tallents, Liverpool, 1918). You whose Odysseys are not complete without your Stevenson and Keats, your "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote," remember to find a corner of your rucksack for "The Starry Pool." Let him, too, who travels in the Pyrenees, take the "Song of Roland" and a gourd of wine, a taste for good adventure and high comradeship, and he will want no more than "quiet palmer."

I don't know whether between our reading and setting forth again there was an interval of sleep or day-dreams, but certain it was, when we had followed the Tech to Ceret, which stands where she leaves the hills, the sun was slanting between the peaks. We found an inn whose royal chamber, with two great beds, we chartered; and, leaving our packs behind, we trotted, so light were our unburdened backs, to the river. There, in a pool with a window rock for shelter, we removed the day's dirt and let the water flow over us. Its swift coolness was a promise for the morrow, when we would follow the Tech to where her waters began.

PRATS DE MOLLO

A man coming from "The Cursed Ranges" over the peak of the thirteen winds and turning east from the Sierra del Roc Negre will—but who am I to tell of a trail that only the smugglers know on the calmest starlight nights of summer? Whichever way the stranger comes, and whoever he be, pork packer or humble gypsy student, if he come by the Shepherds gate or the Portes of France or Spain, he will halt a moment in awe beneath the walls of the enchanted city. It

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lies walled four-square above the river's gorge. The walls are double, their turrets and bastions climb the hill, where a secret passage leads to the citadel, perched eagle-like on the mountainside above. Its church, gorgeous within in carved barbaric gold of the high altar, stands over the huddled houses, to this day the last stronghold of the city. In token of which arrow-slitted breastworks gird the open-work pilasters of its tower, and heavy battlements encircle the built-up platform, where this ecclesiastical fortress stands. Here the kings of Aragon heard mass in their mountain fastness. The kings of Aragon took their crown only when their subjects had said: "We, who are as good as you, ask you to be our king." * Prats de Mollo, the enchanted city, was once their summer capital. She stands, still untouched, a sentinel to Spain and France, but the kings of Aragon——.

A ravine which the walls fly in one span runs through this place of two thousand inhabitants. The Shepherds gate is at the bridge over the Tech, which tumbles fifty feet below the southern wall. There is one road only through the city. The upward streets are steps, the lengthwise streets are cobbled mule tracks. In the Place there is just room for a coach to turn round. In the Place, too, and on the southern side, is an auberge. Its rooms are wide and sunny, clean and garnished, and they lead on to a balcony, looking over the Tech and the mountains of the frontier beyond. The town itself stands on the instep of Canigou. There is a cracked piano in the room down-stairs where messieurs are served their dinners. And what dinners! But more of them later.

Here we decided to pitch our camp, and, in the enchantment of the moment, for life. The patron and patronne were honest folk with an eye to main chance. This time we decided to have the luxury of four beds. He is wise who chooses his bedfellow from one point of view—his immobility in sleep. That night I slept deeply and truly, a night the expert in quality of sleep looks back on and gives thanks to his Creator for.

We left our packs here and refused the offer of dejeuner whose fragrance floated up to the balcony. Buying sardines, oranges, and bread, we sallied out with fishing-rods, which two of us carried in lieu of walking-sticks. We found a pasture full of apple-trees in blossom, for it was spring in this mountain world. We lit a small fire under the rock and boiled some nauseating soup, advertised on the covering as hotchpotch. It was almost the only serious quarrel we had with our digestions. After luncheon we tried our luck in the torrent, whose only pools were caldrons of boiling water in the rocks, and a series of rock dams where the irrigating ditches formed the steep strips of pasture which, with the goats and yoke-oxen, made these peoples' livelihood. We fished up and we fished down. But the infallible March brown drew no answer to our efforts. Not the Zulu black—or blue—or hackled, nor all the known lore of mountain streams could lure a trout to our rods. To an English fisherman there is no humiliation so great as the inability to catch trout in foreign waters; and when the natives produce them for supper the same night the humiliation is almost intolerable. We walked home that evening small, small atoms on the surface of the universe.

But once back at the auberge and escaped from the unendurable sympathy of the patron and tales of miraculous catches, the spell of Prats came over us again. So we climbed to the church and lost ourselves in imaginings of the past, as we looked out over the infant city through the deep embrasures of its platform. And turning again we climbed to a bank of clover close to the citadel, where even the tower lay beneath us. For half an hour no one spoke, each holding his own thoughts and fashioning his own dreams.

Roofs five hundred years old, gray-green and rose, lay beneath, herded and huddled like sheep driven into the fold of the city walls. The smoke of evening meals drifted up from each roof as it had done since these roofs were built. Each separate noise of children's laughter, or a barking dog, came up to us—the song of men working late in the evening on a barn roof, a Catalan song of Aucassin and Nicolette, a boy calling to his goats

*I have forgotten the full coronation formula for the House of Aragon, but that is its sense as nearly verbatim as I can remember.

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to bring them in, then the caravan of sure-footed, deep-uddered mountain-goats came winding down the track, a belled and bearded he-goat leading. Beyond this unchanging civilization which had worshipped the same God in the simplicity of a faith taught by missionaries of the decaying Roman Empire, lay the broken ranges, aloof to all faith or civilization; a brown treeless desert where the wind blows from Africa, from one desert to another across a third, the plateau of central Spain. The sun set behind the snow peaks at our back on the lonely ridges, for one moment changing it to flame and then to the deep purple of falling night.

Truly Prats de Mollo is a city of dreams set in mountains beyond time.

That night the landlord made us a feast of trout and rabbit and veal, artichokes and garlic, and a mighty pudding and goat's cheese, all washed down with flagons of good wine from the Roussillon, followed by a bottle of his most precious liqueur of Banyuls.

The cracked piano rocked and rang to the songs of our delight, till the village children gathered at the window to watch us—these strange Frenchmen from another valley, filling the inn with their merriment. Then we went up-stairs and, on the balcony beneath the stars, sang "Annie Laurie" very softly under the roar of the Tech.

There was, too, a day of days on the Spanish marches. We left Prats in the morning, fishing-rod abandoned for a stout ground-ash, and sandals on our feet to grip the mountainside. We climbed the hill across the river, and as we did so met an old man with a train of mules from Spain, winding down the track to Prats, all the mule-bells jingling. We hailed him and passed the time of day, then left him and the trail and climbed straight up the hill to a ruined watch-tower where we meant to eat our feast of bread and chocolate and butter. The way was full of strange flowers, the first flowers of winter—anemones, white and deep pink, dwarf winter-sweet among the wild box bushes, gentians and queer new saxifrages. As we climbed we snuffed the first breath of the wind from Spain and filled our lungs with it, and still we climbed until a falcon, wheeling far below us, looked like a wren of prey.

At last we gained the tower. Its walls were so thick that the staircase, such as it was, for there was no foothold, lay completely inside the wall. The centre of the ceiling was a large hole, through which the smoke from the central hearth escaped. The broken stonework of the roof seemed to command the world. The whole great flank of Canigou, snow-bound to his waist, the gaunt higher peaks behind him, the Pic du Geant and the Treize Vents. Far up and round the shoulder of a neighbor hill lay the col to Spain above the Tech's headwaters. East and north lay the desert to the sea, a vista of plains below Ceret which melted into low clouds on the sea.

We ate our feast in the manner solemn to such festivals, taking the gourd turn about and, between our eating in the fathom-deep doorway, looking out to the broken ranges and jagged peaks of rock. We read a tale from "The Starry Pool," then smoked in silence slow pipefuls of content.

Hiding our tracks, we started over the smooth uplands toward the frontier. We found on the summit of a hill a cave, man-size for ten feet, and after that you could hear a pebble tinkle far into the earth.

The heath, wind-swept and bare, with here and there a snow-drift, for we were five thousand feet above the sea, was starred with gentians so blue that they outdazzled the sky. Still toiling over the smooth slopes, we came at last to the summit and to Spain. There by a frontier cairn, leaning against the wind, we drank to the health of Spanish marches and Prats de Mollo, the gourd uptilted till no drop remained. Behind still lay the view that we left, and before lay Spain—valley, range, hill, and river, eastward to Barcelona and westward to Saragossa—a great dun world, with never a sign of human life, only its wind seemed to bring the savor of desert places and dusty streets. It had loitered in the courts of the Alhambra, heard mass in the cathedral of Seville, moaned over the Spanish capital till it gathered strength, roaring on the bleak plateaus for its last sweep upward to the border.

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This time, each singing our own mad songs, we ran over the grassy places homeward,

> "not because we would
> but because we must."

On the way we came on a coign in the hills, a tiny world of its own, cut off by the Creator from all the rest of his work. There we found a chalet, whose door was four feet high. Outside was a family, four generations of it, all berry-brown. I approached the ancient chief whose clothes must have been handed down from a camp sutler of Charlemagne's. His Catalan was sufficiently French to be intelligible. He asked for news of the war, and took us for soldiers, doubtless border skirmishers. Perhaps it was Suchet's retreat he was thinking of. The dream was too good to dispel, so we returned to Prats in the year 1920—or was it 1000?

O Hills, My Hills—

BY CLEMENT WOOD

O HILLS that the sun-wide green trees cover
Over and over the lifting loam,
Where the sly breeze whispers to leaves that shiver
And doubtfully waver to leave their home,
Where blue lakes throb at his careless passing
And rise to his kissing with crinkled lips,
And the night awakes like a far voice singing
Of hidden longing, and pain's eclipse,

O hills, my hills, it was you that bore me,
And lifted for me a rigid breast;
My blood is red with your iron redness;
Your granite gladness, your heaving zest
To grope for the stars with long green fingers
Out of the hungers that wrench your soul,
This is the breath my life is breathing,
Without you, nothing: and with you, whole.

Those who were dropped in plain or valley
Are never wholly at heart's ease;
Their lowland hearts lose pulse and shiver
When the sky roars over the last bent trees.
They scuttle for walls and a hut's stooped ceiling,
They cringe from the flailing crest-leaping storm;
But only above the crag's last dolmen
Is the heart of the hillmen at ease and warm.

O hills, my hills, it is you will shield me
And quietly fold me again to your breast,
When my heart is done at last with the valley,
And I look to the hilly heights for rest.
Bright at the end of a long tired groping
The hour for sleeping, and you the bed,
With the sun-wide green of the trees to cover
Over and over the quiet head.

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A Younger Officer Views the Navy

BY MELVIN F. TALBOT
Lieutenant (S. C.), U. S. Navy

SPEAKING in the House of Commons shortly after the tragic loss of the British submarine M–I, Lady Astor proposed the abolition of submarines as useless except in war. The same naïve truism could be applied to all types of naval vessels. Their military value is their only value, and those are most to be desired that will best fight the country's battles. That is the sole measure of their worth. For war, and for war alone, naval ships are designed, commissioned, operated for the short span of some twenty years, and, save for those whose historic hulks find resting-places as patriotic relics, pass to the junk-dealer at prices that would scarcely cover the cost of their humblest auxiliary machinery. The harbors of the world know them no more.

On the walls of navy offices hang the faded pictures of many forgotten ships, whose ward-rooms were once busy with the talk of boat-races and bright work, the approaching climax of admiral's inspection, the voyage out and the glad return, and, now and again, intruding as a subject of distant and foreign interest, war. Here too are the portraits of their commanders, the officers of other days, whose names have long since been dropped from the Retired List. They were much the same manner of men as we who serve to-day, these "old-timers," looking down from their pictures a little severely, owing perhaps to the necessity of a military expression, and the unwonted tightness of special full dress bought when they were very young midshipmen just out of the Naval Academy, with the great world still untravelled. Much the same too, if one consider fundamentals, were the ships they manned, the largest practical hulls with the greatest number of the most powerful guns, so placed as to bring the maximum fire against the enemy. True, spars and sails gradually disappear, probably much to the regret of the conservative, weapons and hulls grow apace; suddenly the logic of all big guns, except for a light battery against torpedo-craft, strikes home in the dreadnaught design. Still bigger and more destructive battleships appear (the achievement of patient and kindly gentlemen in quiet Washington offices), pushing on in the quickening race, delicately balancing the ruin that might be wrought by ten fourteen-inch guns against twelve twelve-inch, guns against armor, armor against engines and speed, and all against the qualities necessary to sustain their ships in the probable area of the "next war." The same forces that gave birth to the automobile, rapid transit, great cities, the teeming life we owe to modern machine-made prosperity, gave us the dreadnaught and the superdreadnaught, symbols of the Frankenstein monster, modern armaments, created so unknowingly at first from vague beginnings.

The "Influence of Sea Power on History" was a new book when the navies of to-day were first taking shape, a scholar's patient search for the truth through long days of quiet study. Then one judges the marine orderly got but a short reply from Captain Mahan when the report was made of the noon position and "chronometers wound," while his ship loitered through the tropics with the trades astern, and, as scornfully described by an old ex-gunner, "with the 'Old Man' asittin' in his cabin alongside of a full-length picture of that 'limey' admiral Nelson and awritin' a book while me and the Boats'n ran the ship."

Then there were the Cowes Races, ships of all navies gathered for ceremonious visits, dancing on the quarter-deck, and, perchance, a whispered agreement between statesmen and admirals of "military commitments" over the evening

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champagne; and, at dawn, the ships newborn from the harbor dark, and the German Emperor, his hand on the tiller of the smartest pulling boat in the fleet, out for an early inspection. A dangerous passion, this young Kaiser's fondness for his new navy, for blood is ever the price of admiralty.

At Whitehall ruled Lord Fisher, literally driving his hesitating designers to bigger guns and faster ships, with the armor cut dangerously thin—Nelsonic ships to act again the glory of the Nile and Trafalgar, to live but long enough to hold and destroy the enemy. In Wilhelmshaven they looked to better optical instruments, a deadlier aim for their smaller but quicker-firing guns, and to the dogged staying-power which underwater subdivisions give to ships in the long punishment of battle.

They lived, it seems, in another age, these men, for the most part genial, kindly, and honest, loving their wives and children, lonely on their long cruises at sea, building and planning for Armageddon, dancing up to the very last week in the shadow of the great guns. Many of them have passed from the stage of naval history. Some sleep with the ships they built and sailed, others, borne on the list of retired officers, read endless daily papers at the front windows of service clubs. Those of us who take up their work must at times pause to ask ourselves if it will of necessity lead us in the same paths, if, in truth, we are the militarists of the future.

Surely there perished in the sufferings of the last war the extreme militaristic philosophy that war is inevitable and even beneficial; that, in the stern ethics of conflict beyond good and evil, victory is the eternal justification of the will to power. Treitschke, Nietzsche, and Von Bernhardi are no longer read with sympathy. This generation is heartily sick of bloodshed, and will not lightly follow again the paths of glory that lead to horror, exhaustion, and disillusionment. If this revulsion against armed conflict be pacifism, then all thinking men are pacifists at heart. But to the practical question of how wars may be curtailed, restricted, and at last avoided altogether, civilization still seeks the answer. When the impartial scholar has applied over long years of study the methods of scientific research in the fields of history, political economy, and military theory, we may be on the road to a clearer understanding. But until that day, the soldier's dangerous logic would seem to have as good a claim to credence as the reasoning of those who seek by emotional generalizations to solve this most complex of world problems.

The military man and military opinion are ever with us. A special pleader for his profession, cautious, conservative, unmoved by the impulsive idealism that would sweep the weapons of war into the discard, he is prone to doubt the efficacy of church movements for world peace or senatorial proposals to outlaw war. With such seeming perversity he negatives the idealist's enthusiasm that the reformer is tempted to cry out as the psalmist: "I labor for peace; but when I speak to them thereof, they make them ready to battle."

The defense of the country is the soldier's duty. Perfection of armies and navies is his life's work. Yet the weapons which he must ever sharpen for war find in peace a wide and merciful employment. The last and strongest bulwarks of the established order at home, a tried and trusted shield in a world of conflicting national interests, armaments stand ever ready to insure the steady flow of world trade in an age whose very life calls for the full productivity of mine and factory, of prairie and jungle. Untroubled the caravans go down. The lonely detachments of French African troops camped in the desert outpost, the gunboats of the Yangtze, the weary British regiments beneath the passes of the Himalayas, the garrisons of Suez and Panama keep silent watch over the commerce of the world.

From the age of discovery trade has followed the flag. Some of the early English captains were at one and the same time traders and commissioned officers of the Royal Navy, and perchance freebooters as well. The King's ship, the privateer, the vessel sailing under letters of marque and reprisal were not distinct types, but tended to merge. Wars were frequent. Commerce destruction verged on piracy, and conquest on out-and-out loot. Admirals sought appointment to

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the West Indian Station for prize-money that with luck meant wealth undreamed. Trade was a great adventure that led to sudden riches and retired opulence, or perhaps to a grave fathoms deep in the blue waters of the Windward Passage.

Nor have conditions completely changed in the day of steamships and cables. The Companies of Gentlemen Adventurers trading and fighting in the far corners of the earth have been replaced by less romantic agencies, but something of the old reliance on the backing of the fleet persists in the policy of modern corporations. Where the Gospel is preached to the heathen and risky investments net far more than six per cent, missionary and trader alike look to the gunboat in the offing. In Nicaragua, in Haiti and Santo Domingo, business interests demand some measure of local security.

Concerning American "dollar imperialism," Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Borah hold widely divergent views. To the secretary of state the guarding of American commerce abroad seems a vital part of our insistence on business probity the world around. Mr. Borah, on the other hand, would subordinate commercial interests to the sacred rights of small nations, even to frequent revolutions at the expense of the American bondholder. What the sturdy young republicanism of America, tinged with the idealism of its own revolutionary struggle, voiced in the notes which John Quincy Adams composed for the dismay of the Holy Alliance, whose political commitments and business interests were endangered by revolution in South America, makes strange reading in contrast to our recent diplomatic correspondence. Have we sacrificed the idealism of our forefathers for a mess of commercial pottage?

If the policy of protecting business interests abroad is at best vague and tentative, even more indefinite is the naval function of showing the flag. It is idle ceremony, perhaps, signifying nothing. Yet while the poor starve in the London slums, hats go up to H. R. H. the Duke of York as the *Renown* puts out from Portsmouth to carry to the antipodes the White Ensign, symbol of Britain's power. In Batavia, a new destroyer out from Holland brings encouragement to traders and officials, and, to the native, the warning that the white man still rules. No one can forget the thrill of seeing a cruiser, trim and handy to the helm, or a stately battleship with the Stars and Stripes at the gaff, come treading her way among the junks of Hong Kong harbor, or swing proudly past Seraglio Point, the crew drawn up at quarters, the guard and band paraded aft, and, backing full on both propellers, send her anchors clattering down in foreign waters. Some there may be of the perfect international mind; but in such a moment one wonders if there can live a man so dead of soul as an advocate of complete disarmament or a congressional sponsor for a little navy.

A foolish sentiment, perhaps, the cult of the flag, as a Columbia professor was pleased to call it. Yet forgotten for the instant is the deadly destructiveness of her guns and the sad calamity her misuse might entail. One feels only the natural surge of pride to be kin to those who serve under her flag, and what solemn witness history bears to the power of emotions such as these. For better or worse, man does not live by bread alone.

The central mission of the navy, however, is preparation for war. Obsolete cruisers may land marines to safeguard the property and lives of residents abroad, a foreign squadron may delight the American colony in some distant port, a battleship may transport travelling officialdom with impressive dignity, but these are at best relatively unimportant side-shows. In the main tent, we are always rehearsing for battle. If indeed the age of universal peace has dawned, and no longer need nations fear war or the threat of war, then the time has come to sell off the splendid paraphernalia and pension the last of the faithful actors.

If, however, there exist the remotest possibility of conflict, it is the navy's duty to prepare for victory. That is its *raison d'être*. If the acceptance of this simple truth be militarism, then militaristic ideas are unavoidable. If, on the other hand, it be true that the possession of a military force ready to achieve victory is the best assurance against a threat which might lead to war, the advocate of adequate

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armaments is in truth a pacifist. Adequacy, however, presupposed strength at least equal to the probable enemy and a definite plan of war. Navies to be sufficient unto their allotted tasks must be built with an eye to specific policies envisioning the purpose and extent of war at sea which each nation thinks best in its own interests to seek, be it the defense of limited regions or the greater world mission of victory on the high seas.

Ships are building to-day that embody the modern application of these ideas rooted in the warfare of past centuries; for France, submarines and powerful cruisers of great speed, designed to protect her coasts and keep open the sea lanes to North Africa, to forbid close blockade, and at the same time to harry the enemy's commerce. In England, on the other hand, we see the advent of a superoffensive battleship type, the *Rodney* and *Nelson*, carrying their nine sixteen-inch guns all forward, ships that will form the spear head of the British battle-line, to win again her historic objective: smashing victory on the blue seas. The very essence of the immortal admiral's signal: "Engage the enemy closer," is indelibly wrought in the design of the ship that bears his name, while the flash and delicacy of seamanship, the *gloire de manœuvre* of the frigate captains that sailed the last ships of the Bourbon navy, live again in the latest types of the French fleet.

President Coolidge has often expressed the hope that the day of competitive armaments is passing. Yet the very essence of the naval profession is competition. In times of peace we vie with prospective enemies against the day of battle. Competition rules all human activity, be it in the search for what will best alleviate and ennoble life, or be it, alas, in the quest for better weapons of destruction. It is against and in competition with foreign ships that the naval designer must build. And were it possible to disarm by mutual agreement to the last few decrepit cruisers, if honesty and loyalty, or even pity for those who might be called on to man them in action, still inspire the last captain and the last constructor of the vanishing navy list, this remnant of our fleet will be designed and trained to be at least equal to the last of foreign navies. The existence of war-ships, however few or limited in type, presupposes the possibility of battle, and no more cruel design can be conceived than the ship predestined to perish under the enemy's blows. Such was the sad fate of Cradock and later of his destroyer, Von Spee, vainly to attempt to close an enemy of superior range and speed, and, his own shots falling short, to await certain destruction. The gallant count well knew the helplessness of his armored cruisers against the faster, harder-hitting ships that would hunt him down long ere he could hope to break through eight thousand miles of hostile oceans, and steam in at dawn past the friendly ramparts of Heligoland. "I take these flowers," he said to the enraptured German colony at Valparaiso, gathered to fête his victory over Cradock's luckless squadron. "They are for my funeral." And he sailed next day toward the Falklands—and, let us hope, to those Elysian Fields beyond, where gather the brave sea-fighters of the ages, commanders who, through the welter of blood and passion, have kept untarnished the ideal of military chivalry that runs like a fine gold thread through the gruesome tapestry of war.

Ours is a crowded and grasping age, in which opposing fleets, despite the bonds by which the statesman would seek to restrain the naval expert's natural enthusiasm, tend to grow more powerful, ship by ship and gun by gun, following the quickening pace of modern life. And many are the hostages we as a nation have given to fortune. Our standard of living is the envy of the world. We have long since announced that the political affairs of the western hemisphere are peculiarly our concern. In forbidding entrance to those from less fortunate lands, who seek only to share our wealth of opportunity, we have used the dangerous formula of race discrimination despite a hint of serious consequences. Yet we demand economic equality in the Orient, and, unbound by military or political alliances, we insist on facing the world from a position of "glorious isolation."

On the ability of our navy to win the next war, if war there must be, rests the integrity of these basic tenets of our for-

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eign policy. To protect the national greatness which we sincerely believe dependent thereon, that, and that alone, is the central function of the navy.

To accept ability to win the next war—and this is the inevitable point of view of the military profession, as the sole criterion of the navy's composition, training, and employment—brings one to the brink of dangerous logic. For just this was the ideal of the German army and navy of 1914, the militarism we fought to destroy, and on whose ruins we hoped to build a new world free from the foreboding of conflict that haunted the foreign office and admiralty during the first decade of the twentieth century. Each year then saw bigger guns, heavier armor, more powerful engines, the multiplication and improvement of flotilla types to carry deadlier torpedoes; patience, genius, loyalty, and devotion, bounded only by wealth of competing nations pledged to the creation of armaments instantly ready for attack. Those were the days of militarism rampant in the vicious circle of threat and counter-threat. The man-made monster bid fair to destroy all that was best in the civilization that gave him birth, and to blot out the beginnings of freedom of thought and action, and the gradual betterment of conditions for those who had so long been but hewers of wood and drawers of water. That other generations might build anew, secure from the menace of war, was the high hope of many a nameless comrade in arms, who gave and gladly gave to a cause that transcended national interests, implicit obedience, youth, and life itself. How can we best keep the faith with them that died, yet hold withal to the soldier's duty, preparation for war?

The Washington Conference was the first tentative and perplexed attempt to solve the problem of competing armaments. Through its work the navies of the world were so reduced that none could hope for easy and immediate victory. If in establishing naval equilibrium at the point chosen no vital national interest was jeopardized, the *via media* between the pacifist, who calls for complete and immediate disarmament, and the equally sincere soldier, who prepares for victory, within the limits set by his country's policy, has been found.

It is said that in the German ward-rooms before the war they drank to *Der Tag*. It was a soldier's toast, cruel and cynical, yet gallant almost to bravado, and, like so much German thinking, brutally honest. Must every soldier drink the same toast or be false to his calling? Our eager youth, our manhood is spent in preparation, and yet it is not for us to hope that the day of battle shall come. It is a long tour of duty from ensign to admiral, a life given to the dress rehearsal of war. We labor in the faith that our very readiness will make less likely a threat to those vital interests we hold in trust for our country. That is our justification. But unlike our brothers in civil life, we must not wish for the crowded hour that would be the tremendous realization of a life's work.

We leave Guantanamo Bay to-morrow. I go on deck. Below in the ward-room returning revellers are singing: "And we won't come back to Soubic any more." The winter cruise is nearly over. A gallant fleet indeed, these many vessels in port, the long rows of lights vaguely outlining the power and majesty of the ships we know so well.

Will we come back to the southern drill-grounds year after year, old men in command of other ships as different from these as the *Colorado* was from Dewey's *Olympia?* Or, bursting in on a busy life of military make-believe, will it come some day in earnest, and the decks where we have drilled and danced splinter under falling shells whose deadly destructiveness we can only imagine? Will the picture of one's wife, fastened above the desk in his cabin, be blown into eternity, and, down in the plotting-room, will he feel a great blow that has reached the ship's heart, then the gradual heel, with the telephone gone dead, and the lights out?

Shall we be ready then?

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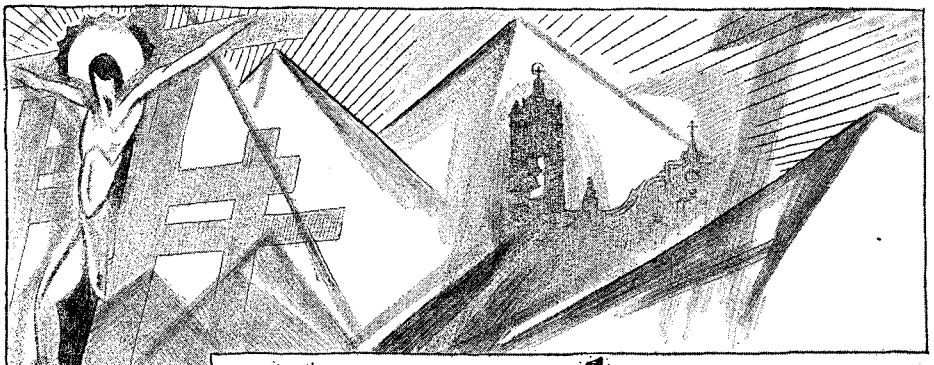

Spanish Primitives

BY WALTER GILKYSON
Author of "Oil," "The Lost Adventurer," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

I

MARGARET would have known better what to say. I'm sure I wasn't much help to either of them. My talk with Waring this morning only brought out some very unpleasant truths. More unpleasant than the falsehoods he half believed. And as for little Rosa Trenór—I can never think of her as Waring's wife—there was no use in telling her anything. She knew. God, how she knew! You could see it when she crossed to the stairs with that uncertain broken droop, as if her heels were catching in the tiles, and from the way she turned and went down. And it's still here, that knowledge, she left it behind her like a deeper shadow in the corners of the tower, and a veil between me and the long white square that drops to the mountains and the sea.

There is always a veil, as if the dimension between us and beauty were always peopled with memory, and human shadows were always crossing its depths. It lies between me and those weightless peaks, and that sun, and that sea like a scarlet step to the sky. Margaret has become a part of Altea and this unearthly Spanish coast. And to-morrow I'm going back to New York. But poor little Rosa and young Waring Guiness will have alien shadows of memory to haunt them for a long while, I'm afraid.

If I hadn't been so lonely in Valencia I wouldn't have come. Naturally I was anxious to see Waring's wife; Margaret and I were delighted when we heard he had married. The letter came last spring just before Margaret's illness. She'd always been interested in Waring; the Cynthia Cromartine affair was the beginning. Margaret had helped him through that when all New York was divided between pity and laughter. And the sight of him, walking down the Cathedral aisle with his straw hat crumpled in his hand, and his eyes turning from niche to niche, as if he were measuring the saints, gave me a shock.

"You must come to Altea with me," he said. "I want you to see Rosa. I'm

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painting there and I'm going to take Rosa back to New York in a month—the 10th of October. Please!" He took hold of my arm. "There's a castle and marvellous country, and Rosa's parents are great. They love guests and they try to give everything they have away, and they all speak English as well as we do. Come on!" I was terribly lonely and glad to see him, so I went.

They were all that he claimed for them, Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda and Rosa. There is a quality in castles and titles, sometimes preserved and sometimes lost. In Rosa's family it had been preserved. That night, ten days ago now, when Waring's car strained up the mountain and through the iron gates, and stopped in front of the castle, I felt for a moment the eerie sweep that plain song gives one, heard at dusk when the trees spread black fingers against the sky and the light falls in pointed arches upon the snow. And the feeling didn't greatly diminish when we sat down to dinner, surrounded by crouching sideboards and chairs like thrones, with the candle-light deepening the plates and turning the glasses into smoke. Don Rigoberto had patriarchal eyebrows and Doña Hermenegilda quivered gently when she laughed. And Rosa was almost too young—a firm, graceful thing, as blond and burnt as a stalk of wheat.

In the morning they took me to see the pictures—"Spanish Primitives," Waring called them—an altar piece by Nicolau and some panels by Lorenzo Zaragoza. At least I think that was what he said. Don Rigoberto didn't know much about them, and Doña Hermenegilda only nodded tranquilly while Waring talked. They were priceless, I was told. People came from afar to see them. And I could understand why. They were very strange in the squat chapel with its narrow windows receding mournfully behind the gray arches—very old and naïve and fragrant, and fashioned laboriously, with the slow cruelty of faith.

"There's a lot of nonsense talked about them in New York," Waring said. Then he flushed uncomfortably. "I like the man in purple—the one where the devil is pulling out his tongue," Rosa remarked with satisfaction. Waring put his hand on her shoulder and she touched his fingers with her face.

"He knows a lot about pictures," she said.

That afternoon we drove to the coast. There was sunlight such as I've never seen before; the road down the mountain was blinding white, and the peaks had the sharp emotionless gleam of reflections in a glass. The town of Altea dropped below us in a rambling stairway of scarlet and white, then a half-moon of beach ran around the bay and at the tip the rock of Ifach stood up in the sea like a yellow tooth. We were going to Ifach; to visit Don Felipe Baltasar, who had a house on the rock. And when we'd deposited Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda, Rosa and Waring and I went down to the beach to swim.

I suppose nothing can ever take away one's enjoyment of certain things. Rosa was very lovely, as Waring had said. Her legs were limber and smooth and her body had the soft glow of sand in the sun. She was fixing her cap—a scarlet affair that brought out the amber of her eyes; then she stooped down in half-closing elastic curves, and picked up a shell and skimmed it into the bay. Waring stood there, watching, as if he were holding her to his lips. I'd seen him look that way at a woman before.

My memory went down, glancing from side to side. The last time he'd talked to Margaret and me, that evening in the Sixty-fourth Street house, quite crazy, pacing to and fro like a beast at the end of a stick and declaring no woman could chew him up and then laugh at the pieces; that he had work to do in the world, and that Cynthia Cromartine would destroy any man, she was rotten with knowledge, and hadn't a living thought in her head. Then a few months before in Cynthia's drawing-room, with its crimson curtains and bulbous ivories, and pictures in pointed frames, when Sir Alexander Siddleston had been there and they'd talked about painting, and Rudolf Cromartine had begun making love in his snuffling way to Mrs. Laporte. Cynthia had watched him, terribly amused, and then turned to Sir Alexander and poured out her mixture of Harlem and Shelley. She knew a lot, did Cynthia, and with it all

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she had a strain of bath-water purity and a rustle of autumn leaves in her voice. The first time Waring saw her he fell in love with her. "Such wisdom! Such an incredible sadness!" he told Margaret. "Just talking to her is like hearing the wind crying over the roofs of a dead city!"

The roofs of a dead city! I dived in and began swimming after the scarlet cap. The water was warm and green with black and gold butterflies floating through, and the foam on the top spread out, turned down, like sinking lace. Waring's hair had fallen in a black streak across his forehead. Rosa dived under him and he disappeared, cursing, then came up with her head in the hook of his arm. "Let me go!" she spluttered. "My God!" He pushed her down and she floated up, grinning, her chin nestled in the water. "Damn you, Rosa, you bite like a horse!" he said, looking at his arm.

After tea we sat on Don Baltasar's terrace and smoked and watched the sun creeping down the rocks. Waring and Rosa were a little apart, their feet on the stone balustrade, and Don Baltasar was talking while Doña Hermenegilda listened, with a patience born of listening to many words. "He says the ambassador is going to send us a letter about some Americans who want to see the pictures," she translated to me. Don Rigoberto inclined his head. "Our house is theirs," he said, in a voice that was reminiscent of plains and rust-colored tents, and flocks spreading out to a treeless sky.

I glanced at Waring and Rosa. They weren't listening to us. The bay was crimson now and the sails of the fishing-boats caught the sun in bellying moulds. From the village below came the sound of a guitar, playing a little air that kept rising before me like the hopeless wringing of hands. I wished it would stop. Rosa heard it and her fingers touched Waring's arm. And for a moment the life of those two seemed to pause, as if the music, the sea, and the sky were coming toward them from a great distance, fixing them forever in an eternal frame.

II

Not until the morning they were expected did I hear a word of it from Waring. We'd been to sea with the fishermen in one of the parejas and the fleet was sailing home. In a mist, I remember; the sun wasn't up, and the air around us was tunnelled with lights, and voices kept passing behind a white wall. Waring looked pale and drenched; he was sitting in a pocket scooped out by the sail. "I can't see why," he began suddenly, his voice coming toward me, disembodied and plaintive, like the voice of a peevish ghost. "I have no luck, not a damned bit of luck. I don't know whether it's the pictures, or —" he stopped. "You?" I demanded, and he stared at me through the mist. "Yes." "Did you tell her?" I asked, and he fairly shouted, "No!" across the boat. "But she probably knows," he said wearily.

She did know, all right. But no one else did. Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda were delighted to see them. The ambassador had written an impressive letter. They must send to Valencia for the rest of their baggage and stay for the winter—a month at least. They were friends of our son-in-law! Cynthia opened her heavy-lidded eyes at Don Rigoberto. "We venture to come down and see your pictures and you ask us to stay a month," she said. "You are quite —magnificent!" She'd fallen immediately into the Spanish way of talking. "How fortunate our friend Waring is," she murmured with her rustle of autumn leaves. "If you really mean it—" she turned to Doña Hermenegilda—"we will stay, for a few days. I have never seen such glorious country, Condesa, in my life."

Nor had Rudolf, it appeared. He couldn't keep his eyes off Rosa. And in the afternoon we all went to the chapel again to see those damned pictures—the object of Cynthia's visit.

She talked well about them, I must admit, with her long slim hands moulding images out of the air and her half-uttered words drifting up from a depth of knowledge, rich, hidden, and stained with fantastic dyes. Rosa listened, with Rudolf close to her, and Waring moved about, twitching his shoulders as if something hurt him inside. As soon as the inspection was over he took Cynthia off to his studio to see what he'd done, while Ru-

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dolf lingered behind with Rosa, and an hour later, when I came down from putting on my riding clothes, Waring and Cynthia hadn't appeared. Rosa was standing alone in the hall. "Is Mrs. Cromartine an artist?" she asked suddenly. Before I could answer they came through the passageway from the studio, Cynthia with her hand in Waring's arm. "We're waiting for you," Rosa said, when they came up.

In the evening, sitting on the terrace, Rosa leaned out and spoke to Waring across the somnolent laps of Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda. He was busy with Cynthia and didn't hear her, and she drew back and began talking again to Rudolf.

The following day was a sunny void across which faint surmises and indistinguishable skirmishings ran out and vanished. Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda were benign and unaware, only anxious not to overdo it for Cynthia and her husband. Waring said as little as possible to any of us; Cynthia and he had a way of drifting off by themselves. And the next afternoon, when we five started in the car for the monastery of Finistral, Rosa turned quite naturally to Rudolf.

They were on my mind going out, but when we reached the monastery I forgot, for a little while, myself and every one around me. Finistral, hanging on the mountain, a ruin of white roofless walls with the burnt rock staring through broken arches, was as dry and dwarfing and immemorial as a skull.

It was twelfth century, and there were the remains of a cloister—columns standing alone in a stone square as if the years had eaten everything above them. At the edge of the rock an aqueduct sprang across to the side of the mountain. The stones were dry and faintly scooped out by the water, and far down, at the bottom of the ravine, I could just make out the carved base of a column.

"Can you walk across that?" I started back as if some one had spoken from the ravine. Rosa and Cynthia were standing behind me.

"I dare say," Cynthia answered. "I've walked across narrow places before."

"I don't doubt it," said Rosa. What a child she was! Outrageously, intolerably young—taking in Cynthia from head to foot! "Waring and I do it, but then we're children." She smiled condescendingly.

"Yes," said Cynthia. She looked down, then stepped out on the stones.

Without a word Waring seized her from behind. "You are a fool, Cynthia!" he cried. "You can't even stand by a railing without wanting to throw yourself over! Why on earth—" he stared at her angrily.

"I didn't know," said Rosa with contrition. "You must forgive me, Mrs. Cromartine. I didn't know you had such inclinations." She looked at Cynthia, still in the shelter of Waring's arm. Then she walked out on the stones, and across, no one daring to speak.

"Now, Mr. Cromartine, you come over!" she called.

I'd never seen Rudolf engage in athletics before. He was past the time and the figure for such affairs. But he started bravely, his arms spread out, and his spatted feet clinging to the stones. From behind he looked like an elderly pigeon crossing a roost. Then he stopped and knelt down. He knelt down solemnly and slowly. Then he began to creep. He was quite a sight. His coat-tails parted augustly, disclosing buttons, and his glasses and fountain-pen fell out of his pocket and down on the rocks, and Rosa shouted and danced up and down with joy, and when he scrambled up she leaned against him, choking with laughter. "You'll have to go back," she cried. "Or will you all come over!"

"Rosa, take the path down and we'll meet you at the car," Waring commanded, and she nodded, suddenly quiet. "They're both crazy," he muttered. "I don't think so," said Cynthia sweetly. "Only—" her nostrils widened—"she's very young, Waring."

Cynthia was right, she was very young. So young that within a week her eyes had grown twice their size and she jumped when any one came up behind her. It was cruel, and that afternoon, before we started for Benidorm, when I saw Cynthia walking toward the house, for a wonder, alone, I stopped and waited.

There must have been something about my look that warned her, because she

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sidled up to me without any hesitation, fairly quivering with meekness.

"What are you up to, my dear?" I asked. She was disgusting! Simpering at me that way and plaiting her long fingers like a spoiled virgin. "You mustn't." I shook my head. "These people are old-fashioned and they won't understand. They live in the Dark Ages where women are virtuous and men are brave. And beside, you're simply torturing little Rosa."

"What an outrageous way to talk, Billy!" She shivered as if she'd suddenly touched some loathsome thing. "You must remember I haven't seen Waring for six months, and I may never see him again." Her voice was sad and resigned and her eyelashes brushed her cheek. "And your little Rosa," she paused, "your little Rosa—I think she takes care of herself very well!"

"Maybe. But it's costing her something. I warn you, Cynthia!" She made me angry, standing there in the sunlight so patiently. "I warn you! You ought to go. You're only stirring up trouble."

"I'm ready," she said. "Any day. I'm tired." She bent her head as if the weight of the world were upon it. "Only Rudolf —I think Rudolf——"

"Yes! All your life you've sacrificed yourself to Rudolf!"

"No, not that, Billy. Not that." She seemed anxious to correct me there. "But I've always given him free rein." She looked at me with eyes as cold and hard as a sea-gull's and her voice had its rustle of autumn leaves. God, how angry she made me!

"And some day I hope he'll hang himself, and you too," I said. Then I walked away.

Our conversation hadn't made much impression, I noticed, when, a little later in the afternoon, we five started in the car for Benidorm. As soon as I could I escaped and went off alone to poke about some ruins near by, and when I found the party at dusk in front of the posada that Cynthia insisted on seeing, I felt better.

No one can moralize, anyway, in a Spanish posada. There's not enough air, and too much garlic. Cynthia, once inside, was completely at home, spreading her elbows on the stained greasy table and watching the turbaned men drinking and playing cards. Rosa was more remote; she was sitting by Rudolf, and he was almost leaning against her, in that flabby way of his, as if something inside him had smashed. You couldn't blame him, he being what he was. The earthen floor smelt of wine, and the smoke hung in an acrid cloud underneath the rafters, and the light in the room was almost blue, with laughter spitting out in red flashes. Passionate possessive animals they were, held in a slender leash. No wonder Rudolf began to dissolve—the very smells were full of a slow transforming magic, the close-packed bodies leaning over the tables pushed greasy elbows and shoulders against each other, and through the door to the right came the noise of cattle stamping and munching in their stalls.

"This might be 'The Nativity in Harlem,'" said Cynthia, looking up at the man who was pouring out her sherry. He didn't know what she meant, but he understood her look. In fact, he understood the whole situation. When we first came in he'd bowed before Rosa as if he were going to kiss her hand, and she'd spoken to him very pleasantly. He was the proprietor of the posada and a man of uncommon dignity. When he was through, he stood at Rosa's elbow waiting to be dismissed, and staring at Rudolf. I wouldn't want any man to stare at me that way. Rosa glanced up and caught him, and his head almost touched the table. Then he walked off. And in Rosa's face, when she turned, I caught for an instant a glimpse of that submerged link which binds the aristocrat and the peasant together the whole world over.

"Very handsome," said Cynthia, drily. She spread her fingers over Waring's hand. "They're a curious people, the Spaniards, with a taste for dwarves and fools. Look at the pictures of Velasquez and Goya."

"And at some of the ambassadors we get," said Rosa. She was considering Waring's hand. Rudolf mouched over toward her and she drew away. "Very good sherry," he said. "Rosa—" He began bleating softly. Then the door in front of me opened and a most extraordinary figure appeared.

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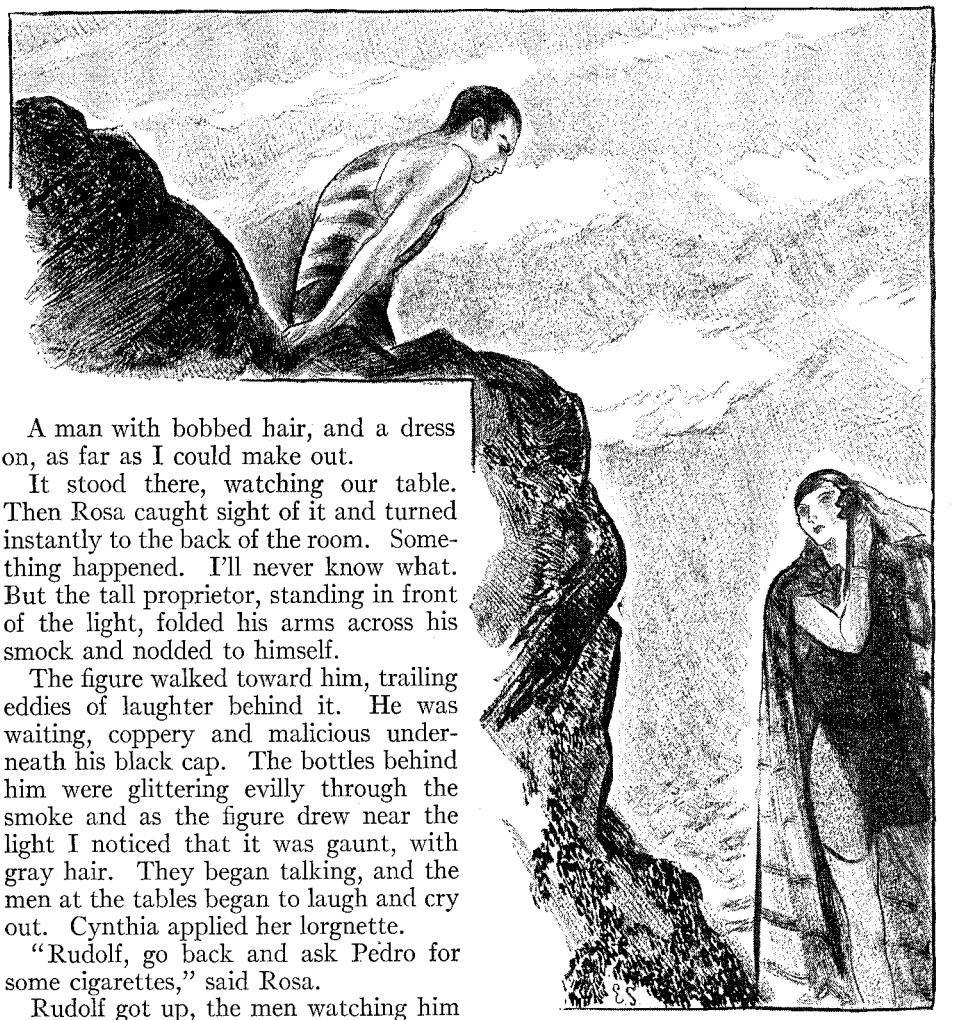

Waring stood there, watching, as if he were holding her to his lips.—Page 445.

A man with bobbed hair, and a dress on, as far as I could make out.

It stood there, watching our table. Then Rosa caught sight of it and turned instantly to the back of the room. Something happened. I'll never know what. But the tall proprietor, standing in front of the light, folded his arms across his smock and nodded to himself.

The figure walked toward him, trailing eddies of laughter behind it. He was waiting, coppery and malicious underneath his black cap. The bottles behind him were glittering evilly through the smoke and as the figure drew near the light I noticed that it was gaunt, with gray hair. They began talking, and the men at the tables began to laugh and cry out. Cynthia applied her lorgnette.

"Rudolf, go back and ask Pedro for some cigarettes," said Rosa.

Rudolf got up, the men watching him as he went by. He was quite a sight in a Spanish posada, with his red neck and short body and long plus-four trousers. He stopped in front of Pedro and the room grew quiet. "Elegante cigarettes!" he cried, waving his fat hands in the air. Pedro nodded. He turned and spoke to the figure at his side, and it bent forward, examined Rudolf. Then it approached him, passionately.

Rudolf started back, flinging up his arm. A long skinny hand clutched at his neck. The figure's voice was endearing now, with a pleading throaty cluck, and its hair was tumbled over its forehead. It got one arm around Rudolf. He squealed, and began to run. Began to stumble about the tables. Like a horrible shout the laughter burst out at him, biting, stinging, fairly blinding me with its slap.

He stumbled into his chair. "My God!" he whispered. His shoulders were quivering as if the laughter was taking off his skin.

When everything was quiet we left the posada. And as we were getting out of the car Cynthia came up behind me. "I just thought I'd tell you that all bets are off, now, Billy," she said.

It seems a long while ago, but it was only yesterday afternoon, the day after Benidorm, when I came upon Rosa in the

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little chapel up-stairs. She was sitting before the window that looks down into the church and she got up quickly when I came in. It was dark and at first I couldn't make out her face, only a silhouette against the square of light. The candles were burning in the church below—they were always burning—and behind them I could see those fiendish pictures, their dim bodies writhing in a blur of rose and gold. "Excuse me," I said: "I didn't know anybody was here."

"That's all right!" she said, and I walked to the door with her, not knowing quite what to do. "I must go home to-morrow, Rosa," I said finally. "I've enjoyed my visit here."

"Yes. I'm sure you have." She stopped in the doorway. "Don't go home to-morrow. Please!"

"You don't want me to?" Then I ventured. In a way she'd made it possible. "If I went I might take my friends."

"Your friends!" I couldn't help feeling grateful at the way she spoke. "They're not yours. I"—she looked down—"I don't know whose they are."

"Then why don't you get rid of them?" I said. "If you don't want to, ask your father to speak to them."

"Father!" She laughed in my face. "He wouldn't do it. Father's a Spanish gentleman, Billy, if you know what that means."

"Maybe I do. But you must do something about it. Before—" Then I stopped.

"Before it's too late?"

"Exactly."

"Well—" I'd never seen her mouth grow so sharp. "You're a good man, Billy. I owe you something. I know it." She put her hand on my arm—short little fingers full of courage. "I'll—" then her lip trembled and she turned away. When she looked up everything had passed, only, the pupils of her eyes were very hard and bright. "I'm afraid I'll have to get them out myself, Billy," she said.

More than once during the afternoon I wondered what she would do. It was evident she was going to do something. But as the hours passed, my apprehension began to subside. The details of living very soon repair the breach in that comfortable wall which hides us from the unknown. And in the evening, sitting out on the terrace with Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda, watching their quiet faces and hearing the slow steady voice of Don Rigoberto, talking politics as if what was happening in Spain had always happened and would always happen, with the tiny night noises weaving busily through his talk, and the lights in the valley below shining contentedly, and the mountains sinking into the shadow with the peace of an immemorial habit, my fears about Rosa passed into another world, where they wandered, bodiless and unreal, mere projections of my own imagination. Now and then I wondered where Cynthia and Waring were, but no one else seemed to wonder. And toward the end of the evening Rudolf and Rosa went away so quietly that I hardly knew they had gone. After they left, Don Rigoberto and Doña Hermenegilda and I sat alone, while the talk slowly died out. Then the silence settled, closer and closer, feverish and heavy with incessant questions. And I realized that these two old people were in the presence of a phenomenon so dismaying that they could only meet it with silence.

I went up to bed very sick at heart. The whole thing was so wantonly unjust, and we were all so helpless. I'd done what I could with Waring and Cynthia and they'd have none of me. And I couldn't advise Rosa. I don't know how to fight women. No one does. I suppose if you once begin the best way is to kill them. Maybe Rosa would kill Cynthia. The idea rather pleased me. Then I got into bed hoping I could go to sleep and forget it.

The cry woke me.

The next thing was Don Rigoberto's voice in the hallway.

I jumped out of bed and opened the door. To the left, at the end of the hall, was a buttress of light. Rosa's door was open and she was standing against it, dressed. In the opposite corner was a crumpled purple figure, holding its chin and staring at Rosa.

Then Don Rigoberto's shadow blotted it out. "What does this mean?" he demanded. His profile was massive and sharp and his hair and moustache glit-

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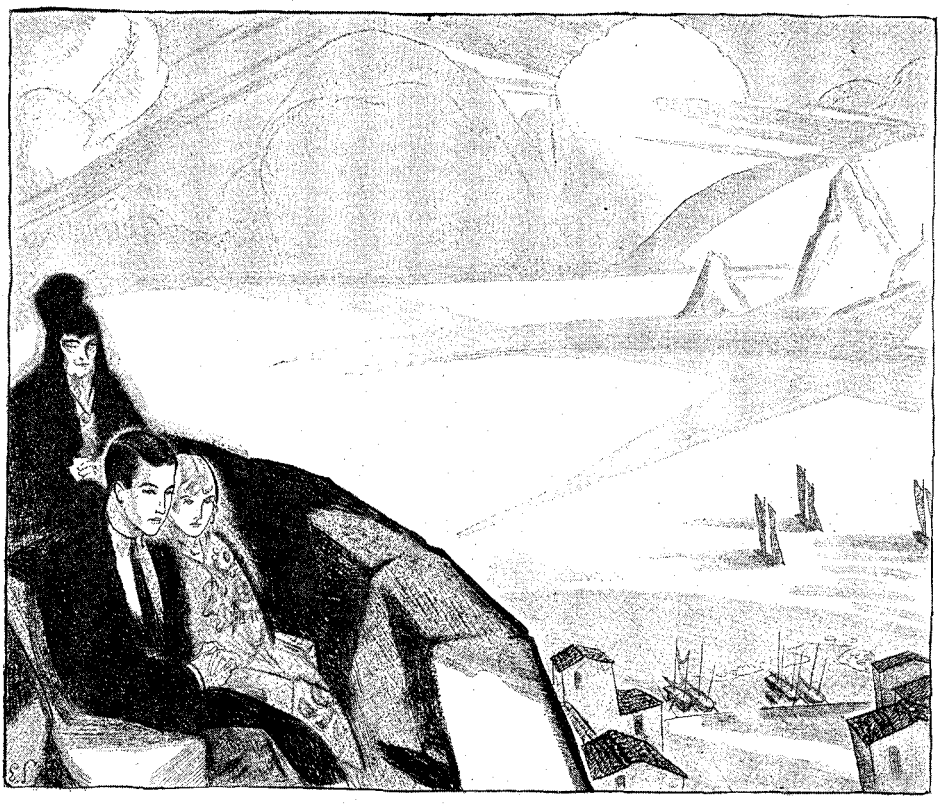
tered frostily and the light ran in ripples over his gown. Rosa pointed at the figure against the wall. "He tried to come into my room," she said. Don Rigoberto stiffened, turned toward the wall. Then morning at eight." He motioned Doña Hermenegilda back and then closed the door of their room. Waring walked over to Rudolf, "What in hell!" he said. He drew back his fist. "Waring, come



Waring and Rosa were a little apart.—Page 446.

he bent forward, expanded, as if he were going to plunge on the crouching figure.

"It's a mistake, Don Rigoberto," came Rudolf's voice. He thrust out his head and wagged it from side to side. "She asked me——"

Then Don Rigoberto plunged and Rudolf squealed and went sprawling over the floor on his hands and knees. "What's all this!" Waring called out behind me, and I looked around. He was coming down the hall from the stairway with Cynthia behind him.

"I shall leave your friend to explain," said Don Rigoberto. He tottered majestically by Waring, breathing heavily, his fingers clutched in his gown. "The automobile will be ready to-morrow here!" Rosa cried. She ran out in the hall and seized his arm. "Let him alone!" Waring dropped his arm and Rudolf began to sidle away. I'd seen enough, so I closed my door.

III

THE little sleep I had was broken early by the noise of a heavy object being carried down the hall. I looked at my watch. It was eight o'clock, and I put on my gown and opened the door. There was no one about up-stairs, so I crossed to the window that faces the road. The motor, with Pedro in it, was waiting below, and Rudolf and Cynthia were getting into the back seat.

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Cynthia nodded to Antonio, who was standing just outside the doorway, and he bowed gravely. No one else was there. Then the car slipped into the sunshine and past the white houses toward the gate. Rudolf was leaning over his cane with a patch of scarlet neck bared to the sun, and Cynthia's tightly veiled head and thin shoulders were rigid above the seat. They didn't look unhappy, only a little unsociable, rather like disappointed Argonauts setting out on a new adventure. And no doubt they'd find it. I could imagine them sweeping down on an unprotected country house as the car was sweeping, now, down the hill. Only Rudolf—I was a little doubtful about Rudolf. His powers as a siren were failing lately.

After breakfast I told Don Rigoberto I was going to leave to-morrow—I didn't want to ride up in the train with Cynthia and Rudolf—then I walked off by myself down the road, wishing very much that I'd left yesterday. I disliked the idea of talking to Rosa and Waring. I knew they wouldn't spare any details. No young person does. They live in a moral Arizona and all their misty landscapes have gone. But when I did meet Waring, half an hour later, on the way back, he surprised me. For at least five minutes he talked as if nothing had happened. Then he turned on me suddenly. "I want your advice, Billy," he said.

"Yes?" With the change in his voice had come a change in his face. He was angry, now, and a little vicious. "You know Rosa asked Rudolf last night to come to her room," he said.

"She did?" Evidently he was worrying about it. I'd no idea he was so stupid. "And what about you?" I asked. "What have you been doing this last week?"

"Nothing I shouldn't have." He moved his shoulders uncomfortably, then threw back his head with defiance. "After all, sex is only an incident—a physical function."

"Quite right," I agreed. "I'm glad you're so liberal." He looked at me as if he'd fallen suddenly—didn't quite know where he was. Then the strained expression came back to his eyes. "I was talking theory," he said. "But Billy"—his face was white now and the lock of hair had fallen over his forehead—"she asked him to come to her room last night. She said so."

"Did she? Well, ask her why." I couldn't see how he could be so blind. Then I remembered what he'd been doing himself. Poor boy! He could only catch the reflection of Rosa in his own distorted mirror. "Think it over," I said. "Rosa's made an ass of Rudolf on every occasion."

"That's true," he answered. "But women are awfully queer. She says herself"—he winced and the muscles tightened about his mouth—"that she asked him to come to her room."

"Yours too—" I suggested. Then I stopped. There was no use in going any further. I'd better let Rosa do her own explaining. "She asked him," he repeated monotonously, the way a man groans to relieve himself from pain. "I don't understand——"

"You will some day," I said. "In the meantime I wouldn't worry." Looking at him I cursed Cynthia from the bottom of my heart. I wasn't at all sure he'd ever understand.

After lunch I got away as soon as I could. The house was too full of unspoken questions and the attempt at cheerfulness was ghastly. Don Rigoberto looked shattered and old with half-moons under his eyes, and Doña Hermenegilda, the few times she spoke to me, dragged herself up as if she'd been struggling under water. And Rosa—it seems only a moment ago that I heard her step on the stairs, and saw her crossing the room.

She walked over to me—I was sitting here, as I am now. For a moment she didn't speak, just stood by me, staring out of the window. "They've gone," she said finally. "I told you they'd go this morning."

I nodded. Then I stared out of the window. I didn't want to see any more misery.

"I had to get them out, somehow," she said. "So I took the best way I could. It didn't hurt Rudolf. Nothing—" her voice sank with contempt—"nothing could hurt him."

"Probably not," I agreed. "And it worked. You got them out."

"Yes. I did. And I got myself in."

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She spread out her fingers. "I seemed to be always getting myself in, Billy. Everything I did only got me in tighter. It was like struggling in mud. And now Waring thinks—" she looked up at me. "And I let him think! If he can—" her

"Yes, Rosa," I answered. "At least he called it that. But I'm sure, now she's gone, it's over. From what he told me this morning, I'm sure it's over."

"Nothing's over," she said. "Ever. I'm not very old, but I've learned that."

He started bravely, his arms spread out, and his spatted feet clinging to the stones.—Page 447.

eyes blazed—"let him think—whatever he wants! God knows what I think!" She leaned against the wall. "Oh, I'm so miserable, so miserable!" she whispered.

"It's a mix-up, Rosa," I said. "But I don't"—I tried to be honest—"I don't see what else you could have done."

"He thinks terrible things and I let him because"—she began to sob—"I think them of him. Maybe I did wrong, but I was suffering so I didn't know what to do. And I couldn't"—she leaned against the wall—"I couldn't get her out. Did Waring"—she tried to look at me—"did Waring—tell me, Billy—did Waring love her, before he met me?"

I gave her my handkerchief and she wiped her eyes. Then she stood beside me, staring down at the sea. "I've had six months," she said. "God can never take them away from me. But"—her fingers tightened—"I can't think of them because she's poisoned them. She's poisoned them. I hope"—she bent her head—"she's satisfied, now."

I couldn't say anything more, and she crossed to the stairs with a broken uncertain droop as if her heels were catching in the tiles. There wasn't a word I could say, not a word. So I let her go. I think if Margaret had been alive I would have known better what to do.

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Engineering in Agriculture

BY HARRY BURGESS ROE

Member A. S. A. E.; Associate Professor of Agricultural Engineering, University of Minnesota

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DIAGRAMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

MANY people seem to have a very narrow idea of what an engineer really is and what he does. They are apt to think of him simply as a man who operates an engine or some kind of machinery. While such work is a part of *mechanical* engineering, it is a small and only a secondary part. This concept does not include the civil engineer, the architect, and structural engineer, or even the electrical engineer. In its most complete meaning, engineering is the study of existing conditions, the planning of methods and equipment to improve those conditions or to enable them to work together for any desired result, and the management or operation of such equipment.

The standard types of engineering just named have been recognized and established for many years in all civilized countries, and colleges have long been provided and equipped to train young men in them. A kind of engineering not so well known but of very great importance, which has grown up during the past half century and become established during the past twenty years, is *agricultural engineering*, which is the application of the art and science of engineering to the problems of agriculture. Its object is to eliminate useless labor on the farm, to make the farm home life pleasanter, and to make the farm business more profitable.

CHARACTER AND SCOPE OF AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING

Many men think that the engineering work of agriculture could and should be done by civil, mechanical, and architectural engineers. However, while this idea may seem reasonable, it has not worked out very well in the past. The engineer trained in other lines than those directly related to agriculture, seldom understands the problems of the farm or the methods of agricultural production well enough to be of much help to the farmer. His training has been, as a rule, highly specialized along lines entirely different from the rather simple, but numerous and widely varied, engineering and production problems of the farm.

The planning of the farmstead, that is, the arranging of the buildings for the greatest convenience and economy of labor, as well as the greatest comfort and beauty, requires a knowledge of farm work and living conditions which the architect trained to city-planning does not usually have. The planning of a convenient farmhouse, where the care and feeding of the farm help is a consideration of the first importance, requires a very different view-point and training from that needed for the proper planning of a city home where commercial and society relations are naturally apt to be of first importance. The planning and building of a dairy barn or a crop-storage building are very different problems than are the planning and erection of a large city office building or a commercial warehouse, and the technical training therefor should be correspondingly different.

In designing a plow bottom, a grain-drill, a mower, or a threshing-machine, one deals with very different forces and conditions than must be considered in designing a weaving-loom, a sewing-machine, a power-plant, or a multiple cylinder printing-press. The farm tractor is a very different machine, both in plan and purpose, from an automobile built for pleasure and travel. The selection of the type of tractor best suited to do the work on a given type of farm, under given local conditions, is a problem in *agricul-*

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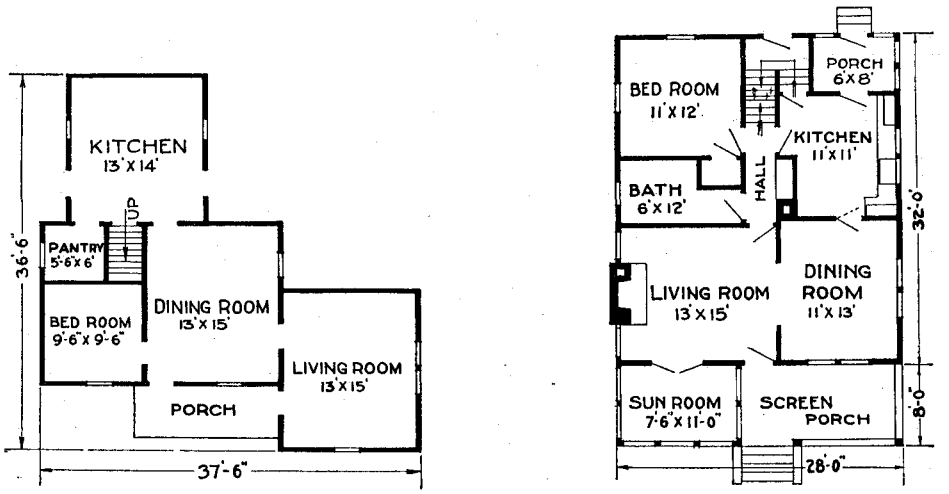
tural engineering without a parallel in any other line.

The proper design and installation of a farm tile drainage system or an irrigation system require a knowledge of soil texture, soil water movement, and moisture relations of field crops. It is, therefore, a very different problem from the entific help. His traditional reserve, therefore, has largely broken down during the past quarter century, so that he has profited immensely by the great development along purely scientific lines in agriculture, in combating plant and animal disease, in crop improvement through seed selection and plant breeding, in live-



Ground floor of two existing farmhouses in a northern Mississippi Valley State.

The one on the left is old and unmodern. Note its rambling character—indicating an awkward roof shape—the great expanse of outside wall, exposing single rooms to adverse weather conditions, and the lack of access to the basement direct from the kitchen. There is no bathroom. The second floor can be reached only through the kitchen, and it is hard to see where the chimney (not shown) could go.

In contrast note the plan on the right. It is compact, not unduly exposed to weather, the basement may be entered direct from the kitchen, and both bathroom and stairway are accessible from any room without passing through any other. This house was planned by the farm structures section of the Agricultural Engineering Division, University of Minnesota.

planning and building of a railroad or a city sewer or water system.

It is evident that land-clearing, drainage, and irrigation are, by their very nature, *agricultural engineering*.

THE AGRICULTURAL ENGINEER AN ECONOMIC NECESSITY

Twenty-five to fifty years ago the farmer had little use for the professional engineer and his work. He felt largely able, by himself, to handle his mechanical problems. But, with the opening up of the vast farming regions of the Northwest, resulting in larger farm units, new climatic conditions, and greater quantity production, new farming problems have arisen so rapidly and in such numbers that the farmer has found himself unable to solve them alone and unaided by scistock improvement through good breeding and sire selection, and in good business methods based on sound economic principles. He has been slower in recognizing that the improvement in crops and in live-stock would not have been possible without a parallel improvement in his buildings, machinery, and equipment, and in good soil and tillage conditions resulting from wise use of irrigation and drainage. Publicity regarding the facts along these lines has, however, changed the attitude of the farmer, so that, to-day, he is beginning to see the help that scientific engineering service can be to him.

There is much talk to-day about low prices on farm products resulting from overproduction. Such arguments are misleading. It is certain that the world will never grow richer by limiting produc-

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tion. The question of quantity production is one of balance, and the question of price determination is a collective one but little influenced by the work of the individual farmer; nor do these questions influence the amount of his profit in anything like as great a degree as do the factors that help him to reduce the unit cost of production. The farmer who has worked out the method which gives him the larger crop per acre, and of highest quality, at less cost in money and labor per ton or per bushel, has settled, once and for all, the question of profitable farming and a better rural life.

It is common knowledge, to-day, that the amount of labor required to produce a single bushel of wheat in 1850 is sufficient to produce over forty bushels to-day. This is not at all surprising when one thinks of the equipment of production in 1850, such as the single horse-drawn walking plow and the grain-cradle, operated by man power, in comparison with the plowing equipment of from two to ten bottoms drawn by tractor power, or the grain-binder of the present day.

The authorities in agricultural economics tell us that the three items of labor, power, and equipment make up about 30 per cent of the cost of production of hogs, 60 per cent of the cost of production of alfalfa hay, and as high as 80 per cent of the cost of production of corn. The only way to reduce these items of cost is through better equipment, better buildings, more efficient farm machinery. Good buildings and good farm machinery are not so much a luxury as they are a means of reducing the cost of production on the farm.

According to the United States census for 1920, the twelve States of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, California, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Ohio, Texas, Wisconsin, and Indiana have the largest investment in farm tractors and other modern farm equipment. They also contain one-third of the farms and one-half of the farming area of the country. Hence they should serve as a good index to show how important the engineering side of agriculture has grown to be in the United States. The investment in buildings, machinery, and equipment on the farms of these States is so large that it is a very influential factor in the cost of production on the farm. It, therefore, seems clear that unwise selection, inefficient operation, and the large depreciation, through poor maintenance, of such costly equipment, may make the cost of production so high as to absorb all the profits that may be secured by better seed-bed preparation, high-quality products, and good livestock; yet, in spite of the fact that, in these States, the farm investment in livestock is only one-half as great as that in machinery and buildings, much more scientific study has been given to livestock than to farm buildings and farm machinery.

The neglect of the proper steps in the clearing and drainage of waste land on existing farms also stands as a constant menace to the economy of production on the farm for two very definite reasons: First, the existence of these waste areas, which must be fruitlessly worked across or steered around with great difficulty, causes a marked increase in the cost of all field operations, this increase often running as high as 33 per cent. Second, the great total extent of these unreclaimed areas boosts the average investment in land on the farm, in at least six of the twelve States named, from the average flat rate of $77 per acre for all land in the farm up to about $135 per acre for the portion tillable without reclamation, thus requiring an unusually high rate of return on the good land to cover the lack of return on the waste acres. Yet, in these six States, there were in 1920 about 12,500,000 of acres of potentially good farm land still wholly unproductive from lack of drainage, and about 10,000,000 of acres of unimproved wood and stump land. The improvement of these waste acres has, doubtless, been delayed by the fact that it has sometimes happened that large tracts where reclamation work has been undertaken are still unproductive, unfortunately, because the design and the installation of the reclamation works were carried out by engineers who did not possess the needed scientific knowledge of or training in the relations between soil development, crop improvement, and soil-moisture control. The logical remedy for this ill lies,

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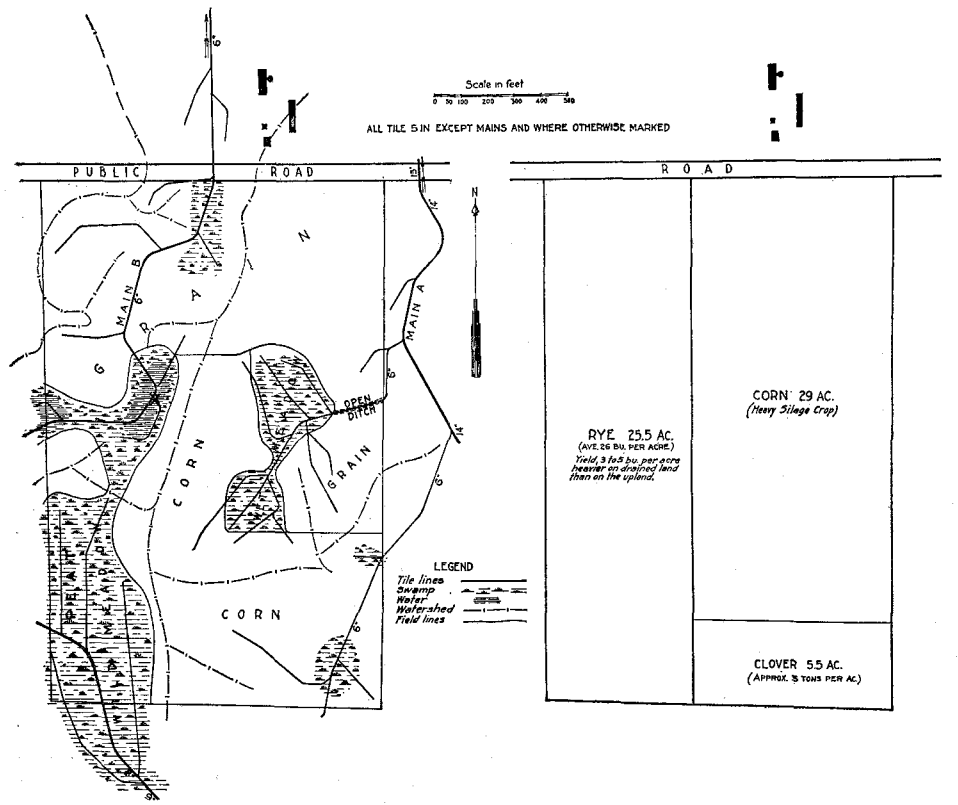

Beneficial influence of drainage on field arrangement and operation.

On the left: A 60-acre unit on a farm in south central Minnesota before it was drained; 6 irregular fields and 20 acres of virtually waste swamp land. The heavy solid lines show location of tile drains installed during the summer and fall of 1919, at a cost of $1,700. That season, before the drainage was in operation, the swamp land produced $200 worth of low-grade wild hay.

On the right: The same farm unit after it was drained; 3 regular fields as arranged in 1923, with any other arrangement possible; all the land brought under cultivation. In 1920 the originally waste area produced $800 worth of high-grade corn without additional labor cost over that required for the same tract in 1919.

The drains were installed under the direction of the Agricultural Engineering Division of the State University.

not in the neglect of needed reclamation work, but in special provision for proper training of engineers in such work, particularly in drainage, and a legal requirement of such training before a man is permitted to practise engineering of this type on either public or private projects. Courses in agricultural engineering in our colleges will provide the technical training, and the legal provision will ultimately follow as the next logical step.

EXTENT OF THE PROBLEM OF ENGINEERING ON THE FARM

The farmer himself can not expect to know much about the technical details of reclamation work, farm equipment, machinery, or even of building construction and arrangement. He must, therefore, come to rely upon engineering experts for advice in the selection, installation, and operation of efficient modern methods and equipment, and on their help in the production of such equipment. The following facts in regard to farm equipment and conditions, in 1920, in the twelve States previously mentioned, show the vastness and the complexity of the problem the farmer has to meet when he attempts to cut down his cost of production by the use of modern reclamation methods or of modern machinery and by improvement of his farm buildings.

There are in use, on the farms of these States, about 165,000 tractors, ranging, in horse-power, from one to eighty-five,

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representing about one hundred different types and put out by some fifty different companies. The use of tractors on farms is increasing at a tremendous rate each year.

Exact figures are not known for all these States, but, if we may take one or two as a sample, it seems probable that there are considerably over half a million stationary engines in use on these farms, represented by a greater number of models than are the tractors.

The average investment in farm buildings per farm, in these States, is $2,558.

The average size of farm is 204 acres, with an average value of $77 per acre, only 116 acres of which are suitable for use until drained or otherwise reclaimed. That is, only about 55 per cent of the land is fit for tillage. This boosts the actual investment in tillable land, therefore, to about $135 per acre.

GROWTH OF EDUCATIONAL AND PROFESSIONAL RECOGNITION

Agricultural engineering really had its beginnings in the early history of our country, for any invention or development in machinery or mechanical methods that has caused great progress in agriculture may properly be considered an achievement in agricultural engineering. Among such events one thinks of the cotton-gin, invented in 1792 by Eli Whitney; the modern plow, with the development of which the name of John Deere is prominently connected, in the public mind; the reaper, first perfected in 1831 by Cyrus H. McCormick; the modern self-binder, which first appeared in all its present essentials in 1880; and the modern farm tractor, without which present-day farming would be impossible. The history of the development of any one of these reads like a romance to which no one can listen without a thrill.

Reclamation work, including irrigation, drainage, and land clearing, the primary purpose of any of which is the rendering of more land fit for growing crops, is a phase of agricultural engineering practised, in considerable measure, from the earliest times. (Who has not read of the famous Roosevelt Dam, through which was made possible the converting of a quarter million acres of arid waste in the Salt River valley, in Arizona, into fertile farm lands through irrigation; or of the Kankakee Marsh, in Indiana, the draining of which converted over half a million acres of quaking bog from a nuisance and a pest hole into a veritable garden?)

Nevertheless, the growth of the agricultural engineering idea as a technical unit in education and professional life has been very gradual. Elementary training in allied lines of work had its beginnings about forty years ago, but such training was not thought of as engineering training. In the land-grant colleges, the courses of study of the departments of agriculture generally provided, at the outset, for elementary instruction in physics of agriculture, drawing, mechanical training, and land reclamation that would give, to the farmer and the investigator in agricultural science, such knowledge of these fields as it was clearly necessary for him to have.

During this earlier, formative period, such subjects were not generally recognized as a related group, but each was taken on individually as a necessary, unclassified aid to what were then considered the more fundamental and important lines of work. Even after it began to be recognized that the various lines of mechanical instruction and allied work could and should be grouped together as a class, this group was not called engineering and it was *not* engineering. Nevertheless it must be recognized that agricultural engineering as a profession is the direct outgrowth from this early group of mechanical activities.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERS

Although, for many years, most people interested in agricultural development and education did not seem to recognize the birth, growth, and importance of agricultural engineering, there was, nevertheless, on the teaching staffs of the faculties of the various agricultural colleges a small group of men whose work was the teaching of farm mechanics and allied lines, who recognized the importance of their field and who had a great and abiding faith in its future. In December, 1907, a few representative men

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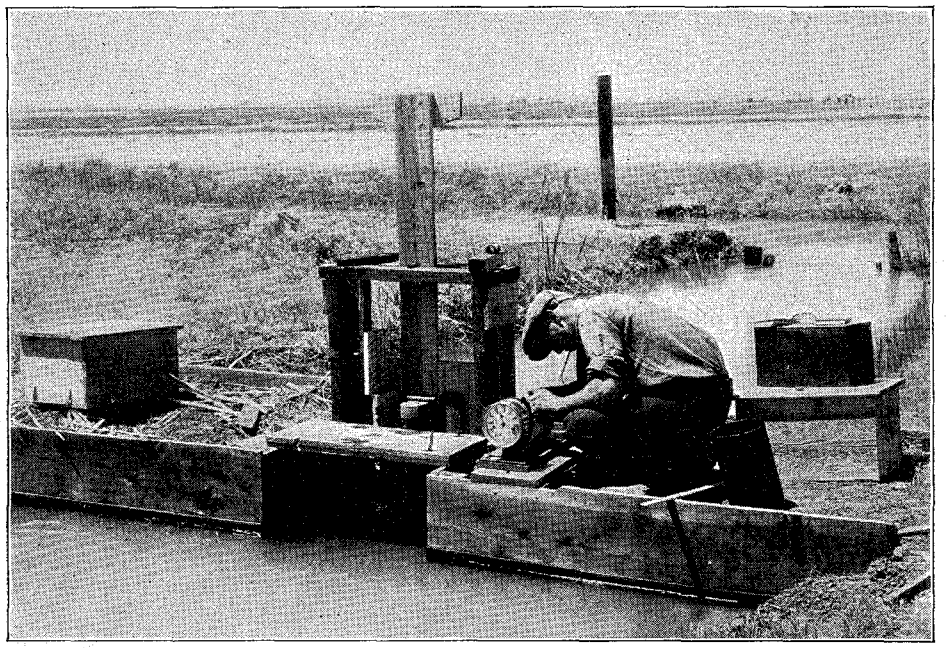

Irrigation investigations in California.

Determining the duty of water in rice production with the aid of a mechanical device giving a continuous graphic record of the head on an adjustable submerged orifice.

vancement of engineering science as applied to agriculture. At this meeting the American Society of Agricultural Engineers was born. Although less than twenty years old, this society is, to-day, recognized as one of the strongest and most influential engineering societies in the United States. It already has a membership of over five hundred, including men in every department of the field, educational, professional, industrial, and commercial. It supports a paid secretary on full time and publishes, monthly, a technical journal of recognized standing entitled *Agricultural Engineering*. The society is represented on the American Engineering Council, through which it exerts a marked influence in shaping national engineering policies and industrial development. The activities of this society cover the following broad and interesting field, from the standpoints both of education and research and of practical design and construction:

Farm structures, covering farm buildings and other structures and related equipment, such as that for lighting, heating, ventilation, sanitary arrangements, and water-supply.

Farm mechanics, covering animal, steam, gas, and electric power, tillage machines and implements, farm-home conveniences and related equipment.

Land reclamation, covering land-clearing, drainage, prevention of soil erosion, and irrigation and related structures and equipment.

COLLEGE COURSES IN AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING; THEIR INCEPTION, CHARACTER, OBJECT, AND STANDING

Closely following the organization of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, the first technical courses in agricultural engineering, on a par with those in civil, mechanical, and electrical engineering, were established, in 1909, at Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts and at Nebraska State

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University. Since then other States have taken up the work until, at the present time, the agricultural colleges in ten of the leading agricultural States—Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Texas, Kansas, Wisconsin, Virginia, Minnesota, South Dakota, and California—are now offering opportunities for professional training in this field, and other States are preparing for it.

Students in farm structures at work in the carpenter shop.
Department of Agricultural Engineering, University of Nebraska.

The courses thus far offered are general courses. They include some instruction in English, in pure science, such as physics and chemistry, and in general agriculture, such as field crops, general horticulture, and elementary dairying and animal husbandry. Like other good engineering courses, they include a thorough training in mathematics, in general engineering and in agricultural engineering. The object in view is to train general practitioners in agricultural engineering and specialists in the three following lines:

Farm structures, the planning of the farmstead so as to secure economy and convenience of labor coupled with that comfort and attractiveness so essential to the successful building up of a farm home. This necessarily includes, also, the skilful designing and equipping of all buildings and other structures required on the farm.

Farm mechanics, the selection of farm machinery and equipment best suited to produce efficient and economical results under any given local conditions, the proper care and operation of such machinery and equipment, the design of such where it does not already exist, or the improvement of the design of existing equipment where such improvement is necessary.

Reclamation, the development of such virgin lands as are suited to agriculture, through the economical clearing of timber, stumps, brush, and stone, and the efficient design and proper installation of drainage and irrigation systems on potentially agricultural land requiring these types of reclamation.

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A number of the State agricultural colleges have substantial and well-equipped buildings especially devoted to this work. Best of all, however, is the devoted group of men who make up the agricultural engineering faculties of these institutions—specialists in farm buildings and farm home improvement, farm machinery, and reclamation work—among whom may be found men of note who have given a lifetime of study and service to the betterment of farm conditions through engineering effort.

The work in agricultural engineering is well recognized by the United States Department of Agriculture, which has a large, thoroughly organized Division of Agricultural Engineering. This division has on its staff a line of experienced specialists handling every phase of the work, carrying out needed research in all parts of the United States, and getting the information, thus secured, to the people who need it, through many well written, clearly illustrated pamphlets of the Farmers' Bulletin Series, either free on request or available for a few cents each to any resident of the United States. This Federal division co-operates extensively with the various agricultural colleges and fosters the development of technical agricultural engineers in the different States.

THE FIELD OPEN TO AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERS

Agricultural engineers must be able to work directly with the farmers and with the individual farm problems and to arrive at a solution for such problems. They must also be able to serve as specialists in their line of work. Their greatest field of service is, however, unquestionably in the design and construction of farm equipment; for the design and construction of a single piece of efficient farm equipment may result in bringing help to hundreds of thousands of farmers, only a very few of whom could be helped directly through individual consultation and personal service by this same engineer, during his whole lifetime. Many lines of opportunity, therefore, are open to the agricultural engineer. Among these opportunities, the following are prominent:

With the manufacture of farm machinery, equipment, and building materials; as executives, research engineers, publicity and sales managers, and technical field experts.

Superintendents or managers of large farms where machinery and farm equipment are extensively used.

Drainage and reclamation engineers in reclamation work on both public and private projects.

Agricultural advisers and research men with public utility companies who offer a useful service to the farmer.

Editors and agricultural engineering experts for farm papers and technical journals.

Designers and contracting engineers for farm buildings.

Teachers, investigators, and extension specialists in agricultural colleges, experiment stations, and in the U. S. D. A. (*Possibilities in needed research in this field are almost unlimited.*)

The agricultural engineering field is not, as yet, a highly specialized one. The agricultural engineer of to-day should be capable of acting as a general practitioner. His prototype may be found in the country doctor of a generation ago, who was a transitional type but a very necessary type, replaced almost wholly in these days of more advanced development by the great army of specialists in the practice of the art and science of healing. The men in this country to-day, who have a sufficiently broad knowledge of the whole field properly to call themselves agricultural engineers, are but a handful to those who will be needed in the near future.

The demand for such men is steadily increasing, and it is the opinion of the farm equipment companies and public utility companies that in the next few years there will be a great demand for agricultural engineers for these lines of service, and that the agricultural colleges are not preparing them in sufficient quantity.

Note.—The presentation of illustrations shown in this article was made possible by the courtesy of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, of the International Harvester Company of America, and of the agricultural engineering departments of the various agricultural colleges mentioned.

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Zeb Pike

BY KYLE S. CRICHTON

ILLUSTRATION FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE T. TOBIN

THE presence of red-haired Spanish-Americans in New Mexico has always been attributed to the visit of Lieutenant Z. M. Pike in 1807. Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, so the story goes, was not only excessively red-headed but was in addition excessively Don Juanish.

Familiarly, we speak of Zeb Pike. The daring lieutenant always referred to himself as Montgomery Pike and his Spanish captors of New Mexico knew him as "Montmaire Paike." It was as "Montmaire Paike" that the legions of Governor Joachin R. Allencaster intercepted him at his Ojo Caliente camp and conducted him to Santa Fé as a captive. He had seen—not climbed—the famous peak near what is now Colorado Springs, and had modestly attached his own name to it on the map he fashioned as he travelled.

He was not a pretty sight when the Spaniards found him at Ojo Caliente—near the present border-line between Colorado and New Mexico. There had been deep snows and freezing weather in the Rockies of Colorado. He had barely made it through alive himself, and he had built the hut at Ojo Caliente as protection while he awaited the arrival of three of his band who—frost-bitten, hungry, and unutterably weary—were making their laborious way in the rear.

With Pike to within a few days of the arrival of Lieutenant Saltelo and the Allencaster forces had been the mysterious Doctor John Robinson, who had unofficially attached himself to the official Pike expedition when it left St. Louis. He had deserted it again at Ojo Caliente to carry out a mission in Santa Fé. Reputed to be a citizen of France and undeniably a gentleman of some refinement, Robinson had borne the hardships of Pike's strenuous march with the sole aim of reaching Santa Fé. And why reach Santa Fé? For the purpose of affecting the return of the wares of one William Morrison, well-known merchant, of Kaskaskia, Ill., who had foolishly intrusted them to one Baptiste La Lande several years previous. La Lande had ventured into New Spain, been captured at Santa Fé and sent to Chihuahua. He had so far succumbed to the lure of Spanish life—and mayhap Spanish pulchritude—as to lose all further desire of returning to the doldrums of Kaskaskia. He had returned to Santa Fé, become a citizen, and settled down to enjoy life. It was for the purpose of collecting from La Lande that Robinson, ostensibly, desired to enter Santa Fé. It seemed, verily, little enough excuse for such excessive endeavor. We shall return to the mysterious doctor a little later.

"Montmaire Paike" knew that the Spanish forces were coming long before they arrived, but there was well-simulated surprise on his countenance when Lieutenant Ignacio Saltelo and Bartolomé Fernandez galloped up and waved their swords in the name of His Catholic Majesty, King of Spain. It was on February 25, 1807, and Pike came out to greet them.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"You're on Spanish territory," said Saltelo.

"You're crazy," said Pike. "I'm on the Red River on American soil."

"You're *loco*," said Saltelo. "You're on the Rio Bravo on Spanish soil." And he might have added: "You know it damned well," but being Spanish and polite, he refrained.

This is the sense of the conversation between Pike and Saltelo, without being necessarily its historical counterpart.

In charge of Saltelo and Fernandez, Lieutenant Pike advanced on Santa Fé and had an audience with Governor Al-

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lencaster, which was duly reported in Pike's journal of his travels, as follows:

Governor: Do you speak French?

Pike: Yes, sir.

Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike.

Governor: You come to reconnoitre our country, do you?

Pike: I marched to reconnoitre our own.

Governor: In what character are you?

Pike: In my proper character, an officer of the United States army.

Governor: And this Robinson—is he attached to your party?

Pike: No.

Governor: Do you know him?

Pike: Yes, he is from St. Louis. (I was correct in saying that Doctor Robinson was not attached to my party, for he was only a volunteer, who could not properly be said to be one of my command.)

Governor: How many men have you?

Pike: Fifteen.

Governor: And this Robinson makes sixteen?

Pike: I have already told your Excellency that he does not belong to my party, and shall answer no more interrogations on that subject.

Governor: When did you leave St. Louis?

Pike: July 15.

Governor: I think you marched in June.

Pike: No, sir!

Which shows little except that Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike finally

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reached Santa Fé, as he had started out to do when he left St. Louis on July 15, 1806, under orders from General James Wilkinson. It's when you mention General James Wilkinson that the story begins to dawn on you.

Wilkinson was the gentleman who conspired with Aaron Burr to set up an independent nation out of what was then Western United States. Pike was simply a cog in the machine. No one in the War Department at Washington cared whether or not Pike explored the head branches of the Arkansaw and the Red River. But Wilkinson had his eye on the conquest of New Spain. It was part of the Burr plan. As commander of the Western division, Wilkinson could put over the Pike Expedition, and did.

It was the same beautiful Wilkinson who, when the collapse of Burr was inevitable, rushed to arrest the unfortunate Aaron with a great show of indignation. For a time Wilkinson was actually a hero and he got through the famous trial at Richmond as principal witness against Burr, although even the prosecuting attorneys made little effort to conceal the fact that they considered him only three degrees removed from a dirty skunk.

Pike's journal—duly but most horribly printed upon his return to Washington—was quite a sensation because of the interest created in all things Southwestern by the Burr scandal. In due course, he became General Pike and was killed by a stray ball in the War of 1812. He was aged only thirty-three years at the time of his death, being born at Trenton, N. J., in 1779, drifting naturally to the army because of the example of his father, who, having joined the colors in 1791, was honorably discharged as a lieutenant-colonel in 1815, three years after his son had been martyrized by death under fire as a general.

That is the outline of Pike's life. Not even by his friends was he considered a superior general. His fame lies in his two expeditions. The first, in 1805–1806, was from St. Louis by way of the Mississippi to the headwaters of the river. It was also sanctioned by General Wilkinson but there have been no suspicions in regard to it. The suspicions arising out of his second journey into New Spain were well known to Pike but only passingly counteracted by him. In view of his later record and the acclaim which followed the publication of the records of his trips, historians have been reluctant to believe that he knew the purpose of his advance into New Spain. Whether he realized he was being made a part of the Burr conspiracy is debatable, but there is no longer any doubt that he knew he was headed for Santa Fé when he left St. Louis. His own letters and his reports to General Wilkinson prove it despite the innocent air he adopts when referring to his surprise at finding himself on the Rio Grande when he thought he was on the Red River on American soil.

"Why—if he thought he was on the Red River—did he build his fort at Ojo Caliente on the west side of the Red River, which was admittedly on Spanish soil?" asked a contemporary of Pike's. Why, indeed?

In his letter of instructions to Pike, General Wilkinson wrote: "As your interview with the Comanches will probably lead you to the head branches of the Arkansaw and Red Rivers, you may find yourself approximated to the settlements of New Mexico. There it will be necessary that you move with great circumspection. . . ."

In a letter to Wilkinson, Pike writes: "With respect to the Tetaus, the General may rest assured, I shall use every precaution previous to trusting them; but as to the mode of conduct to be pursued towards the Spaniards, I feel more at a loss, as my instructions lead me into the country of the Tetaus, part of which is no doubt claimed by Spain, in consequence of which, should I encounter a party from the villages near Santa Fé, I have thought it would be good policy to give them to understand, that we were about to join our troops near Natchitoches [Texas], but had been uncertain about the headwaters of the rivers over which we passed; but, that now, if the commandant approved of it, we would pay him a visit of politeness. . . ."

A great prophecy, if ever there was one! Written in July of 1806—eight months before the Pike party reached Ojo Caliente. He had strict—official—instructions from Wilkinson not to go near Santa

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Fé. Nothing is said in Pike's journals as to the possibility of getting near Santa Fé. He was to explore the Red River and stay away from the Rio Grande. And suddenly he is met by the Spaniards.

"The Rio Grande! Impossible! I thought I was on the Red."

Nothing is said about the fact that if they *were* on the Red, they were on the wrong side of it from a legal and nationalistic standpoint.

In other words Pike wrote to Wilkinson: "Consequently, should I meet a Spanish party from the villages near Santa Fé, I think it would be good policy to give them to understand (1) that my party was going to join our troops near Natchitoches, but had mistaken the Rio Grande for the Red river; (2) that if it would be agreeable to the Spanish commandant, we should pay him a polite visit; and (3) that if he did not wish us to do this, we should go direct to Natchitoches. In any event, I flatter myself that I shall get out of the scrape somehow."

In the same letter Pike goes on: "But if the Spanish jealousy, and the instigation of domestic traitors should induce them to make us prisoners of war (in time of peace), I trust to the magnanimity of our country for our liberation. . . ."

For which substitute: "But if Spanish jealousy of Americans, and the Aaron Burr conspiracy, cause us to be made prisoners of war, I trust that you will see we are released."

All this written eight months before Santa Fé is reached and in the face of denial then and later that he had any idea of getting near Santa Fé! Truly strange doings for a loyal officer of the armed forces of the United States of America. Highly unethical and untruthful at the very least and with a fair chance of being distinctly traitorous. Pike ends his letter to Wilkinson: "Will you pardon the foregoing as the enthusiasm of a youthful mind, yet not altogether unimpressed by the dictates of prudence?"

Which, if I may be permitted to coin a word, is so much applesauce. The letter is the truth about his intentions; the journal is simply camouflage and very poor at that. He crosses what he proposes to think is the Red River and builds a fort on the other side in what he absolutely knows is Spanish Territory. And Doctor Robinson starts off to walk from the Red River to Santa Fé! The whole thing is childishly ridiculous, but Pike goes through with the bluff. Occasionally he slips up, as when he begins to think it is about time he "receives a visit from Spanish or their emissaries," although he is pretending to be safe on American soil hundreds of miles away. When they come he bluffs a little and finally hauls down his flag—probably as willing a captive as ever was taken into enemy country.

The ingenuousness of the entire Pike expedition is almost beyond belief. Wilkinson knows what the talk is, but when, near the close of his life, he writes his weighty memoirs in an attempt to clear his name of the Burr stain, he carefully omits all mention of the Pike expedition. Pike himself wisely makes no attempt to open up the matter. There is little general curiosity as to why he attempted the Mexican journey. The country is content to be justifiably proud of the heroic journey which showed great fortitude and typical Yankee sagacity and cleverness. Among other things the estimable Zebulon Montgomery showed his sagacity by selecting the most spectacular peak in the United States as worthy of his own name. The very daring of his adventure protected him from annoying questions during his lifetime; the fact of Pike's Peak has acted in some strange way to protect him since. Even in his lifetime there was little use in bringing up the question of his connection with Burr. Burr himself had been acquitted, even though Wilkinson appeared as a state's witness against him.

With it all Pike was a fascinating figure. The first thing research in regard to him does is break up the Southwestern theory of the red-headed Spanish-Americans. I am sorry to be compelled to report that all historians I have examined are earnest in declaring him a blond. Where the Southwestern myth originated is a mystery, but it is certainly prevalent at this moment among old citizens of New Mexico. In getting to Santa Fé Pike made a slow-measured trip from the northern end of the domain. When Governor Allen-

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caster ordered him to be escorted to Chihuahua, where the governor of the province could examine him, he continued his journey along the entire north and south length of what is the present New Mexico.

Pike was young and blond and undeniably daring. What inhibitions remained from an army upbringing are not known, but Pike in his journal did not neglect to mention that at Albuquerque he held on his knee the beautiful fifteen-year-old adopted daughter of Father Guerra, and passed judgment on the complete adopted entourage of the good father—including "Indians of various nations, Spanish, French, and finally two girls whom from their complexions I conceived to be English." It is not too much to believe that in the circumstances he might have been susceptible.

Santa Fé was something of a town even in 1807, and the entrance of Pike and his tattered troupe must have caused more than an ordinary fluttering in the dovecots.

There is a sameness about the many published portraits of Pike which shows that they were all probably taken from one original painting. There is no mistaking the extremely long, large nose, above the full compressed lips. The same uniform coat, with its epaulets, its high-standing, embroidered collar, unbuttoned across the breast and the flap turned down on one side, appears in all these likenesses. Quite a debonair, doggy young officer! Somehow we should rather have of him a picture of his entrance into Santa Fé.

From the interview with Governor Allencaster it can be seen that Pike was not hesitant or fearful in upholding the dignity of his calling. What little regular uniform had been his on departure from St. Louis had long since been snatched from him by the strenuousness of the journey. He wore Indian moccasins, a disreputable fur cap and badly torn jacket and breeches. The men of his party still wore the home-made bandages which were utilized at the time of frost-bite in the high Rockies. He entered Santa Fé with six bedraggled companions—surely a ludicrous contrast to the excitement caused by their discovery and to the spick-and-spanness of the fifty Spanish dragoons under Saltelo and Fernandez who now accompanied them. We have no testimony of the impression made but there must surely have been few scenes in the Plaza before the old governor's palace in Santa Fé ever to equal it.

It took Pike only an hour or two to discover that Doctor Robinson was no longer in Santa Fé. The mysterious medico had arrived there in advance of Pike, and had been hustled off without ceremony to await him in Albuquerque on his way to Chihuahua. This was the same Doctor John H. Robinson who was attached to the party at St. Louis as a volunteer at the direct command of General Wilkinson. The party left St. Louis July 15, 1807, and was turned over to the American fort at Natchitoches on July 1, 1808—almost a year to the day—after a journey through half of the western hemisphere. And all—according to Robinson—because he wanted to collect a debt (a very negligible debt, admittedly) for his good friend William Morrison, of Kaskaskia! Such friendship! Such loyalty! Such admirable foolhardiness!

Robinson's presence, of course, was only another phase of the Burr conspiracy. Burr intrigued equally strenuously with France and England. Robinson was a French subject living in the neighborhood of New Orleans. It is fair to assume that his journey was for the purpose of seeing for himself how feasible the plans of Burr and Wilkinson were for the conquest of New Mexico. Wilkinson wrote the secretary of war in 1805 of the possibility of a campaign in the southwest saying: "If I do not reduce New Mexico, at least, in one campaign, I will forfeit my head." Robinson was with Pike to see if Wilkinson knew what he was talking about. Pike was there to get the lay of the land in preparation for Wilkinson's campaign.

It was all as obvious as Pike's Peak itself, but Pike and all others concerned kept up the bluff till their dying days, with Pike becoming a minor national hero and being honored by Fort Pikes, Pike Countries, Pikevilles, Pikes Rapids, Pikes Bay, Pikes Island, and Pike townships by the dozens. There were suspicions, but nobody seemingly felt deeply enough about it to inquire into Pike's connection

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with Burr. The reputation of Wilkinson went under a cloud. Not even as clever a man as John Marshall in the Burr trials knew which side Wilkinson was on. This Wilkinson was a restless, fussy old codger, with a faculty for being always in trouble and yet being always in command. He took part in the Conway Cabal in the Revolutionary War which had for its object the supplanting of Washington with General Gates. He tried being a merchant in Louisville, but returned in time to get mixed up with Burr. For that he was court-martialed and acquitted. Not the least daunted he served on the Canadian frontier in the War of 1812, was a conspicuous failure, and was again court-martialed and acquitted. He finally wrote his voluminous, effusive, and elusive memoirs and retired to the city of Mexico, where he died. Surely an interesting rascal who deserves more attention that he has received.

Mr. Prentis in the *Kansan Abroad* wrote: "General James Wilkinson in his day was probably the subject of more uncomplimentary remarks than any man of his caliber in the country, and I deem it no more than justice to say for him, that, with all his faults, he was the steadfast friend of Zebulon M. Pike."

Something of a classic in the way of left-handed compliments!

Mexico City would be most agreeable for Wilkinson in the circumstances. The country seems to have had a fascination for him from the first. At least he had written Governor Gayoso de Lemas in cipher as early as February, 1707, with a view to having the Spanish gentleman disappear at the proper time when Wilkinson's plan for taking over Mexico was ripe. The journey of Captain Philip Nolan into Mexico is thought to have been another link in Wilkinson's chain of conquest. In short Wilkinson was a gentleman of such scope and persistency as a conspirator as to deserve better at the hands of American historians. Benedict Arnold with one single aberration has attained endless notoriety. Wilkinson worked at the business day and night for years with practically negligible historical results. It seems to prove anew that the story-book axioms in regard to persistence are a trifle less than trustworthy.

Notwithstanding the motives for Pike's journey it was one of the epic explorations of American history. Lewis and Clark preceded him but very shortly in point of time, but Pike's story was in print four years in advance of that of the Northwest explorers. Pike was unfortunate, however, in bringing forth a jumbled and totally unedited work which was overwhelmed by the more polished history of Lewis and Clark. Pike seems to have had no ear for names and no overwhelming scientific curiosity. In addition he was at such a distance at the time of publication that consultation with the publisher was impossible. As a result there are long passages which fail to make sense and contradictions stand out glaringly on many pages. Even recent editors have had a difficult time in justifying the Pike facts with the known facts. The point I am stressing is that only great interest could bring a reader to stick with the Pike journals. When Mexico came to bulk less in the mind of the nation, Pike receded as a romantic figure and is to-day practically unrecognized as of historical importance. His death under fire in the War of 1812 brought him considerable mention, but even that had the misfortune of being overshadowed by the almost simultaneous and far more romantic passing of Lawrence, of "Don't Give up the Ship!" fame.

But Zebulon Montgomery Pike saw the peak and marked it carefully on his map —and nothing else matters. There is a movement on foot in Colorado at this very moment to have the bones of Pike removed from where—in 1855—at Sackett's Harbor the simple wooden monument over the grave was found "more leaning than the tower of Pisa." In 1860 it was rapidly crumbling into dust; the urn which surmounted it was gone and the inscription was illegible. This I take from the edition of Pike journals edited by Elliott Coues and published in 1895. The Colorado people may have trouble in locating the proper bones and there may be protest from the East. This latter, however, would be the uttermost folly. No matter his nativity, Pike belongs in the West, where resides his fame. The War of 1812 was only an incident. Death in itself is but a phase of existence. Pike's Peak is an everlasting monument unto the Lord.

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Popular Culture

BY W. C. BROWNELL
Author of "Standards," "Democratic Distinction," etc.

NEXT to formal education the practical agency on which our social forces have to rely in the achievement of such democratic distinction as destiny reserves for us is surely the further development of the popular culture that already distinguishes us. But a necessary preliminary to holding fast that which is good is to prove all things, and if we are to develop this particular thing in the degree demanded by the distinction it promises, we must bring intention to bear and not rest content with trusting to the instinct for it that we seem to possess—since it is implicit in the democratic ideal which, however defined or interpreted, we hold as a people to an extent that in its own sphere also confers distinction. To develop it we need first of all to distinguish between the popularization of culture and its vulgarization. When we recognize generally that the former does not of necessity involve the latter, we shall at least have conquered an initial difficulty. A certain degree of vulgarization is undoubtedly a normal incident of making culture popular. But if normal it is to that extent encouraging, and if an incident it is not a culmination. Observation of what is in this respect going on all around us makes it clear that if, though having achieved our political success, we are still conducting an experiment in its cultural justification, the experiment has so far justified reasonable expectations. The promise of our cultural progress is bright for, especially, the reason that it has broadened its basis; and, in the way of developing those tendencies in which our democracy gives us confidence, we may say that the formal addition of popular culture to formal education is the salient contribution of our time to the democratic distinction no doubt obscured but not obliterated by current tendencies that are curable because contagious rather than intrinsic.

No one would deny the essential importance, to the value of this obviously democratic achievement, involved in the extension of our educational élite. It is, indeed, this reciprocity between formal education and popular culture that characterizes the latter as a democratic achievement and gives it such a signal share in our contribution to civilization. This is the characteristic factor we furnish for the *internal* organization of life on a scale that hitherto, so far from being exemplified, has not even been contemplated. Our elementary literacy average, owing to our variegated population, may be elsewhere exceeded, and our cultural achievements elsewhere excelled, but our general culture is probably more general—general enough at all events to hold out the promise both of becoming more so and at the same time rising to a higher level. If we have not yet developed the finials, we have in this way laid the foundations; if we have not even elaborated the plan, we have originated the conception.

Neither heredity nor environment has the power of evocation possessed by the demand that elicits its supply when it is a question of the conscious forces. Practically considered, in the long run and on any scale adequate to the "quantity production" which in the intellectual sphere civilization imperatively requires in order to render quality operative, neither the artist, the musician, the poet, nor the novelist is spontaneously generated, any more than he can in any case be self-developed. Supply is dependent on its complementary demand in the world of persons as in the world of things. Sound does not more need the ear nor color the eye in order to become sensation than performance needs a public to recognize its quality. And the more exacting the public the higher the quality will be, and the larger the exacting public the more

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general it will become. Manet's dictum to the effect that art loses in depth what it gains in breadth assumes the extension of its practice into the ranks of the ignorant and the unappreciative. But with popular culture sufficiently extended, a cultivated public will make more rigorous exactions of the practitioner at the same time that it discourages the fatuity of the amateur. Is it to be doubted that if as a people we were culturally more mature we should be more serious? If we were more serious, would not even our humor have more sentiment? If we felt more deeply, would not our talent be more distinguished and its exercise result in a decenter drama, in fiction cleaner—to begin with the elementary—and, in the more advanced requisites, more solidly based on the marriage instead of the divorce pronounced by naturalism between reality and the ideal; more faithful to the "life" it now so often slanders through predetermined pessimism or dilettante depravity? Would it not in a word be less imitative of its present model—as to which long ago Taine once wrote me: "Notre littérature contemporaine nous diffame et nous calomnie"? Would not our art in general be more a genuine native expression and less an echo of the extravagances of older societies better protected from their establishment by being more solidly grounded in æsthetic tradition and less inexpert even in excess?

In the—extremely cultural—matter of diction there is assuredly no speech nor language where the voice of the vulgarian is not heard contending with the voice of the heavens and the handiwork of the firmament and needing the modification and modulation of culture. But language, one fears, must largely be left to itself and the experts, though linguistic experts are conspicuous among doctors who disagree, and though it is of course one of the mediums of expression in which the tendency to vulgarization that menaces popular culture most subtly shows itself. In language the standard is constantly shifting because language itself is constantly growing, and because its way of growing is very considerably through the invasion of formal by familiar speech. But at last, after long riot of "growth," it is periodically ready to fertilize its rowen into a resurrection of regularity and, "malgré nous, la sagesse arrive."

The process is too inveterate for radical change, but it might be shortened if, in the inevitable familiarization of the formal—essential to the popularization of culture and, thus, far more essential to us than keeping intact any adept dialect—the formal and the familiar were generally recognized as distinct categories, each admirable in itself and for its own uses, but distinctly not for the uses of the other, and together only admirable in that blend of the two wherein the flavor of each is to be identified and savored, though constrained the while both a lender and a borrower to be. But any successful blend must be composed not according to recipe but after Bacon's prescription for ideal portraiture—to wit, "a kind of felicity." Of this felicity popular culture has often a rather keen sense, though exercised on occasion rather autocratically. Tagging the colloquial with "quotes," for example, has in many cases come to seem *infelicitous*, as indeed have superfluous italics, both denoting (often, though not here) distrust of the reader's proficiency. His proficiency has of late been materially extended. And the road to proficiency in such matters is not an easy one. An instance is the toil uncomplainingly assumed by a large part of our population just now in markedly avoiding the liaison (for some reason regarded as illicit, though "f'rinstance" is winked at) between the words in the phrase "at all." Perhaps the difficulty suggests the adventure.

The English certainly are less heroic. I recall overhearing a fellow passenger explaining a mystery as follows: "The reason w'y we drop our haitches is because you 'ave to make a heffort to pronounce them. It's 'ard. That's w'y." Henry James, familiar with the less limited individuals of a more limited class, quite rightly thought they had a good deal to teach us in purity and precision of speech. With an ear attuned to the delightful voices of English women the idea of transplanting the purity and precision of their diction in the transatlantic garden of Bryn Mawr for subsequent general distribution must have seemed to him a fascinating adventure—of which nevertheless the shade of quixotism involved

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must have escaped him, since, alas, the voices may not be transplanted. However, the qualities themselves without this adorable association cannot, where they are lacking, be too highly commended; and in the charming address on "The Question of Our Speech" it is not to be denied that they were commended pertinently, if with a zest in which Mr. Van Wyck Brooks might have discovered the germ of the lecturer's subsequent cancellation of his national allegiance. We also lack a reliance which James omitted to refer to but which is enjoyed by the English—those at least that he no doubt had in mind: namely, that admirable national institution, the English governess. We must resign ourselves to doing without the governess (who with us indeed might easily be unable to govern), including her voice, doubtless soft even when "raised," and adding an accent of cultivation to the instruction she imparts. Her own fate may be often hard but her services are great. In lieu of them our scale alone compels us to substitute the schools, public or private, as conforming influences. In the increasingly inclusive as well as important matter of behavior, now as we learn settled for good or ill in extremely early years though needing a science to itself, the elementary school is probably no match for the governess. Besides the tonic accent of cultivation in which we are deficient, taking us by and large—as she by no means has to take her charges—the governess teaches unintermittently all the details of speech that ally it with etiquette, orthoepy in the foreground. But the conformity we secure is, after all, adjusted to our scale, and the speech of "these States," to which there are so many alien tributaries, probably varies less than that of English counties—or classes. We can at least understand one another.

In the field of art and letters the diffusion of popular culture operates of course, in accordance with the law of supply and demand, in the increased production of the practitioner by providing a general æsthetic atmosphere in which the artist originates as well as thrives. But it also widens the competent consensus determining the survival of the fittest (to survive) in his decidedly miscellaneous ranks. The fittest to survive will be those who best represent the spirit of their time, stripped of temporary eccentricities and temperamental excesses of professional practice, in the art terms of all time modified by the residuum of discovery and development, in essential harmony with these terms. And throughout the course of this process popular culture has itself a good deal to say—naturally in proportion to its cultivation. It is slow to learn, as the future is to arrive. But, especially in art, it is more difficult to stampede than the adventurous hypersensitive and impressionable artistic temperament, often contemptuous of popular culture through absorption in its own vocational specialism.

Even those historic periods in which art and letters have been most dependent upon the patronage of the great would not have enjoyed such patronage but for the demands of popular taste. Public patronage was a means of buttressing power through popularity, private patronage a means of acquiring distinction. To predicate benevolence of all beneficence is more ingenuous than discriminating. Much of it, fortunately, depends upon other and often, if not stronger, at least more persistent forces, forces less rational and more instinctive. And, acting instinctively, popular culture acts protectively as well as productively in exercising a consensus that is competent in proportion to its culture. Nothing, to be sure, can control the caprices of fashion. Their origin is often as obscure as their character is irrational. Vogue is practically involuntary. But nothing is less obscure in the long run than the service of the general verdict in defending art, letters, and the general public against that contradiction in terms, the vogue of the esoteric. It is in the titular hierarchy that fanaticism arises. The cultivated public is pragmatist. It has seen the end of many "movements" which soon or late it finds do not work. It has, for example, if dull or cultivated—or both—a robust imperviousness to the pretensions of the modern variety of "prophets," when "falsely so called," known as the genius. The fostering of this type is regarded in esoteric quarters where talent is in disfavor as a pious duty, and the frustration

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of it, usually by what is known as "recognized talent," is the unpardonable calamity. All rules have their exceptions, but the cultivated public in all ages has felt safest if the rule is followed that it is fairly safe to leave the genius to himself by way, among other things, of identifying him. It is often, indeed, the only way of hitting the stag and missing the cow.

Mere endowment with "life" is but a rudimentary bond between the two, though much is said to-day of the supreme importance of demonstrating life by activity—any kind of activity. Of the life in much activity one may agree with the French judge, "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité," and of the proof of life by activity must feel that activity without quality rather than admirable is a nuisance. There is plenty of life that merely crawls and squirms only to intensify the desirability of its extinction, failing which, torpor, at any rate, seems a fair compromise to extort from it. Though genius may be "largely energy," certainly all energy is not genius, and energy, pure and simple, merely wearing the lion's skin is doomed to detection—if not in the famous fabled way, yet through the development of discrimination observing the functioning of its activity as disclosing the quality of its energy, not as proving it energetic. It follows, of course, that, betraying hopeful symptoms, it should not only be allowed but encouraged to function. No systematic way, however, either independent or academic, in either art or letters, has yet been discovered of doing this to much purpose beyond educating (if possible) its possessor often in spite of himself, and leaving him to his own resources. His fellows in the various professions, endowed only with talent (not in the least "to madness near allied" but doing its best to avoid it), cannot do much for him. Nor indeed in the absence of reasonable prospects of success can they be expected to try very hard. Trial has too often resulted in error. The succession of "herd" contagion to the conventional guidance of even "official art" has not proved a promising solvent, save as a necessary evil. He must indeed wait for time and tide, which are said to wait for none, but which are recurrently to be taken at the flood. And never surely were they so tender of the tyro as to-day, so attuned to expectation of the unexpected, so ready to see at least as in a glass darkly the tyro's ultimate triumph.

Far harder than proverbially it is to keep a good man down, is it just now to leave the great to blush unseen this side the churchyard. Once within or, in its elegant equivalent, become "a dead one," he may remain forgotten till resurrected—often for obloquy. Alive, talent itself, if unrestrained by taste, has but to masquerade as genius to be given the benefit of every doubt and in many cases sturdily survive the knell of midnight unmasking. However, all, all—genius and talent alike—await the inevitable hour, melancholy or joyous as it may prove for them or their manes, when the popular culture of the wider public to which they owe their winnowing as well as ultimately their origin, and to which they themselves in so many cases have essentially contributed, reaches its impersonal judgment—the verdict of the jury after the court has had its say. At least this judgment is in the large the solidest, having crystallized after debate has subsided and the expert enthusiasts, particularly the slaves of their temperamental preferences, have calmed down. Besides, there are as many perpetually pending cases in art as elsewhere, and as the Archbishop of Havana said to La Farge and Clarence King, anxious for an answer to a question in a matter in which they were both *aficionados:* "Gentlemen, there *are* no 'best cigars.'" When, accordingly, an eminent German critic dethrones Velasquez in favor of El Greco, what he is really doing is vaunting a personal preference for an *oscuro* to a *claro* shade in the brand of Spanish art. And it is perhaps significant symbolism that, in the idle search for the mythical best in cigars, as popular culture spreads it should be the delicate *claro* that survives and is universally prized and the most difficult of all to procure, while oblivion has already overtaken the brutal *oscuro.* When the "friends of art" become as numerous as the lovers of Lady Nicotine, a similar progress in fastidiousness may be developed among them. Incidentally, one thing that "would help" would be for the hierophants of art not to take it at this particular moment of its long history so

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prodigieusement au sérieux—as, substantially, the bear said to her offspring about the art of walking.

Popular æsthetic appreciation, in a word, is the fundamental ally of art itself, literary and plastic, and it is through its spread among us—especially among us and especially in an industrial age—that art is aided pragmatically to control its experimentation, test its discoveries and inventions, detach its eccentricities, and affirm its practice in terms and with sanctions that time itself has found to work. The obvious objection to the extension of its appreciation is the increase in its practice by "the unfit" that is involved in such extension. Only an enthusiast may look with equanimity on the prospect of more painters, more poets, more novelists than we now have if unaccompanied by at least a proportional increase of general culture in the discriminating appreciation of them. From such increase indeed we might expect, if more artists, then "more and better" also to result. But if the practice of art among us were to become less general and indiscriminate, and, at the same time, its discriminating public (largely, of course, through this restricted practice, trained in taste and educated in comprehension), were to expand in proportion, the result would be most nearly ideal. In a practice like painting, for instance, whose successful pursuit is so dependent upon nature's preliminary selection of the practitioner himself, as well as upon an indefinitely long and arduous technical training—the necessity of calling so many in order to choose so few is, from the personal point of view, fairly tragic. The numerical preponderance of art students over artists is matter for the sociologist of melancholy cast—especially at the present time when youth's immitigable romance inspires it with a romantic derision of romance itself, when it learns from its teachers to give even realism the aspect of satire, and when in general, accordingly, it is the highest ambition of the freshest "good egg" to become "hard-boiled."

The happier destiny of the art student in many cases would perhaps, after all, be frankly to aid in swelling the ranks of popular culture. Therein he might usefully evangelize—as the artist often advantageously resorts to teaching. Man is a thinking and articulate as well as a performing animal, and the practice of art in our time is probably more than ever before associated with meditation and talk about it. He might make a welcome numerical addition to the ranks of the æsthetically disposed public and bring them no small enlightenment, particularly needed now that art has extended the borders of its technic beyond the confines of representation and its practice acquired a new philosophy, setting it off from interest in man and nature and subjecting it to intensive treatment in a field of its own. He might, for example, tell us much about the meaning of visual art apart from its looks—deemed hitherto logically "in the picture." In the process of transforming its meaning from the literary and pictorial to the scientific, its looks have suffered sadly. Transmuting concrete into abstract satisfactions exercises the intellect in isolation from sensuous distractions, and, confining the significance of form to re-entrance into its own realization, withdraws it from contamination by the alloy of suggestion. And while the intellect in art is stating, and in appreciation is solving, its puzzle, the imagination is given a holiday.

Mr. George Moore divulges the fact, or fancy, that "Shakespeare never soiled his songs with thought," and though the dirge in "Cymbeline," say, seems pensive, and Ophelia (not to add "*et al.*") more suggestive than "greasy Joan," some of the songs certainly sound light-hearted, and the poet's example may be cited against too much of the pale cast of thought or thought of any hue in the wrong place. On the other hand it is true that an art altogether lacking in objective lyricism (if in no other "isms"), a quest of beauty in which the "lyric cry," other than as a burst of emotion "escaping" from one's own horn, never animates the pursuit, would naturally deem irrelevant any prescription pertinent to song. Yet if it be also lacking in the "talk high above singing," which in Shakespeare is still more noteworthy than the immaculacy of his songs from the soilure of thought, if instead of being above singing it be so markedly outside of it as to close to the heart of the public this avenue to the heart of the matter, so much

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and such unfamiliar thought will quite naturally seem tyranny to the public and, in consecrated phrase, "make it tired." As in effect, Goethe confessed, "thinking about thinking" did him. Finally, in due course of "creative evolution," the former work of art having, through concentration on decorative design and rhythm, narrowed into the *objet d'art*, symbolism itself has converted the symbol into an idol. And if in our wilderness wanderings instead of adoring the uplifted brazen serpent we are to gather familiarly around the golden calf, occupying a lower level and significant only of his own organic quality, we shall still need every help in a natural effort to solve the mystery propounded in Miss Ethel Kelley's conundrum: "*How* did we get the way we are?" Failing an answer, we ought at least somehow to get an intelligent appreciation of what is likely to be the *salvage* of the artistic ferment so characteristic of our time. Whatever it proves to be it is likely to be considerable. The "creative evolution" of art has drawn criticism into its current, and sooner or later perhaps the "creative criticism" now so intolerantly inclined to impose upon practice what Mr. Mather calls "the alluring unitary formulas of the new painting" may itself show less of the unitarian spirit and experience the usual "Catholic reaction" with useful practical results.

Meanwhile nothing at the present time could do more for art as a civilizing agency than enabling popular culture to perceive how it can be one in spite of appearances—civilization being so largely conventional and modernist appearances so largely revolutionary. Popular culture, it is true, exhibits an occasional weakness for the "cult" in lieu of cultivation. But such a weakness naturally leans for support on some explanation of the esoteric, and all the more in this instance if it "sees it first." Weaker already in the appreciation of art in general than in that of other cultural expressions, it is further mystified as to modernist art by an aspect obviously addressed to an acquired taste. The danger is that it may "pass it up" without entering upon the difficult investigation which—like Darwinism—the subject demands. No such enlightenment is pertinent in its case as the consideration proffered by the Romance Literature professor who began his course with: "Why do the people of Southwestern Europe speak as they do? First, because it is their mother tongue." The public is, rather, typified in *Punch's* studio-visitor wistfully wording her perplexity in the suggestion: "But, surely, sometimes if you get a sitter who is really beautiful, it must be hard to resist the temptation to paint a portrait." It can hardly be expected to understand the artist's reply (not recorded by *Punch*): "What then would become of the joy of creation—the creation of the *objet d'art?*" Portraiture, however, is the department of painting in which the modernist thus far has oftenest won appreciation—portraiture and still life; "subject" and "representation" being therein least escapable, and a *modus vivendi* between artist and public being more easily reached than in the more uncompromising and recondite departments of art expression.

Indeed, the reciprocal influence of artist and public perhaps has of late years been happiest in architecture and outdoors art, and the progress we have made in these during the last quarter-century has been marked. To the foreigner it has quite naturally been more marked than that of our studio practice, whose cloisters are apt to echo with reverberations of the newly developed cosmopolitanism that Mr. Tarkington's delightful Madame Momoro has so delightfully expounded. No one, native or foreign, has more cordially or more precisely noted the advance we have made in popular culture as evinced in this field, and to the gain in distinction which it certifies, than the first of French critics, M. André Chevrillon. In a public address upon returning to his own country after a visit to ours as a representative of the French Academy at the Molière celebration of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, M. Chevrillon thus recorded his impressions of the social development of our individualism—all of the phenomena of which, by the way, are of Victorian inception:

". . . It is the internal policeman that polices states; in sum it is the social sense, and when it commands the majority of citizens in a society, one recognizes its presence by many traits which were

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hardly to be met with at the time of my first visit to the United States [thirty-odd years before] and which this time—at least in the East that I saw—struck me everywhere. Those traits are order, decency, decorum, courtesy, unanimous obedience to certain ideas of perfection; in brief, the tendency to the organic, the harmonious—and as an immediate consequence to style. There is certainly an American style of architecture and decoration. I saw in Westchester villas of which the outside—in colonial style: the tranquil English Louis XVI—the interior, in sober Whistlerian harmonies of color, attested the general taste. In the large structures of New York, this advance in the art is plainly perceptible. I know nothing happier, more satisfying to tranquil vision, better adapted to its ends, than the Grand Central Station. . . . Yes, order and harmony are reaching realization. What formerly seemed formless was not the state of life at which the form is disintegrating, but the confused, the embryonic, sketch of the life that is tending towards its form. The mysterious force that organizes and moulds is at work. . . ."

Read to the same effect the appended section, "Thirty Years Later," in the new edition of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's classic, "Art Out of Doors." The changes are too great, too many, and too various for summarizing—"from Portland in Maine to Portland in Oregon and from the winter colony at Miami to the Great Lakes in one direction to Los Angeles in another." A sentence here and there, however, suggests the story: "Landscape-architecture is a much more widely practised art and is more ambitious and more versatile"; "good taste has developed together with enterprise. . . . The weeping willow is no longer, I think, greatly beloved"; "the formal garden has rightly grown in favor"; "The American Society of Landscape Architects, formed in 1899, now counts five chapters in different parts of the country and about 160 members, 14 of whom are women"; "The art of design as applied to landscape, nowhere taught formerly, is now taught ostensibly at least in half a hundred places—in universities and colleges of divers kinds, most of them State institutions, and in independent schools." And though this instruction is sometimes shallow and thus of uncertain augury, there are now also "some real schools of landscape-architecture, excellent thorough schools, such as those at Harvard University and Cornell University, where they stand on an equal footing with the schools of architecture and give special degrees," as well as schools at Cambridge and Groton for women only. There is now a National Committee for the Restriction of Out-Door Advertising with which like-minded local agencies co-operate. Two thousand disfiguring signs were removed in 1924 from the Adirondack State Park. The Municipal Art Society of New York reports a readiness to continue this work everywhere on the part of one of the largest corporations in the State as existing contracts expire. "Our new multitude of garden clubs and horticultural societies foster flower shows, publish magazines and bulletins, organize lecture courses, spread a knowledge of ornamental plants and of methods of cultivation, and popularize canons of good taste, to the benefit not only of their own members but of the public at large." The Federated Garden Clubs of New York State . . . which includes a city club with 2,000 members and 34 others, has a wide range of public beneficence. "The Chicago Fair implanted among us a belief in the beauty of concord, of harmony, in the need for organization, for co-operation in the arts" . . . apparent at every later exhibition —at Omaha, at Nashville, at Atlanta, Buffalo, San Francisco, San Diego. But one must stop somewhere in an account necessarily inadequate and fragmentary, and refer the interested reader to the book itself for this noteworthy conspectus of our conspicuous development in this eminently civilizing domain of popular culture.

The growth of musical taste among us has a still closer bearing on the relations of æsthetic appreciation to æsthetic practice. Music can be brought into popular appreciation more closely and on a larger scale than the visual arts, and for that reason its non-professional devotees are more numerous and more devoted. It is nearer to more people. There are more "music-lovers" than "lovers" of any other art. More than any other art music

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can be loved without being adequately appreciated. Such epithets as "celestial" and "supernal" come readily to the listening mind experiencing effects in ignorance of their cause, sensing quality that escapes analysis. Besides, as a devotee of Bach observed: "He wouldn't be guilty of the vulgarity of meaning anything." This, naturally, greatly increases the musical audience, and even in listening the ear learns to discriminate through the reasoning of the heart, which, according to Pascal's famous dictum, the intellect knows not of. To secure thoroughgoing appreciation, as well as requiring special competence, music demands attentive consideration. But perhaps of all the arts it makes the most direct appeal to the soul, and therefore to the widest public. Its emotional "content" is great, and vague no doubt compared with what may be visualized, but the best of it stirs emotion through mental tension, finally exacting appreciation before it fully rewards it. It trains its public in delighting it; and, on the other hand, of course it hasn't delighted it without trying to. Something, at any rate, in the general breast finds this art least caviare to it and responds most readily to the enchantment of the most highly specialized and least material of æsthetic expressions.

Whether or no, therefore, we have done as well as could fairly be expected of us in musical production, it is natural that the increase of musical appreciation among us should have already proved one of our chief cultural agencies. There is no doubt of this increase. It is noted on every hand as are the agencies of increased instruction, encouraged by popular support and private benevolence in independence of the State aid we deem artificial where not imperative. Mr. Lawrence Gilman, writing of Brahms's Second Symphony in his "programme notes" for the Philharmonic audience—themselves an annual course in popular culture—observes: "It is doubtful if there are many to-day, even though they be far less musically receptive than Felix Weingartner [who had called it obscure in his "The Symphony Since Beethoven"], who find anything difficult of comprehension in this Symphony with its gravely beautiful Adagio. . . . An open window into a poet's heart." I find that striking. If Mr. Gilman, who writes always with the reserve becoming authority, can to-day record such an elevation of general comprehension to a level above that of one of the most distinguished of contemporary musicians a few years ago, the circumstance at least indicates the readiness with which popular responds to professional culture, and should tend to allay alarm as to the vulgarizing effects of popularization—especially if the matter in question be one of looking through "an open window into a poet's heart" undisturbed by the pyrotechnics of eccentricities "exclusively for brass and wood wind."

It is almost axiomatic that one reason for this advance in musical appreciation over that in other æsthetic fields should be that in music the classics are kept constantly in mind and less neglected than elsewhere because they are dear as well as esteemed. Professional and public are unitedly in closer touch with the proven rather than the problematical best; practically the more "popular" the programme (within obvious limits) the more the classic outweighs the casual. Novelties are for the expert, and until they reach the classic standard, which has a moment before enchanted the ear or habitually "vibrates in the memory," they are on trial. Thus either in echo or reminiscence this standard is ever present in the mind to estimate experiment until it has conquered the favor more ready, in the case of other arts, to take the unexpected on its own terms. The ear has, either actively or subconsciously, been trained by familiarity with masterpieces whose parallels in the plastic arts the tyro may never have beheld, and which are less accessible even to the amateur—that element of the public whose development is so essential to popular culture and so considerable in music. Music, in fine, demonstrates the achievability of *distinction in appreciation* which in one way or another is an inseparable ally in the development of art and, as the field in which perhaps our general æsthetic cultivation has made most progress, best proves the pertinence of popular culture to the distinction which is at once democratic and unimpeachable.

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Where the Prairie Money Goes

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT

IF the pilot of the St. Louis air-mail ever looks down in the moonlight as he crosses from Indiana into Illinois, he sees a prairie landscape fairly representative, probably, of the best of our American midwest.

He is then above Edgar County, an area of some 675 square miles of Illinois black loam and brown silt, fields crisscrossed by thousands of corn rows, clusters of trees breaking the roof lines of farmhouses in gentle rollings of the land, villages every five or six miles centred on church spires, roads converging from all directions upon Paris, the county-seat.

Here approximately 8,000 persons in the one small city and 18,000 outside of it live a life as farmer folk and town neighbors which is the sheer product of a century spent in pioneering and development. There is no great university here, as at Champaign-Urbana, or group of black chimneys as at Terre Haute across the State line. Paris has four small factories which diversify the employment of its people favorably. But Edgar County is primarily an expanse of farms.

If not from the air, then surely from car-windows, have thousands upon thousands of us looked out and wondered what kind of life was lived in the quiet farmsteads we could see as the train sped past. Lately some of us have been given a new light on that subject for this prairie county, and the insight it has afforded us into the tastes and purchases of such representative Americans has proven fascinating.

The thing came about because the president of one of the factories in Paris desired to suit his product more confidently to his consumers. His product was advertising specialties. He concluded he could gain more of what his trade calls "conscious obligation" if he knew more definitely what his consumers liked and what they were able to buy. He gave me the commission of identifying their wants and finding out how those wants were met.

We were not interested in what is called "farm relief." Our concern was with the life these people live as conditions are now, in 1927—whether they get or never get what politicians mean by "farm relief." It is significant of something, let the reader judge what, that a keen manufacturer did not think it dangerous to disregard "farm relief" in a programme to serve the farmer in 1928.

The study spread over the months of December and January. In the entire experience not a single person refused an answer. More striking than that, merchants and officials opened their books freely and called each other by telephone to help. Many of the farm households were within the range of my own friendships; yet it happened sometimes that with all their willingness, these people were unable to furnish the totals and budgets I sought, and we had recourse to the Edgar County Farm Bureau, where, as it proved, we could find out almost anything we needed to know.

Now that the work is done and the report accepted, I suspect that the best beginning to an understanding of the life lived in this county in 1927 lies in the finding that the money income of the county is very great indeed. From major sources alone it passed $11,400,000. This is the equivalent of $2,500 for each household.

Industrial wage-earners in Paris factories earned $845 a year on an average. Storekeepers had an average earning of $2,650 each. Town workers above the grade of helpers were paid $1,100 on the average. All that remain of workers not on farms, that is to say the clerks in the stores, the half-skilled laborers, the waiters in small restaurants, the drivers of delivery-wagons and the like, earned in the towns an average of $830 a year.

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Hired help on the farms seemed to be at least equally well paid. There are 2,352 farm units, and four of them out of five took on workers by the year for about $40 a month for each man, somewhat more when the worker brought a family with him. In each case a room was furnished or a house; and for each family the means were provided for the growing of all the green food, all the meat, and all the dairy products the family could use, along with most of its fuel. Perhaps as often as not the workman could add to his money income, if he liked, by raising chickens or selling milk.

In the sense of our cities there is no poverty in all Edgar County. What a remarkable statement that is! Several scores of families live unhealthfully. Hundreds of them, as we shall see, do without things which city-dwellers esteem to be absolute necessities. For all that it signifies, however, here is an American community of some 5,000 families in which not a single household is denied food to keep the body strong or shelter and clothing to prevent exposure.

When it does happen that a family is without food or is deprived of protection against the weather, that follows which our young novelists will find hard to square with their materialistic interpretations of our life: neighbors come from all sides to make up the lack.

A renter moved into a typical small farmhouse a year or so ago, and no sooner were the family belongings in place than everything was lost through a fire. The blaze lighted the sky at four in the morning. At six the homeless little group were in rooms in a finished barn on the adjoining and larger farm.

That afternoon the newspapers of Paris printed a suggestion that old furniture, including blankets and pillows, was needed. Those of us who put off going only a day were informed when we did get there that the needs of the family had all been met.

The next thing to know about these families is that in town and country alike they are spending nowadays all the money they receive. Not a dollar has been added to the savings of Edgar County in two years. On the contrary, the money on deposit for savings has diminished.

This does not mean thriftlessness in most cases. There is plenty of that, here as elsewhere. It means, more significantly, a varying income, an upturned financial structure, a widening range of desires.

More than a hundred young persons go from this county each year to normal schools, colleges, universities, and finishing schools—to name the institutions of the higher education in progressive order of expense. The total thus outlaid is not far from $102,800. This, of course, is only a beginning of the expense.

The eddy of this process has been in motion for years, growing with the years. As son comes home from the University of Illinois or the University of Chicago, and daughter from the more distant woman's college, phonographs come to be necessities and radios indispensable luxuries. Two-thirds of the homes in Edgar have phonographs now, beyond question; probably half have radios.

In apposition, fifteen farmhouses out of each hundred are believed to have some sort of lighting system better than kerosene-lamps, and ten of each hundred some sort of a water system better than buckets. The aerial is already more familiar than the windmill.

The factor which has most upturned the financial calculations of the Edgar County family is obviously the automobile. On it, twenty-five years ago, these families did not spend anything. In 1926 they spent more on it than the total of their outlays for food to eat and clothes to wear.

Their community income, great as it is, cannot be put much above $12,000,000. The total for food and apparel falls to about $1,990,000. The total for transportation of all kinds is $3,583,306; and of this about two-thirds—the great sum of $2,190,000—is spent for the purchase of automobiles, for garage service and accessories, for gasoline and lubricants.

Edgar County rural sections spend more than one dollar in four of their gross income on automobiling. This is fifteen times what used to be spent on pleasure vehicles for these same farms.

Away from Paris the trade of the county is largely through general stores. Readers who sniff reminiscently at the mention of such emporia and recall the

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aromatic mixture of scents as it used to be, with a post-office in the front corner and molasses side by side with vinegar in the rear, would hardly recognize these Edgar County general stores.

Somewhat of the old medley remains, but not much. They are package stores now. Candies bearing the names of Eastern manufacturers, crackers sealed against moisture, even beans in little sacks, and rod upon rod of canned goods in orderly battalions on shelves; silk shirts and work shirts; hats of well-advertised and expensive make beside straw hats for ten cents each; brooms and a demonstration vacuum cleaner; binding twine, alarm-clocks, and magazines; lettuce and fruit from a great distance at nearly all seasons —this is the general store with which this representative farm community has come to be familiar. Thereto it sends about a fourth as much trade as to the larger stores of the county-seat.

Less often than one would think—the farmers step on the starter and drive to Paris, Danville, or Terre Haute. Tracing such movement through package delivery by parcel-post, express, and freight, and estimating the goods brought home by automobile, the total is not impressive. It does not make a quarter of the sales of the general store and not much more than a tenth of the buying done from mail-order houses in greater cities farther distant.

Every farmhouse with a permanent tenant in the county receives each year a catalogue from one of the old-line mail-order houses. If you have never seen one, you cannot possibly visualize it from a description.

It is like a telephone directory for a city of the first class. It comes free. It is an invitation to window-shopping. There on the "craftsman" table in the living-room it invites a casual turning of its thousand pages.

You cannot fancy anything not to be found in it, excepting such perishables as fresh food or cut flowers. A speed-lathe for wood-working; a system for measuring men for ready-to-wear clothes; a special farm cyclopædia; sweaters for ladies of large figures; water systems and lace curtains; furniture and family medicines; flour, perfumery, and calf muzzles —all standardized, made by the quantity and all alike, the stream of them into Edgar County is unceasing.

A new method of selling by mail has arisen in late years. All mail-order establishments permit instalment buying. For the oldest of such houses the farmer has only to give the metes and bounds of his land, the town-dweller to give a letter of scant recommendation from his bank, to open an account. The new movement lifts instalment paying into a system.

Suppose that the county papers announce the appointment of a new teacher for a rural school. Her pay may be $90 a month for ten months. Soon a letter comes from one of these companies proposing what is set forth as "budget purchasing."

The teacher is to make up a sizable list of articles she would like to have—a coat with fur trimming, a toilet set for a dressing-table, an outfit of shoes and hosiery, the whole to cost possibly $300. These she can have at once, to use while she pays for them, if she herself will but fix the amount she can pay in monthly instalments and agree so to pay.

The volume of business must be large. More than 500 money-orders are issued for such budget purchases, it is believed, every month from the Paris post-office alone.

All in all, not counting bulk commodities such as coal and building-materials, a full third of all the retail trade of Edgar County is transacted through mail-order firms at a distance.

What kind of a home is the result? I hesitate to say for fear of creating an altogether misleading impression.

These are true homes of true Americans. They have the air of being comfortably lived in. They invite one, as does the shade of a thick maple in summer.

I have thought now and again how the typical city flat-dweller would smile over one of these midwest country homes. In his vocabulary small town and farm people are "hicks" and "rubes." In the county they wash outside the kitchen at a pump. They know when a telephone call is for them by the number of rings. They keep old-fashioned parlors. They have "jay" calendars on the walls and do without refrigerators.

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Yet their homes give an impression of stability and permanence that typical flats in typical cities almost never have.

They have this effect of refuge as composites. List their furnishings one by one and you will wonder how it is they have it. The custom is to wash the dishes and let them stand on the kitchen-table; to put writing-materials in the sideboard and not to have a desk; to make a vivid machine-rug and a huge rocking-chair the high points of decoration in the best room; to put vases holding bunches of dyed immortelles on the upright piano.

Why so many do without conveniences they might so readily have is a baffling puzzle. A dollar's worth of hardware, some of the lumber out in the barn, and a rainy afternoon of amateur carpentry would give any tenant farm-wife a cupboard; but not half of them have such treasures. Throughout the Middle West undertakers tell of house after house among tenant-farmers where the children sleep on a mattress made up on the floor.

Stoves must make what heat is to be had in cold weather, and since coal is high and must be hauled in farm-wagons, it is sparingly used. Cream is poured into the jars for butter-making as soon as it is separated. Produce of all kinds goes to market without delay and without fair reservations for family use; so that many a farm in Edgar County and all neighboring communities sells its vegetables only to buy huge quantities of canned goods for the hired help at harvest.

Exterior decoration has made headway in recent years, perhaps because of automobile touring. The spaces set apart for lawns have increased in size and shrubs have been set out. Ramblers are the most frequent of vines. They are the pride of the older women; the girls turn to substituting planting about the house foundation for the old circular flower-bed in the middle of the front lawn like a horticultural pie. The space between the barn and the rear gate has not so far been invaded by change: it is still a muddy mass in wet weather and an expanse of naked, black ugliness in all weather.

A constant cry goes up hereabouts over the taxes, as everywhere in the world. The total paid by the people of the county for all purposes is set at $1,367,000 for 1926. This approximates a tenth of the money income.

Interest on loans of all kinds exacts another tenth, $1,030,423, though the payments to banks and mortgage companies seem not more than $827,000.

It will be observed that these two items together scarcely exceed the outlay for automobiling and that a considerable share of the loans made by the banks must be for the purchase of cars.

One can smile every now and then in the findings of such a study, thus:

All the benevolences reported, including the support of the churches, the Boy Scouts, and the County Homes, do not pass $110,000, which is less than 1 per cent of the chief items of income.

Twelve newspapers were operated in the county last year for $162,000.

Enough of the wealth of the county is productively invested outside to produce an estimated addition to the yearly income of $411,000.

Undertaking costs $100,000 for such a population each year; the upkeep of cemeteries $8,127.

On theatres of all kinds, at home, the county spent $70,000.

One household in four in a representative county-seat uses canned milk instead of fresh.

Well above half the total cost of insurance is repaid to the county each year in claims.

More money was spent on cigars, confectionery, and ice-cream than upon local and long-distance telephoning plus the telegraph.

Each dollar paid into such a community moves in and out the local banks several times, apparently, before it goes away to stay. Wherefore an annual income of less than $15,000,000 becomes more than $66,000,000 in bank clearings.

Of what the people of the area are thinking, and how they are changing their social customs, the study did not treat. It dealt with money income, and the findings which it produces for our more serious thought, it seems to me, are these:

That in a rich countryside all financial operations are now subject to riding in automobiles; that instalment buying by

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mail is routing direct buying over the counter; that taxes and interest on loans have become lesser items of expense; that at least for the year 1926 money is not being saved; that a relatively small amount of financial planning and reorganization would greatly increase the comfort of these households.

The disclosures are mainly the evidences of a transition out of one age into another, from life at a low gear to life at a very much higher gear. It is reassuring to consider that every social transition produces confusion and lifts up apparently unsolvable problems. We can feel we are on our way to the solution when we see the new problem as it really is.

I look across the winter landscape of Edgar County as I write and reflect how these midwesterners are like unto other Americans in other agricultural areas. In every prosperous American countryside perhaps is the counterpart of the financial overturning we have come upon here. Like you that read, I have confidence these people will work out a sound and wholesome adaptation to their new conditions.

The Inheritors

BY RICHARD V. LINDABURY

THE hill that shelters Chester
  Lifts cornfields to the sun,
Where men go out to harvest
  When day has new begun,
And hear across at Peapack
  The merry morning sounds
Where men ride redcoat down the hill
  Behind the baying hounds.

From Peapack and from Chester
  The eastward view is far
To where, behind the Mendham hills,
  The bright sunrises are,
And black against the red sky,
  On foul days or fair,
The white spire of Mendham
  Calls good folk to prayer.

To-day's men at Chester
  Will sleep full sound
When sons of their getting
  Sow grain above ground;
And proud men at Peapack
  Will wind the bright horn
That now calls their sires up,
  And they not born.

And he is not born yet
  Whose father to-day
Has left quiet Mendham
  For quieter clay,
Covered by good folk
  With turf unblessed,
Alone, till his grown son
  Wishes rest.

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Fishing for Mrs. Ripley

BY MARIE R. CALDWELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE MCNERNEY

AUNT FLORA folded her hands across her stomach. When she does that I know she's going to be disagreeable.

"Edith," said she, "how long have you been married?"

"Five years this last June," I answered readily. The fact was impressed upon my mind because, by a miracle all his own, Fred had remembered to send me some lovely yellow roses.

"The first fifty years are the hardest," put in Fred. He says he always feels feeble-minded when Aunt Flora is about.

She ignored him. "Five years!" She repeated it as if I had said a hundred. "Now tell me, Edith, have you in all that time ever taken a vacation from Fred?"

"Certainly I haven't, Aunt Flora. Why should I?" Of course I ought to have known better. Aunt Flora would never miss an opening like that.

"My dear Edith, surely you cannot realize the seriousness of the situation. Here you are, a young—fairly young!—couple living for five years in the closest intimacy possible. Never for a moment have your own personalities, your own individual selves, had freedom to expand, to develop as they were meant to develop, unhampered by constant stifling contact with one another. Once a year at least it is the duty of every husband and wife to spend a few weeks alone, strictly alone. Thus the precious reservoirs of your innermost being may be renewed, and you come back refreshed alike in body and in mind."

I looked at Fred. Not that he'd be any help, even though Aunt Flora is his father's only brother's only wife.

"But we like to spend our vacations together," I argued feebly. "I don't have a bit good time by myself——"

"Have you ever tried it?"

"N-not exactly——"

Aunt Flora nodded. "I thought you hadn't. What brought it to my mind particularly was an article in *The Woman's Battlecry*. The point is made most forcibly, and I decided to speak at once so you'd have plenty of time to make your arrangements."

Now if you think that we ought to have been able to stand out against her, you've never known Aunt Flora. Not having any family of her own, she early adopted Fred and me, and her interests are our interests. They have to be. After all, she's awfully good to us in her way. The fact that she has all the money in the world nearly may influence us a little, although I don't think we are more mercenary than any one else. Anyhow, if Aunt Flora had made up her mind that Fred and I were to take separate vacations, they were as good as taken already.

When I came to consider it, the idea didn't seem half bad. I decided to spend my month at a rather fashionable hotel on the North Shore. Mother and I always used to go there before I was married, but Fred had never liked it much. It's too dressy for him. His idea of a vacation outfit consists of one flannel shirt, one pair of patched khaki trousers, and the smelliest old pipe he owns. But I had some good-looking clothes, and it did seem nice to think I was going to wear them where they'd really be appreciated.

Fred, of course, was going fishing. It wasn't the best time of year, naturally, but he simply couldn't get away any earlier. He'd picked out some particularly woolly place up on the Canadian border, and for weeks beforehand he dashed around yelling something like "Edith, what's become of that book of flies I had—the special one that Andy Harris sent me from New York? I do

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think you might tell that lumbering Swede to let my things alone." Of course poor Helga was never allowed even to look into the closet where he kept his fishing-tackle, and equally of course I found the flies exactly where he had put them himself. But I didn't mind, and when we parted at the station that morning in late summer, I was quite excited about it all.

The hotel hadn't changed a particle, and when I came down the next morning feeling rather queer without Fred, the very first person I saw was Alice Lake, and right behind her, looking more handsome and distinguished than ever, Rodney Vail.

"Why, Edith Ripley!" Alice rushed forward and kissed me on both cheeks. She went abroad one summer, and ever since then she's been full of those little foreign mannerisms. "Fancy meeting you here! Are you going to stay long, and where is Fred?"

"Fred has gone North for a month's fishing," I told her. I thought it just as well to let her know at once that there wasn't going to be any chance to try those foreign mannerisms on Fred.

"Alone?" cried Alice. "And he always used to be so devoted! I do hope, my dear, that nothing has happened." Wasn't that exactly like Alice?

"Certainly not," I answered stiffly. "Fred and I believe that once a year at least it is the duty of every husband and wife to spend a few weeks alone. Thus the reservoirs of their innermost being are renewed, and they come back refreshed alike in body and mind." I hadn't read that article of Aunt Flora's for nothing.

Alice stared, her mouth slightly ajar.

Then Rodney Vail came up to bend over my hand in that delightful way he has.

"My dear Edith, how charming to see you again—and more beautiful than ever!"

After that we settled down to the usual round. Alice and I had never been particularly intimate in the old days, especially as I snatched Fred right out from under her nose, so to speak. Now she stuck to me like the scales to a fish. When I found out that Rodney's wife had died two years before, I knew what was up. Alice was going to be Mrs. Vail Number 2, if moving heaven and earth—and Rodney—could accomplish it. I was perfectly willing to give her a clear field, but when Rodney showed so plainly that he really preferred my society, what was I to do? Naturally it made Alice furious, and one morning she cut me dead on the veranda.

Now I don't want you to think that I am one of those movie wives who is never happy unless some man—preferably another woman's husband—is making love to her. Of course at the Country Club dances and so on I play around a bit just as every one does. What I'm getting at is that I couldn't see any reason why Rodney shouldn't amuse me, especially as we were such old friends. Alice, the little cat, would probably be nasty about it, but I knew what ailed her all right and, as Rodney said, it simply wasn't worth bothering about.

Three weeks went by before I realized it. I'd never been away from Fred so long before, and one night, all of a sudden, I began to miss him frightfully. Aunt Flora had insisted we were not to communicate with each other in any way while we were gone. When she pointed out that she would be in touch with both of us and would let me know at once if anything happened, I gave in. But I had stood it as long as I could, and right in the middle of some poetry Rodney was reciting I broke out with:

"Rodney, I'm going to call up Fred."

By this time he knew all about our agreement and he said a little peevishly:

"But I thought you weren't supposed to do anything of the sort."

"I'm not," I told him, getting up; "but I'm going to do it just the same. I've simply got to know this minute if he's all right."

Rodney went in with me, and after an age I got the camp on the wire.

"Hello," said I, really quite thrilled at the thought of hearing Fred's voice again. He has such a nice voice, and even if I have been married five years, I am still fond of my husband. "Hello. Is Mr. Ripley there?"

"Who?" said a languid person at the other end.

"Mr. Ripley. Mr. Fred Ripley."

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"Mr. Ruggles?" inquired the idiot. "There ain't no such person here."

"Ripley!" I shouted, almost climbing into the transmitter. "Mr. Fred Ripley! R–I–P–L–E–Y!"

"Oh." There was a brief pause and

"Thus the precious reservoirs of your innermost being may be renewed, and you come back refreshed alike in body and in mind."—Page 481.

apparently a consultation with some one else. "Mr. Ripley ain't here now," the person condescended to inform me at last. "He's gone on to Number 3 Camp. Mrs. Ripley's gone, too. Both of 'em's gone."

I clutched the receiver. "W—what did you say?"

"Mr. Ripley's gone to Number 3 Camp," chanted the voice.

"Yes, I heard all that," I broke in feverishly; "but who did you say went with him?"

"Mrs. Ripley." The words were perfectly plain. There was not the slightest possibility of a mistake. "She come a few days ago and they've gone to Number 3 Camp. Who shall I say called?"

The receiver fell. Rodney hurried up and took both my hands in his.

"My dear girl, what is it?"

"Fred—" I began confusedly.

"Yes, Edith. What's the matter? Is he ill?"

I repeated it like a parrot. "No, not ill. He isn't ill. He's gone to Number 3 Camp with a woman—a strange woman—and they call her 'Mrs. Ripley.'"

Rodney's face changed queerly. His voice was full of shocked protest.

"My dear Edith, I never would have believed it!"

I stared at him. Suddenly I knew what he meant.

"Oh, Rodney, you don't think——"

He patted my hands tenderly. "How terrible for you! That Fred, of all people, could so forget himself——"

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"But Fred isn't like that." I looked at him imploringly. "He wouldn't do such a thing—he couldn't! He'd know I'd be sure to find it out." That was something of an anticlimax, but I didn't realize it then.

Rodney looked very stern. "You said the camp was very—er—secluded, I think. Has Fred ever been there before? Do they know him at all—or you?"

"N-no——"

"Then any one he introduced as 'Mrs. Ripley' would unquestionably be received as such?"

"Y-yes——"

"And you were not to communicate with him at all while he was away?"

"N-no——"

"Well, then!" Rodney did not seem to think that there was anything more to be said.

The foundations of my married life were crumbling beneath me. There must be some mistake. Some hideous mistake! But Rodney was so sure—men understood each other——

Somehow I stumbled out of the hotel and down to the beach, Rodney full of tender solicitude beside me. I don't know how it happened, but presently I found that I was crying all over his immaculate dinner-coat, and that his arms were holding me very close. I was about to back away hurriedly when Alice and one of her cronies sauntered around the curve in the path. Wouldn't you know she'd have to happen along like that?

"Dear me!" she said, and stopped short. "I'm afraid we're intruding." So they turned solemnly around and went back the way they had come.

Isn't it funny that when you're looking for something, you pretty nearly always find it—especially if it's scandal?

I didn't much care then what Alice was thinking. My whole mind was full of Fred and the wicked, wicked thing he had done to me. Here I was spending my vacation quietly and decently at the hotel, hardly able to wait for the days to pass until I could be with him again, and there he was, tucked away in a lonely camp with a brazen hussy he had picked up Heaven knows where. It was unspeakable.

Rodney first suggested a plan of action. "I hardly need tell you, Edith, how shocked and grieved I am over this whole affair. I don't know what you have in mind, but I understand very well that a spirited woman like you is not going to sit down calmly under such a distressing situation. I want you to know that I am entirely at your service. If you wish to confront your husband with his paramour, to publicly cast him off, I am only too ready to assist you in any way."

Somehow I didn't have the least desire to cast Fred off publicly. I didn't have the desire to do anything but crawl home and hide myself away. Rodney soon made me see that such a proceeding was out of the question. As he had said, I was a woman of spirit. He pointed out that by starting early in the morning we could stop overnight at Ainsley and make the camp easily next day. I agreed at last, for underneath it all I had a mad desire to see Fred again, face to face. It must be a mistake—a ghastly mistake!

It was so early when they brought the car around next morning that I did not expect to meet any one at all as I came through the lobby. But there was Alice sauntering up from the beach.

"You're not leaving, dear?" she asked cooingly.

I hate women who coo.

"Yes," said I shortly.

"We shall miss you frightfully." She turned to Rodney. Then she caught sight of our bags piled high in his car, and her eyes nearly popped out of her head. "How—er—nice! Of course Rodney is going with you——"

She meant mischief all right, but I had no time to waste on a jealous woman. We drove away, leaving her to stare after us as long as she liked.

We reached Ainsley for dinner that night, and I was all for going on right away, but Rodney seemed to think the road into camp would be impossible by night. He was kind and thoughtful all along, but somehow he began to irritate me a little. He did not seem at all surprised that Fred should have turned out the way he had. To hear Rodney talk, you'd think I ought to have expected it all along.

So we weren't having a whole lot to say to each other next morning as we drove

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"No!" said I bitterly. . . . "No! I was catching a fish. I *always* catch them this way."—Page 487.

over the last miles of that intolerable road into camp. We pulled up in front of the main cabin, where a freckle-faced youth was whittling industriously on the steps.

"We want to see Mr. Ripley." I could hardly wait to get the words out of my mouth. "It's—very important. Has he come in yet?"

The youth looked up. "Naw."

I swallowed hard. "Is—is Mrs. Ripley here, then?"

"Naw, she ain't. They've both gone in to Number 3 Camp."

I felt as if I should scream my head off if any one said that again. My last hope was vanishing.

"We know Mr. Ripley very well," put in Rodney smoothly behind me, "but we're not so well acquainted with Mrs. Ripley. She's rather short and dark, isn't she?" He glanced significantly at my own tawny mop, which Fred had always called the loveliest hair in the world.

The youth yawned. "Naw, she ain't dark. She's one of them big blondes, sort o' good-lookin'." He grinned suddenly. "Got lots of grit, too. She caught a fish-hook in her leg first day she was here and never yelled a mite when Mr. Ripley cut it out with a jack-knife."

That made it worse than ever. I gritted my teeth.

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"When will they be back?"

"They ain't comin' back."

Rodney must have seen that I was getting to the limit of my endurance.

"Let me talk to him, Edith. Look here, my lad," he went on sternly. "It is extremely important that we see Mr. Ripley at once. What do you mean by saying that they're not coming back?"

"'Cause they ain't," the youth condescended to explain. "They said they was goin' to try the fishin' at Number 3 Camp, and then keep right on goin' out to Pecker's Point. Mrs. Ripley sent her car round that way to meet 'em and they ain't comin' back here at all." He wound up as if it were a personal triumph.

Suddenly I hated them all. The youth —and Rodney—and Alice—and Fred— Yes, of course, Fred! A bright idea struck me.

"How long were they going to stay at the camp?"

"I dunno. A few days maybe."

"Then if we went on right away, we might catch them there?"

"I dunno."

But I had found out what I wanted. "Get us a guide," I ordered sharply. "We'll go in to Number 3 Camp at once."

"Just a minute, Edith." Rodney frowned. "How far is it?"

"'Bout ten miles." The youth returned to his whittling with renewed zest. "Part o' the way's by water and the rest you walk."

For the first time Rodney showed a disinclination to press on.

"Don't you think, Edith, we'd better drive around to Pecker's Point, wherever that is, and wait until they come out?"

I flashed him one look. "You can do what you want to. I'm going in to Number 3 Camp."

We started off in less than an hour after arranging to have Rodney's car sent around to Pecker's Point to pick us up again. Of course we hadn't either of us the proper clothes for this sort of thing —that North Shore hotel isn't exactly a camp—but I had managed a knitted sports frock and tennis-shoes, while Rodney nearly paralyzed the guide with golf stockings that fairly shrieked. As long as we could stick to water it wasn't bad. I like a canoe, myself, but Rodney was so palpably nervous that he gave me the fidgets too. He acted as if he expected to drown any minute, and that didn't make him particularly merry.

When we left the canoe and turned into the trail for the last lap I'd have been all right if I'd had decent clothes. Fred has dragged me through worse many a time. That wretched knitted thing of mine caught on every bush, and the mud soon soaked through my tennis-shoes. I set my teeth and trailed along behind the guide, watching his legs go up and down, up and down, so regularly it almost made me dizzy. I was determined they wouldn't get a word out of me. There were plenty out of Rodney.

Where the man could have been all his life I haven't the faintest notion, but apparently he was born on a concrete sidewalk and had never been off it since. He seemed to have as many feet as a waterbug, and he tripped over all of them one after another. Finally I got so I felt like telling him to watch out every time I saw a pine-needle lying in the trail. He had given his coat to the guide, who was already carrying everything except the kitchen sink, but in half an hour he was perspiring like a leaky hose, and every five minutes he'd have to stop and puff and tell the guide not to go so fast.

Pretty soon he wasn't even being polite to me. Once, when I stopped a little suddenly to tie my shoe, he fell over me into a mud-hole. I had to tie my shoe, didn't I? and, anyway, he'd no business to be so close behind me. I asked him if he expected me to hold out my hand like a traffic-cop every time I wanted to sneeze, and he said no, but if I *had* to play leapfrog, would I kindly pick on the guide next time and leave him alone. Then, of course, I wouldn't even speak to him until the final tragedy occurred in that wretched trip which I shall never forget as long as I live.

We stopped beside a nice little trout-stream for luncheon and I thought it would be a good idea, tired as I was, to help the guide catch a fish or two and incidentally show Rodney that I knew which end of the rod the fly went on—which was more than he did. So I took the light rod the guide gave me and scrambled around a bit until I found a lovely,

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deep pool just below a stretch of rapid water. It was a perfectly sporting place to fish, and as I let my fly drop into the pool I kept one eye cocked for Rodney, somewhere behind me, to be sure he didn't miss any of it. A trout struck, a good one, too, by the feel of him, and in my eagerness to play him in my best professional manner I stepped on a slippery rock. It was those miserable tennis-shoes, of course! For an instant I balanced, clawing helplessly at the empty air, then with a despairing yelp I plumped into the pool below me. There was an agonized flop, and when I finally emerged from under water, gasping for breath and mad enough to swear, close to my drenched bosom I clutched that wretched, flapping trout.

Don't ask me how I did it. I don't know.

Rodney came rushing down the bank. "My dear Edith, did you fall in?"

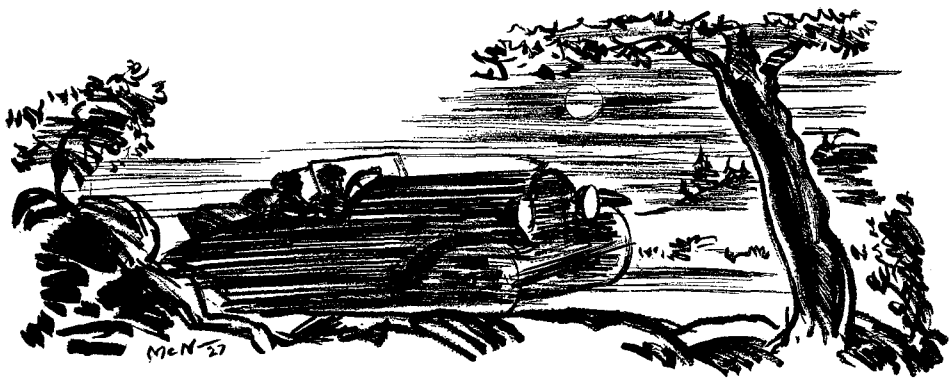
It was positively the last straw.

"No!" said I bitterly, although my teeth were chattering so I could hardly speak. "No! I was catching a fish. I *always* catch them this way." With one mighty throw I hurled the still flapping trout straight into Rodney's odious face.

No, I would not apologize. I only wish I'd had another fish!

The guide came up and pulled me out of the water. He seemed to have caught a chill, too, for his shoulders shook so he could hardly help me up the bank. After that we had to go on as fast as possible while I dried out on the way.

My teeth had almost stopped chattering when at last we reached the cabin, set very prettily on the shores of a small lake. I wasn't in any mood for scenic beauties. I wanted Fred—Fred who would never have let me fall into a trout-pool in the first place! I wanted to throw my arms around his neck and tell him I didn't care if he took a dozen blondes to camp with him if he'd only take me, too.



The car was there all right and we had nothing to do but change our clothes and drive back to the hotel at Ainsley as fast as we could. Even at that, it was long after midnight before we arrived.—Page 488.

The guide went up to the cabin. I waited, hardly daring to breathe, longing, yet fearing, to hear what I was waiting to hear—Fred's deep, familiar tones again and perhaps the answering ripple of a hateful, feminine voice. The guide came out again.

"They ain't here. Pete says they went out to Pecker's Point two days ago." He indicated with a jerk of his thumb a much-bearded individual lounging in the cabin doorway.

I felt that I could not bear any more. Dripping, miserable, utterly hopeless, I cast myself upon the ground and wept.

Presently Rodney got up stiffly and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Edith——"

I sat up and glared. "Don't you dare touch me, Rodney Vail! It's all your fault. If it hadn't been for you putting these terrible ideas into my head, leading me on to suspect my husband, my only husband, who never had a mean thought

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in his life"—I choked despairingly—"we'd never have come, we'd never have even started at all." Perhaps that was stretching it, but hadn't I gone through enough to be a little unreasonable if I wanted to?

Evidently Rodney didn't think so, because he said with that pained expression of his which makes me want to hit him:

"It hardly seems necessary to remind you, Edith, that I'm only following out your own suggestions and at a great personal sacrifice to myself."

How the late Mrs. Rodney Vail ever lasted as long as she did is beyond me.

I do not think I need go into the details of our journey on to Pecker's Point. We started as soon as Rodney and I could stagger, and fortunately it wasn't far. The car was there all right and we had nothing to do but change our clothes and drive back to the hotel at Ainsley as fast as we could. Even at that, it was long after midnight before we arrived. I struggled up to my room, too exhausted to care what happened to me after this.

It was nearly noon before I descended to the veranda again in search of Rodney. Not that I wanted to see him in the least, but we had to decide what to do next. I rounded the corner and stopped dead. Some one rose from a chair.

It was Fred.

"So you're here, are you?" said Fred, in a tone I had never heard from him before.

For a moment I was stunned. Then I ran toward him, forgetting everything but that at last I had found my husband.

"Fred, darling!"

He stepped back against the rail. "Don't think you can deceive me again, Edith," he went on in that terrible voice of his. "I may have been a fool once——"

This was getting a bit thick.

"Will you kindly tell me what you are talking about?" I asked in my most freezing manner.

He shook his head. "It's no use pretending. Alice Lake told me the whole thing. I would never have believed what she told me if——"

"*What* did she tell you?" I fairly shrieked at him.

"That you and Rodney Vail had gone away together after making yourselves the talk of the hotel. Alice didn't want to tell me this, you understand, Edith, but I forced it from her. I had to know——"

So that was it. I knew well enough that wretched female had meant trouble. I wasted no time in vain recriminations. As every woman knows, the thing to do when your husband thinks he has something on you is to get something on him, and get it first. Now if I didn't have something on Fred, what did I have?

"Fred Ripley," I warned him, "I will not hear another word. Don't you dare speak to me like that! Do you think I would lower myself to answer such accusations from you—you of all people! You and your Mrs. Ripley!"

It was Fred's turn to look stunned.

"*My* Mrs. Ripley?"

"Yes," said I, rising nobly to the occasion. "*Your* Mrs. Ripley, the blonde Mrs. Ripley you took with you to that fishing-camp, hiding yourselves away together, never thinking that I, your innocent wife, would discover your secret. But I did discover it and I warn you——"

"Oh, here you are, Edith." Rodney came hurrying up behind me.

If I hadn't been so mad, I'd have laughed. He looked so funny when he saw Fred. When Fred saw him, I knew this wasn't any time for laughing. Somehow I managed to hurl myself between them and to hang on for dear life. Rodney showed unmistakable signs of wanting to go somewhere else, and both Fred and I were determined he shouldn't—for entirely different reasons.

What would have happened next I'm sure I don't know, but all at once a bell-boy popped out of the sun-parlor. He came right up to Fred.

"Mrs. Ripley's looking for you, sir."

I drew a long breath. If Fred thought he could brazen it out now— The door of the sun-parlor opened and out on the veranda walked a tall, blonde woman.

"Oh, here you are, Fred," says she and headed straight for us.

Behind me Rodney uttered a shocked exclamation.

"My dear Edith, if your—your husband has no regard for you, I must protect you, myself. Leave it entirely to me." Before either Fred or I could stop him he had gone straight up to the blonde

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woman. You've got to hand it to Rodney. He has the courage of his convictions—sometimes.

"Madam," said he, "you will understand, I am sure, that I cannot allow you to approach Mrs. Ripley—the real Mrs. Ripley. If you have anything to say, I shall try to listen, but, I repeat, I shall not allow you to annoy Mrs. Ripley in any way."

As if shot out of the same gun, Fred and I hurled ourselves upon him.

"Stop, Rodney!" I cried hysterically. "Stop, for Heaven's sake! It's Aunt Flora!"

Aunt Flora recovered herself first. You've got to get up early to disturb Aunt Flora.

"Will you kindly tell me, Fred"—she eyed Rodney through her lorgnette as if he had been a too long dead fish—"if this—this person means to be insulting or are his remarks merely in the way of pleasant conversation?"

None of us were in any fit condition to answer, so Aunt Flora went on majestically:

"As for you, Edith, if you felt obliged to elope, it does seem to me that you might have chosen a little more—tastefully." Again she eyed Rodney. "And, moreover, you might have had the decency to go as far away as possible."

I didn't care what she said now. "Wait!" I shrieked madly. "I'll explain everything in a minute, but, Aunt Flora, where have you been—were you at the fishing-camp with Fred?"

"I was, if it's of any interest to you."

"You see?" I almost shouted into Rodney's ears. "You see? She's Mrs. Ripley. She's Mrs. Ripley, too!"

"Uncle Henry certainly led me to believe so," put in Aunt Flora sharply, but I paid no attention.

Before Fred could prevent me I had thrown myself upon him, and was babbling incoherently down his coat-collar. For an instant he stood rigid, then his arms tightened around me in a strangle-hold, and whatever happened now, I knew I had my husband back again.

Well, we got it straightened out at last—in spite of Alice Lake. Aunt Flora had come up to see how Fred was getting along and had promptly fallen in love with the place—camp, fishing, and all. Nothing like that had ever happened to her when Uncle Henry was alive. Nothing would do but that they must try out Number 3 Camp, which was supposed to be extra special, and then it was her bright idea that they drive back to the North Shore hotel together and give me a little surprise. They did, all right, but not exactly the way planned.

When they got to the hotel, Rodney and I were gone, but Alice was right there ready to be the little helpful sunbeam. All she really knew was that we had gone to Ainsley, so Fred had chased frantically after us, dragging Aunt Flora behind him. The results, as you have seen, gave us all plenty of excitement.

"But I should think you would have *known*," said Aunt Flora for the hundredth time when we were home at last in that adorable little house I had never expected to see again. "Especially when that boy—impertinent little wretch!—said that this Mrs. Ripley was a big blonde. I should think you'd have *known*, Edith."

It was on the tip of my tongue to exclaim: "But he said she was good-looking, too—" Fortunately, I restrained myself in time.

"If it hadn't been for that fool Rodney—" began Fred loyally. By this time Rodney was about as popular around our place as a cutworm in a geranium bed.

Aunt Flora glared. I don't think she ever understood exactly what he said to her in the first fatal moment of their meeting, but if you want to hear fireworks, just mention Rodney Vail to her and stand by.

"I'll tell you one thing," continued Fred firmly, drawing me over to him. "There aren't going to be any more separate vacations in this house. Once is enough—with a lot left over."

"Never any more," I chanted, burrowing closer into his shoulder. "From now on, the motto of this family shall be 'United we stand, divided we——'"

"Fall into trout-pools," put in Fred with a wicked grin, and I chalked up one more mark on the long score against Rodney Vail.

Men never can keep anything to themselves.

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College Men in the Big Leagues

COLLEGIANS, LURED BY SALARIES, HELP MAKE A BUSINESS OF THE NATIONAL GAME

BY FRANCIS WALLACE
Sports Department, New York *Evening Post*

A SIGNAL-GUN boomed in St. Louis on a rainy afternoon last September and set the town to rioting. Cowbells and klaxons blasted endlessly for tramping masqueraders who celebrated the winning of the first modern baseball pennant for the city. When the Cardinals came home a few days later, mother left her stove, father shut down business, and children straddled the hoods of broken-down motor-cars while the heroes rode through confetti lane.

The Yankees also won a pennant. One thin line wrinkled the bland face of the metropolis. There was some agitation about ticket-scalping; but otherwise New York applauded the hero, scorned the villain, and chuckled with the comedian, regardless of the uniform he wore.

The contrast runs through baseball, once a sport but now a department of the theatrical business. St. Louis was the last frontier. The romantic soul of the national game expired during that aimless dancing. The pioneer artist, colorful but impractical, made the inevitable resignation to the college man, the "page-turner" whom he once despised, hazed, and isolated.

When the present season began, there were 107 men, representing 79 colleges, in the major leagues. They held one-third of the regular positions and included many of the brightest stars. More than half of the raw material is now culled from the campus, and the minor leagues are well populated with collegians who are in training for major-league jobs. Within five years the collegians will have a clear majority in the big leagues; and their numbers will increase; baseball is a new and lucrative profession.

Although the theory of the game itself has been constant, the influx of college men has caused radical changes in the atmosphere, background, and personnel of baseball. Lured by the rich rewards in the game, they have remained to elevate it to a profession with standards of respectability which compare favorably with the more conservative professions and contrast strongly with the Bowery period in the history of the sport. In the words of Connie Mack, veteran manager of the Athletics, the collegian has taken the play away from the roughneck and the fighter. Moreover, he has dominated the game until the sand-lot product is emulating the collegian in dress and habits and, as far as possible, in education.

"In the old days," Mack says, "it was easy to distinguish the collegian; now it is impossible. Every man is trying to improve his position."

Colonel Jacob Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, explains the gold-rush to the diamond.

"In what other profession can a college man earn $6,000 or more in his first year and $100,000 in ten years if he becomes a regular? He is still a young man when he is through with the game and has capital enough to step into his more serious work."

George Davis, now with Reading in the International League, but the property of the Yankees, is applying the current idea most strongly. He graduated from New York University in 1926, joined the Yankees, and was married—all in his twenty-first year. He plays ball from March to October, and from October to March practises his profession of accounting in New York City and studies law at N. Y. U.

"I will get my law degree in six years

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and believe it will be an ideal battery mate for accounting. I love baseball and will play it as long as it is profitable; whenever I am ready to quit I will have my law practice built up."

Baseball is a profession for college athletes, but a secondary profession which they use to help them on their way to their serious work. The non-college men have copied the idea until almost all of the baseball class doubles during the winter in some other occupation which they are building for the day when they will no longer command a major-league salary. They utilize the cash and capitalize the fame of the national game and are generally shrewd, sensible young fellows intent upon getting somewhere in a hurry and with little time for the foibles and dissipations of those earlier heroes who regarded the summer as one grand lark and the winter as a period of basking in hero-worship.

Your ancient baseball man looked upon a big-league scout as a divine messenger and thankfully accepted whatever salary was offered for the privilege of enjoying himself. He travelled cheaply from town to town, rode to the ball parks in buses drawn by horses decked with gaudy blankets, dodged cabbages, and returned epithets hurled by irate fans, was something of a Don Juan, drank beer, played poker, spiced his life with suitable tales and practical jokes, and generally conducted himself as a stout man should. His winters were apt to be idle; if he worked at all, it was as a hotel clerk, bartender, or some such public office where he was assured of an audience of satellites.

"When you approach a man now," said Paul Kritchell, head scout of the Yankees, "he wants to know how much bonus you will pay for signing, and is apt to hold you off while he considers other offers. We used to go on the sand-lots and pick up ready-made players as bargains; now we have to pay for the privilege of training them. They don't have business courses in the colleges for nothing."

The modern player spends six weeks in Florida, California, Texas, or Louisiana as the guest of the club, is conducted to and from his hotels by a solicitous travelling secretary, rides taxicabs, special trains, and motor-buses, and, if he is a regular, is never asked to ride an upper berth. During the last world series the writer made three trips between New York and St. Louis on special trains equipped with barbers, stenographers, and maids for the wives of the players.

The contemporary baseball-player has his motor-car, plays golf and bridge, wears correct clothes, and generally looks more prosperous and debonair than the average millionaire. He is usually married and unusually faithful to his marriage vows, although he will flirt to pass an idle hour. He practises the social graces, observes the proprieties, and is seldom aggressive or rude with women. Having other interests, he does not play the game off the field as his predecessor did, but is apt to forget it unless it threatens his personal fortunes. He is not bookish; but on any major-league baseball club you will find some man capable of discussing your hobby or business.

On the field the old-time player gave of himself without reserve. The rewards were not great and he played the game because he enjoyed it. He was out to win at any cost and gave no quarter. He abused the umpire vocally and physically, walked upon his feet with spiked shoes, or spat tobacco juice upon him. He would cut down a baseman without apology, trip a fielder, laugh at a broken finger of an opponent, fight a teammate in the club-house for losing a game, haze the rookies, isolate a young fellow who might take his job, and abuse a weakling until he quit the club. But after the game he forgot his animosities, bought a drink for the man he had spiked, and kept an eye open the next afternoon for reprisals.

The modern player, although he usually likes the game, plays it primarily as a business, and conserves his strength to prolong his earning power. He sees no use in getting excited enough to injure an opponent, and he evades feuds which might shorten his career or worry him into the discard. He wants to be a friend to his fellows, including the umpire, whose power has increased tremendously since those barbaric days when his very life was in danger.

So we have the era of the athlete who greets his friends on the opposing club

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and apologizes for bumping them on the base-lines—the hand-shaker so abhorred by John McGraw, who declares that the player of to-day is too friendly and too wealthy to give his best to his club. To such criticism the hand-shaker listens abstractly with his tongue in his cheek and then goes about his—business. He is not a physical coward. He can fight and swear or cut a man down as in the old days, but he reserves these spasms until good business requires them. This is why a world-series contest is so much more interesting than the humdrum games of the regular season. The players give all of themselves on every action. Money drips from every pitched ball; for real money your modern will hustle and fight.

In the previous era the crowd took a more intimate part in the pastime. Stands were smaller, the character of players welcomed intimacy, and the savage type of game stirred the fans as it did the men on the field. There was considerable civic jealousy, and this was vented upon the club which represented the other city and upon the umpire when he did not favor the home team. The spectator had as much personal interest in a major-league baseball game as the undergraduate of a college now has in his football eleven. Consequently Mr. Fan suffered, shouted, swore, and wanted to kill the umpire. His baseball was as important as his religion, lodge, and job, because it bit so deeply. That spirit still lives in the smaller minor leagues but disappears as the towns grow larger. In the major leagues the rabid rooters are frankly regarded as "nuts."

To the average big-league spectator baseball is now a species of the theatre, and the player is as remote and impersonal as the actor on Broadway. The chief difference is that the stage play is "framed." Roxie Hart is acquitted eight times each week in "Chicago," but you can never tell about a ball game until the last man is out. Al Jolson will give you a Mammy song at each and every appearance, but you cannot rely upon Babe Ruth hitting his homer.

The man who yells in the ball park to-day is jeering or cheering reactions, not men. These reactions are more pleasant if the home team wins, and to that extent he is a local rooter; but civic pride expressed in terms of a professional baseball-team is a joke to him. Ruth, Hornsby, or Alexander are approved or disapproved according to the rôles they play. The players know this and return the compliment. Your modern athlete has little illusion about applause. I rode recently in a taxicab with one of the brightest of the stars. He returned salutes with an enthusiasm which no doubt sent many men boasting to their offices. Luckily they could not hear his comment—particularly those feminine worshippers who haunt hotel lobbies in search of celebrated smiles.

The personal bond between player and spectator has disappeared, partly because of the sophistication of the college player, partly because the massive stadia make actors of the athletes, but principally because the sound economics of the business men, abetted by the serious young men from the campus, has developed the care-free national sport into an efficient machine which permits commercial sentiment only. The following table, checked by John McGraw, reveals the growth of baseball as a business:

YEAR	AVERAGE CROWD	AVERAGE SALARY OF RECRUIT	AVERAGE SALARY OF STAR	NUMBER OF PLAYERS	AVERAGE PAY-ROLL FOR SEASON	AVERAGE TOTAL INVESTMENT
1876	1,000	$500	$750	11	$7,500	$1,000
1903	2,500	1,200	4,000	16	30,000	20,000
1920	6,000	3,000	10,000	25	175,000	1,500,000
1927	8,000	6,500	15,000	25	250,000	4,000,000

The period from 1876, when the National League was organized, to 1903, when the first world series was played (the American League was formed in 1900), was the era of the pioneer, who probably never recovered from his amazement at being paid for playing the game he loved. There was no player value and few stands of any consequence. The year 1903 also marked the first complete season in which John McGraw managed the New York Giants. The veteran manager tells the story of the business advance during the romantic age from 1903 until 1920, when the game felt the double impetus of the bat of Babe Ruth and the reaction from the World War:

"There was little value to a franchise

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from the players, because we just picked them up, usually; but in 1908 I paid $11,000 to Indianapolis for Rube Marquard, and the era of big prices for minor-league stars was on. The next year Pittsburgh built the first of the modern stadia. In 1913 the Federal League invasion of our ranks sent our salary bills up, and these were boosted again shortly after the war, when we gave the money to the players rather than to government taxes. Then Ruth started the era of the big hitters. He brought people to baseball games who would never have come otherwise, and his influence on the sport has been tremendous."

The type of player of the first period continued until late in the second, although he had become accustomed to being paid, and took complete advantage of the situations created by the purchase of Marquard and the Federal League. Baseball was a recognized business, but a loose one, in which the good fellow was king. He still had appetites to gratify and emotions to satisfy and was now provided with plenty of money for both. The manner in which he spent created excellent copy for the sporting pages, and there was as yet little of business efficiency or restraining culture to cramp the style of individualists like Rube Waddell, Ossie Shreck, Heinie Zimmerman, Bugs Raymond, Phil Douglass, and their cousins in temperament. The growth of the game to financial importance also tempted the baseball crooks, who had their brief opportunity just before the period ended.

In 1920 Colonel Jacob Ruppert, a wealthy New Yorker who had taken up baseball as a hobby, put up $475,000 to bring Babe Ruth from Boston to New York. Of this figure, $125,000 was the purchase price and $350,000 a loan on the Red Sox park. Colonel Ruppert watched the country make a king of his slugger during 1921, when Ruth established his record of 59 home runs. Soon the King had a palace worthy of him—the triple-decked Yankee Stadium, which is baseball's most imposing monument.

In the seven years he has been with the Yankees, Ruth has been largely responsible for the doubling of salaries during that short time for all players. The testimony of McGraw is typical of the magnates. The players support Ruth in all of his salary fights. "We depend upon men like Ruth to increase our salaries all along the line," one of his team-mates told me while the big Bambino was negotiating for his three-year contract at $70,000 each season.

This, then, is the era of Ruth; and it is fitting indeed that the reigning monarch of baseball's golden age should be so frankly of the type of man who founded the game. Babe is of the old school. He plays the game because he loves it and is a true amateur at heart. He has appetites and emotions which give way to no glad spirit of diamond antiquity. But he is the last of the old school. The collegians are here. Gehrig and Waner await.

There were a few in the old days. Cap. Anson, first of the immortals, attended Notre Dame University in the seventies. He dominated the era of the pioneers as truly as Christy Mathewson did that of the age of romance. Matty of Bucknell, however, was only the precursor of the hordes who have changed the game from a sport to a business. College men who drifted into baseball before 1916, when the playing days of Big Six ended, were treated none too kindly. They were regarded as outsiders, scorned as "page-turners" whose path often led through hazing, insults, and isolation. But their numbers increased with the salary boosts, and when Ruth opened the present rich vein the rush was on.

Most of them are willing to serve apprenticeship in the minor leagues, as the property of big-league clubs, and because of this the smaller organizations also have a large college population; but few will go back to the "sticks" after they have definitely failed in the majors. Some refuse to waste even a year in a minor league. Johnny Mohardt, a baseball and football star at Notre Dame, joined the Detroit Tigers after graduation in 1922. After a short trial he was sent to the International League, but never reported. Instead, he enrolled at the medical school of Northwestern University, played semi-professional baseball and professional football while studying, and graduated in 1926. He is now serving his interneship, and plans to study abroad.

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"I figured I would be further ahead after five years than fooling around the minors; it has not been so pleasant or exciting nor so comfortable," he told me last fall, "but my real value as a surgeon will begin just about when I would have been through as a ball-player."

Moe Berg, of Princeton, Columbia, and the White Sox, is now specializing in foreign languages. Hub Pruett, of Missouri and the Phillies, studies medicine at the University of Chicago during the off season.

Impatient and ambitious young men of this type present considerably more of a problem to the manager than the old-timer, who was apt to be penniless and dependent upon the will of his manager when the season began. The task of handling this type of player, with money invested and an alternative profession beckoning, requires practical psychology rather than a whip.

"You can't satisfy them," Connie Mack states. "If you offer them $6,000, they want $7,000; and if you don't handle them carefully they threaten to quit you altogether." He credits part of this independence, however, to the war, which, in his opinion, has made all young men more daring in financial matters.

McGraw, who has been famous for his iron hand, finds the collegian an easier pupil than the sand-lotter. "You can reason with a college player better than the others, and he is more apt to grasp your ideas quickly.

"But he does not come to you with as much baseball knowledge, because he has participated in several sports at school, while the sand-lotter usually confines his efforts to baseball. It has been my experience that it is human nature for all men to stray now and then, and you have to check them with respect to their temperaments."

Rogers Hornsby, energetic young captain of the Giants, who brought St. Louis its world series last year before being traded—because he could not agree with his owner on his contract figures—is not a college man. His attitude is simple:

"I don't care where they come from or what they do—all I want them to do is to hustle out there for me."

And there you are. Most baseball men, old and young, new school and old, agree that baseball is softer, more effeminate, more luxurious, than of yore; but that it is cleaner, more creditable, and more profitable, and on the whole much more to be approved than the original model of the pioneer or the gay pastime of the romancer. The distinction between collegian and sand-lotter does not exist in practice. The campus product has the situation well in hand, but he does not repay the hazing or isolation of other days. It is just one business man to another. They give the public a square deal, get as much as they can while working, but never forget that baseball is their business. The energy which the men of '76 put into baseball, the men of '27 now throw into golf.

The public finds baseball more and more entertaining but seeks boxing and football for the contact stuff. The national game has lost its vital thrill. Students of history may find something in that.

The percentage of collegians in each of the major leagues is almost equal, as the National has 54 and the American 53. They have been furnished almost entirely by the East, South, and Middle West. In the East, 30 schools have sent up 40 players; in the South, 22 colleges have produced 31 major-leaguers; 20 schools in the Middle West have given 28 men. Eight Pacific-coast players come from 7 schools. Alabama and Holy Cross lead with 4; Columbia, Missouri, Austin College, and Ohio State have 3 each.

The Giants lead with 11 college men. The White Sox, owned by Charles Comisky, one of the pioneers of forty-five years ago, follow with 10. The Yankees have 9 and the World's Champion Cardinals, the Reds, and Indians each have 8. The Giants had 16 collegians at training-camp last spring.

The collegians on big-league rosters during the season follow:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

St. Louis Cardinals: Bill McKechnie, coach, Washington and Jefferson; Frank Frisch, Fordham; Art Reinhart, Iowa U.; Taylor Douthit, U. of California; Flint Rhem, Clemson A. and M.; Roscoe Holm, Iowa U.; Charles Littlejohn, Austin College; Victor Keen, University of Maryland.

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Cincinnati Reds: Jack Hendricks, manager, Northwestern U.; Pete Donohue, Texas Christian U.; Eppa Rixey, U. of Virginia; Art Nehf, Rose Poly.; Horace Ford, Tufts; Hugh Critz, Mississippi A. and M.; George Kelly, California Poly.; Ethan Allan, U. of Cincinnati.

Pittsburgh Pirates: Glenn Wright, Missouri; Paul Waner, East Central College (Oklahoma); Hazen Cuyler, U. S. M. A.; Joe Cronin, Sacred Heart College (San Francisco); Clyde Barnhart, U. of Pennsylvania; Vic Aldridge, Central Normal of Indiana.

New York Giants: John McGraw, manager, St. Bonaventure; Roger Bresnahan, coach, Notre Dame; Travis Jackson, Ouachita Baptist College; Ned Porter, U. of Florida; Howard Holland, U. of Virginia; Andy Reese, Vanderbilt U.; Al Tyson, Georgetown U.; Foy Thomas, U. of Southern California; Leslie Mann, Springfield College; Fred Lindstrom, Loyola; Walter Brown, Brown U.

Brooklyn Robins: Max Carey, Concordia College; Harvey Hendrick, Vanderbilt; Jim Partridge, Oglethorpe; Billy Rheil, Newberry College; Hank DeBerry, University of Tennessee; D'Arcy Flowers, Washington College.

Boston Braves: Walter Gautreau, Holy Cross; Charley Robertson, Austin College; Harold Goldsmith, St. Lawrence College; Maurice Burrus, North Carolina State; Foster Edwards, Dartmouth; Eddie Farrell, U. of Penn.

Chicago Cubs: Cliff Heathcote, Penn State; Howard Freigau, Ohio Wesleyan; Fred Blake, West Virginia Wesleyan; Riggs Stephenson, Alabama.

Philadelphia Phillies: Cy Williams, Notre Dame; Chick Thompson, Columbia; Barney Friberg, Colby; Deland Dunham, Bloomington College; Hub Pruett, Missouri.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

New York Yankees: Myles Thomas, Penn State; Benny Bengough, Niagara; Mike Gazella, Lafayette; Joe Dugan, Holy Cross; Lou Gehrig, Columbia; Walter Ruether, St. Ignatius; Waite Hoyt, Middlebury; Ray Morehart, Austin College; Ed. Phillips, Boston College.

Cleveland Indians: Joe Sewell, Alabama; Luke Sewell, Alabama; Pat McNulty, Ohio State; Walter Miller, Ohio State; Homer Summa, Missouri; Fred Spurgeon, Kalamazoo and Valparaiso; Emil Levsen, Iowa State; Joe Shaute, Juniata College.

Philadelphia Athletics: Gordon Cochrane, Boston University; Eddie Collins, Columbia; Walter French, Rutgers and U. S. M. A.; Chick Galloway, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; Max Bishop, Baltimore City College; Bill Lamar, St. John's of Annapolis.

Chicago White Sox: Ted Lyons, Baylor; Bib Falk, Texas; Harry McCurdy, Illinois; Moe Berg, Princeton; Urban Faber, St. Joseph's College; Chester Falk, Texas; Alphonse Thomas, Baltimore City College; Bill Hunnefield, Colgate; George Connally, Meridan College of Texas; Bill Clancy, St. Viator's.

Detroit Tigers: Harry Heilmann, Sacred Heart College of San Francisco; Owen Carroll, Holy Cross; Edwin Wells, Bethany; Charles Gehringer, Michigan.

St. Louis Browns: George Sisler, Michigan; Spencer Adams, U. of Utah; Ernie Wingard, Alabama; Ernie Nevers, Stanford.

Boston Red Sox: William Carrigan, Manager, Holy Cross; Bryan Harriss, Howard Payne College of Houston; Fred Wingfield, Ohio State; Walter Shaner, V. M. I.; Buddy Myer, Mississippi A. and M.

Washington Senators: Willard Morrell, Tufts; Emory Rigney, Texas A. and M.; Harold Ruel, Washington College; Bobby Reeves, Ga. Tech.; Irving Hadley, Boston College; George Murray, Fordham; Tom Zachary, Guilford College.

*** Some of those named attended school for a limited time; but because athletes usually complete their playing eligibility, the percentage of graduates is high. The list does not include those who were farmed out after spring training nor those who were sent back for further polishing after joining major-league clubs following graduation last June. One of these, Richard Smith, of Notre Dame, informed friends that he received a bonus of $10,000 for signing a Giant contract. This figure is unusually high. Part of the bonus money is often paid to the player to help defray his expenses in school. Arrangements of this nature sometimes lead to charges of unethical conduct on the part of the collegians, who, according to John McGraw, negotiate with a second major-league club after becoming contractually obligated to a first.

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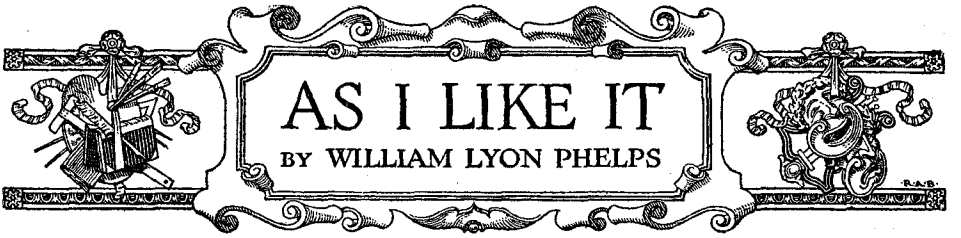

WE are cursed with organization. The immense number and variety of time-saving devices have left less time for anything valuable or important. Those men whose successful actions should be the fruit of sessions of silent thought have no leisure for meditation. Some men are so busy that they have no opportunity to become acquainted with themselves, and are shocked when they find out from others the kind of persons they really are. Many leaders in the business and professional world have no time for consecutive thinking except after a major operation. There are too many *committees*—and I know of no more certain way to waste time and energy than by committee meetings. It is better to give the job, whatever it is, to one man, and hold him responsible. Instead of attending a committee meeting, where some come late, and those who were not at the last meeting have to have the matter explained to them, let each man be responsible for one thing, and hold a meeting (at his convenience) with himself —he may find out what kind of a man he is, instead of being so wastefully active as never to know and never to live. A college president should be a leader in educational policy, which means that he should have time to think, to develop the fruits of thought and experience; but his time is taken up with "seeing people," with details, with machinery. Machinery is no good unless it fulfils its purpose—which is to make something. The pastor of a large city church is so busy in organization that his original animating purpose is lost—how can he communicate the life of the spirit to others, when it is many years since he has lived it himself? College teachers should be thoroughly and increasingly familiar with the subject (their specialty) and with the object (their pupils); but how can they be, if they rush from one committee meeting to another, and spend so much energy on the machinery of education that no one, not even themselves, can become educated? Nothing is more important, in a kindergarten, and in a Graduate School, than the relation between teacher and pupil; let us minimize the machinery and get back to teaching. Organization is the thief of time.

After writing the above paragraph, I read in Ed Snover's column in the Port Huron *Times Herald:*

> System is something by which a fellow is enabled to use $9 worth of stationery and $17 worth of time to obtain a 10-cent bottle of red ink from the stores department of the corporation for which he works.

The death of Keith Preston, literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, is a national calamity. He died June 7, at the age of forty-two. After being professor of Latin at Northwestern University, he entered journalism, and was one of America's shining lights, for the best foundation for a newspaper career is a classical education. Mr. Preston conducted the book department of *The News*, and in addition a daily column of wit and humor and satire in prose and verse. Harry Hansen, in the New York *World* wrote an admirable tribute to his memory, ability, and influence, and quoted, among other things, the epigrammatic

THE LIBERATORS

Among our literary scenes,
Saddest this sight to me,
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.

A work that Keith Preston would have enjoyed is "Reliquiæ," by the late A. D. Godley, public orator of the University of Oxford. It is in two volumes, edited by C. R. L. Fletcher, and consists of light and serious essays in prose and verse, in English, French, Latin, and Greek.

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Travelling in America in 1913, he saw a copy of the Oxford University *Gazette:*

Far hence a lonely exile strayed
By dark Potomac's brim;
The world Columbus erst surveyed
Was now surveyed by him:
He pined to view with yearning eye
His own domestic hob,
Nor solaced was by Pumpkin Pie,
Nor cheered by Corn-on-Cob! . . .

'Twas then, 'mid alien scenes and men,
All in that distant place
There dawned upon his visual ken
One, one familiar face!
Amid that Press of Yellow hue
One sheet was yellower yet:
It was (great Heavens!) the OXFORD U-
NIVERSITY GAZETTE!

In deep amaze the Wanderer sat,
Nor checked a natural tear;
"Tremendous Rag!" he cried, "and what
(In Thunder) dost thou here?
Are these the things that Georgia reads
And Texas wants to know?
Are Congregation's last misdeeds
The theme of Idaho?"

A work of immense learning and wide interest, the kind of *Weltgeschichte* that we more often associate with Continental than with American professorial learning is "A History of the Ancient World," by M. Rostovtzeff, professor of Ancient History at Yale. The author wrote it in Russian; the admirable English translation is by the accomplished scholar, J. D. Duff, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who made so fine a version of Aksakov. After studying and teaching in Russian universities, Professor Rostovtzeff came to the University of Wisconsin, and later accepted a call to Yale. It was while he was at Wisconsin, lecturing (in English) on Ancient History to freshmen, that this book was planned and partly written. Two large tomes have already appeared, the first dealing with the Orient and Greece, the second with Rome. Each volume contains over four hundred pages, and is copiously illustrated. These quotations from the preface are significant:

My own interests and studies have been directed, and are still directed, to certain subjects in particular. . . . But I have done all I could to prevent the matters in which I am specially interested from being too prominent. . . . My requests, which were often not too modest, did not meet with a single refusal from any European country or any institution in the United States. This is one more proof of the rapid restoration of international scientific relations, which the war seemed at one time to have shattered irrevocably. . . . I dedicate the book to the University of Wisconsin. In the darkest hour of my life the University of Wisconsin made it possible for me to resume my learned studies and carry them on without interruption.

Another Oxford Bible has appeared; this one is called "The Dormitory Bible," and is advertised as "The Largest Type Hand Bible in the smallest compass made." It is printed in new black-faced type. Following the Gideon idea, it is hoped to have a copy in every dormitory room in every school and college.

We are all familiar with Dutch New York; but how many Americans are familiar with Dutch *York?* Well, if you read J. S. Fletcher's latest novel, "The Harvest Moon," you will acquire much interesting information about the Dutch descendants with Dutch names, characteristics, and furniture, in the south-eastern parts of Yorkshire. You will also read an excellent story with a heroine somewhat like Eugénie Grandet. Mr. Fletcher is so accurate in terrestrial descriptions it seems unfortunate that he should blunder so egregiously in things celestial, especially when one remembers the title of his novel; but the same thing happens in a novel called "The Crescent Moon," by the accomplished and able writer, Francis Brett Young. On page 31 of Mr. Fletcher's new story, occurs this insult to astronomy:

"And away to the eastward he saw the first pale crescent of a new moon, cut clear against the sky."

As Eden Phillpotts amuses himself occasionally by writing a detective story, so Mr. Fletcher occasionally takes a vacation and writes a realistic novel of modern life. All he needs is an almanac.

Another Englishman, Mr. H. C. Bailey, who writes excellent detective novels and historical romances—whose "Knight at Arms" I especially enjoyed, has not done so well, in reprinting one of his earlier

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romances, "The Fool." It is a story of the time of Henry II, and it should take first prize for tosh.

I had just finished writing the above paragraphs when a letter came from William E. Breazeale, of Rutgers University, giving an instance of astronomical impossibility in a poem in SCRIBNER'S for July, "When the Dusk Comes Down."

"A little crescent moon glides up the sky,
Above a line of brooding trees."

Archibald Marshall has taken a few months off, and written a diverting tale, quite out of his ordinary line, called "That Island," giving the adventures of a shipwrecked party among rather agreeable savages. The events are improbable, but the people are probable. The chief skill shown in this narrative is, as might be expected, in the portrayal of character. There are no heroes, no heroines, and no real villains; the persons are a mixture of good and evil, of wisdom and folly, of cleverness and stupidity, as is the way of all flesh. Some things in this book, notably the use of the wrecked ship as a base of supplies, will remind the reader of "Robinson Crusoe"; other events and characters will remind him of that marvellous masterpiece of humor, Frank Stockton's "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." A short time ago I reread that novel, to see if it still retained for me its freshness, whimsicality, originality, fun, and charm; it did. All those who used to enjoy it should read it again; and to those who never heard of it, let me say that you have awaiting you, within the covers of that book, some hours of undiluted delight.

No history of American literature should omit the name of Frank Stockton.

Some thrillers of high voltage: "Rainbow Island," by Mark Caywood. Here the author presents the perfect hero, athletic, intelligent, resourceful, who has unaccountably remained a bachelor. A seafaring man, he is technically a mate, but finds the perfect one in the neat and lovely heroine, who, although young and ravishingly beautiful, is a capable woman. The devilish villain finds that he is mated by the mate and his mate.

I have just read in book form "The 'Canary' Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine, which many Scribnerians have been enjoying serially. It is a complicated and ingenious tale, filled with surprises. I salute the author. I did not correctly guess the murderer until the poker game; I feel sure that Mr. Van Dine intended every one to spot the right man at that moment, for I have never before guessed correctly the solution of a murder mystery. My stupidity in this respect arises, I suppose, from my lack of ability in mathematics.

Another thrilling murder case is found in the novel "Greymarsh," by Arthur Rees, a Norfolk tale of the shore of the North Sea. Incidentally there are fine landscapes and seascapes in this well-written book, but the chief interest, of course, is in the solution of the mystery. For a time it seems as if it must involve a member of the house-party, as in Ben Ames Williams's snowed-in company; but—well, find out for yourself.

"The Tragedy at Freyne," by Anthony Gilbert, is again the story of a pleasant house-party in England, where the host is murdered. Disappointed love, jealousies, golf-games, and morphia-addicts constitute the well-mixed ingredients. No wonder the detective is puzzled; only the coroner is certain, and he is mistaken.

The American humorist, Ring W. Lardner, has amused himself and the public by writing a portentously horrifical autobiography, "The Story of a Wonder Man," with exceedingly appropriate illustrations. Those who solemnly disapprove of puns should read this volume. What such wiseacres need is to be shocked out of their five wits; this work will do the trick. Not the least amusing part of the strange, eventful history is in the footnotes by editor and by author. They are often discordant notes, but not to be discounted. In fact, it may sincerely be called a note-worthy book.

To lovers of Dante I recommend a small and attractive volume published by Heath Cranton, 6 Fleet Lane, London. It is called "The Beauties of the Divine Comedy," chosen and translated by Thomas Watson Duncan. For the benefit of that "interesting class of persons who prefer statistics to poetry" (A. Birrell), I read that there are 14,234 lines in the

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"Divine Comedy"; Mr. Duncan has selected 5,866. The Italian is given on the left-hand pages, the English prose version on the right. This is a good book.

Another excellent Dante book is "The Minor Poems of Dante," translated into English verse by Lorna de' Lucchi.

To that vast number of people who read with joy H. W. Fowler's "Modern English Usage" let me emphatically recommend Ernest Weekley's "Words Ancient and Modern." Professor Weekley has no end of fun with words. I open this little book at random and find:

WRETCH

That *beef* and *cow* are ultimately the same word is one of those facts that delight the student of etymology and provoke the incredulous bray of the ignorant. Similarly *wretch* and *gossoon* have not a sound or a letter in common, but it is not difficult to establish their ultimate identity. (He then establishes it.)

I have been wondering who, in these anti-Victorian days, would cast the first stone at Addison. For Addison, though he lived in the time of Anne, had the Victorian virtues of decency, restraint, piety, and respectability. Of course Pope wrote a brilliant and poisonous satire against his dignified contemporary; but that work of genius is a better portrait of the writer than of his victim. Well, Addison has at last received his long-awaited tribute of scorn. In a highly interesting and diverting book, written from the Restoration point of view, by Bonamy Dobrée, and called "Essays in Biography, 1680–1726," containing fifty pages on Etherege and over a hundred on Vanbrugh, there are 140 pages on Addison, who is called "The First Victorian." I do not know where one can find a clearer statement of the view of life, character, and morality held to-day by many, than in Mr. Dobrée's remark on page 335:

To us, in rebellion against the Victorian view, with more faith in the human being, and much less in his ideals, approaching as we do indeed a nihilism in values, a character such as Addison's must seem unsatisfactory. We cannot but regard some of his moral operations much as we look upon the crushing of the feet of Chinese girls. We care little for a virtue that is not spontaneous, for a charitable action that is the result of thought rather than of impulse.

Such a statement is worth serious consideration; and how true it would be if only unselfishness were instinctive rather than selfishness! Carried to its logical conclusion, Mr. Dobrée would have more admiration for the man who was naturally fearless than for the man who was instinctively afraid yet controlled his fear and played the part of a hero. Now it is not the instincts of men that I admire, but rather man's ability to control them. Hamlet was right when he said:

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Some like one kind of book, some another; but all those who read anything except trash will enjoy "The Surgeon's Log," by J. Johnston Abraham. This is a new edition, with illustrations, of a book first published in 1911. Doctor Abraham is a distinguished surgeon, with a long list of medals and degrees, and an office on Harley Street. Warned by another specialist that he must go away and rest, he went in a manner that should be recommended to all physicians who need a year's vacation. He took the post of surgeon on a ship bound from Liverpool for the Far East; thus he travelled in *otium cum dignitate*, had all his expenses paid, earned a modest stipend, and gave that ship the finest medical services it could ever hope to have. The voyage not only cured him of whatever was the matter with him, it made him a successful author, for this book has had immense popularity. It is one of the most entertaining travel-chronicles I have seen.

An excellent series of Lay Sermons is "Case and Comment: Meditations of a Layman on the Christian Year," by the accomplished journalist Louis Howland. These meditations are both religious and practical, being the aspiring thoughts of a common-sensible man.

I wish to call to the particular attention of my 200,000 intelligent readers the fact

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that the fourth volume of David Alec Wilson's exhaustive but never exhausting biography of Carlyle has just appeared—it is called "Carlyle at His Zenith." We are living in an age of biography, and this life of Carlyle is the most important and most valuable biographical work of our time. Despite its prodigious length and abundance of detail, I find every page and every foot-note interesting; I have read every word in the four volumes and am hungry for more. The three previous tomes are called "Carlyle till Marriage," "Carlyle till the French Revolution," "Carlyle on Cromwell and Others."

As there is, fortunately, no limit to the demand for Dickens, so there is no end to the new editions of his works. The latest is "The Handy Volume National Library Edition in Full Flexible Leather," with each work sold separately.

Besides the Grove edition of Galsworthy, there are a number of series of books that book-lovers should watch both for favorites and for the proper and adequate filling of gaps in their libraries and in their reading. In the Everyman's Library, Vasari's "Lives of the Painters" has recently appeared; in the new Murray Hill biographies, "Hawthorne" and "Upton Sinclair"; in the Modern Library, works by Ambrose Bierce and Herman Melville; in the Star Dollar Books, Fabre's "The Mason-Bees," Henry Ford's "Life and Work," Jim Corbett's "The Roar of the Crowd," "Life of Pasteur," and Thomas Beer's "Stephen Crane." In the admirable Black and Gold Series, "Tristram Shandy" and "A Sentimental Journey," both edited by the foremost authority on Sterne, Wilbur Cross; also a charming one-volume edition of "The Dialogues of Plato," in Jowett's matchless translation, edited by Professor W. C. Greene. This is a book to live and die with. And speaking of Plato, those who like solid thought luminously expressed will enjoy Mr. Santayana's little book, "Platonism and the Spiritual Life."

W. A. Henson, of Cartersville, Ga., sends me an extremely interesting note on birds:

> Your story of the woodpecker who gave the owl a case of "shell-shock," told in the July number of SCRIBNER'S, reminds me of another story of bird intelligence.
>
> Col. Hamilton Yancy of Rome, Ga. (who by the way was a classmate of Henry W. Grady at the University of Georgia) told me this story:
>
> He one day approached some crows in a wheat field from behind a fence, escaping both their notice and that of the sentinel crow which was sitting in the top of a pine nearby, and shot one of the ones on the ground. He says they flew off greatly excited and in going off all went right vigorously after this sentinel crow, pecking him and making his feathers fly as if to punish him for allowing a comrade to get killed.

THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

No article in this corner of culture has aroused more wide-spread or more animated comment than nominations for the Ignoble Prize. Many find that these nominations of things especially distasteful afford them much-needed relief; others think that some of the suggestions are trivial, and that the candidates for the Ignoble Prize should be only ideas or objects of serious magnitude. But such a suggestion is in itself a nomination for the Ignoble Prize.

J. Howard Taylor, of Suffolk, Va.: "There is a great deal to be said in its favor and it should be continued, but the invitation to complain is much too broad not to be jumped at by the easily vexed and captious, who take this opportunity to point to some petty mistake as an object of deep concern."

W. A. Watts, an American, writes from York, England: "I nominate British coppers, matches, cigars, Scotch weather, and generally speaking European coffee." I agree with all these except the matches. I particularly admire the wax vestas. They were originally invented for those who live on the fourth or fifth story of a building, and who return after the hall and corridor lights are out. A good wax vesta will point the way onward and upward over four flights of stairs. But I like them for many reasons, always provided they have a thick back-bone.

Walter Phelps Dodge, writing from Coronado Beach, Calif.: "Blonde" for fair woman; "God's Country" for United States; "Movies" for cinema.

Miss Mary Johnston, of Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Ill. She writes from *S. S. Majestic:* "Even as bad as the cigar-girl who slides the stamps out

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sticky-side down on the counter is the drug-clerk who takes the tooth-brush from its sealed package and tests the bristles before you with his thumb." She adds: "'Don't think' is at least good Latin idiom if not English, for the negative goes with the verb of thinking or saying rather than with the thing said. Cf. *nego*, = *dico* . . . *non*. As for 'dumb' for 'stupid,' isn't that the German *dumm* by way of Pennsylvania Dutch, etc., as well as from the old pun on the dumbbell and 'dumb belle' or pretty girl with nothing to say for herself?"

Elmer McClain, of Lima, Ohio, naturally resents a slighting allusion to that town, which appeared in a letter from one of my correspondents:

Pray what warrant have you for referring as you did, or allowing some one else to do it, to "Lima, Ohio or Waterloo, Iowa"? Have you ever lived outside of New York City and its environs? Do you know that N. Y. C. is the most provincial city in America? Where else could this happen as it did in N. Y. C.: Landlady: "And where are you from?" "We're from Ohio." "Then you probably know the people who were in these rooms before; they were from the West too, Wisconsin, I believe." In what other city will a crowd instantly gather, as it will invariably in N. Y. C., sometimes blocking traffic, if a car owner lifts up the hood cover and peers at his engine or tinkers with it? What place would stop all its traffic, elevateds, street-cars, everything to observe a dirigible sailing about overhead? I happened to be in N. Y. C. just at the time when the Eighteenth Amendment was being made effective. The subject of it had been debated, voted upon, considered pro and con by the rest of the country for years, a full generation in some States, and we all knew about it and knew it was inevitable. New York did not catch on to the significance of it till it had gone into effect. It was just a vague harum-scarum idea like "Populism and Kansas" long ago, and as far off. There is no place on earth that beats a large city for provincialism that I know anything about, and N. Y. C. takes the palm—I have lived in it, in Chicago, in West Newton, Indiana (population 200) and in Lima. God bless you and let you live "Out West," or at least "Out Where the West Begins" sometime if only for a little while.

The Scorner is also attacked in this letter from Doctor Russell C. Doolittle, of Des Moines, Iowa:

There should be a Grand Ignoble Prize for such as Mr. Elcock of Princeton, . . . and Mr. Chubb . . . both in July SCRIBNER'S, who persist in using Iowa people and cities to personify the ultimate in boorishness and unsophistication. I was never bumped, elbowed or trod upon in any Iowa State Fair crowd as I was recently while trying to board a Long Island suburban train in the Penn. Station in New York City. . . . What should constitute . . . qualifications for culture, refinement and cosmopolitanism? Are they museums, churches, and world-travellers, or tenements, bootleggers and provincials? . . . I profess a kindly feeling for Mr. Elcock of Princeton, because I have a Wilson brand diploma from the college in his village, but my empathic index for Mr. Chubb is very low and I hope these words hurt him like everything.

S. S. Van Dine, the mystery expert, can hardly be accused of using shopworn phrases. In his novel "The 'Canary' Murder Case" are the following words: "euphoria," "pseudo-pyriform," "anadem," "wanghee," "bibative," "prognathous," "saponacious," "philogynist," "olla podrida," "tickled-up crime," "xanthous," "abecedarian," "thuggee," "perjurious," "efreets," besides an immense number of phrases in foreign languages. Amateur detective Vance is an allusive conversationist.

Jay C. Rosenfeld, the music critic of the *Berkshire Evening Eagle*, Pittsfield, Mass., coins a new and useful word in the issue for July 11.

The adagio is one of the type which only a man with the hyperacute clairaudition like Beethoven could write.

He writes: "Reading your monthly article in SCRIBNER'S gave me the courage to use clairaudition. Is it not as applicable in its own way as clairvoyance?" I hereby give clairaudition a hearty welcome into the English language.

Into the Faery Queene Club comes lightly tripping Mrs. Eugenia Johnston, who read the poem many years ago when a student at the Illinois Female College; along with her comes Professor William S. Ament, of Scripps College, Claremont, Calif. He has "faithfully followed Glory and Magnificence through the six books of that darke conceit, that immortal romance."

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As an asymptote is to its neighbor, so is Professor Ament to the Fano Club.

In motoring down the double avenue, eucalyptus shaded, of Arcadia, Calif., I noted the curb sign in white against red, "Fano Street." Doesn't such good fortune deserve recognition? or is it a sufficient distinction just to cross Fano Street, Arcadia, on the morning side of the City of Our Lady Queen of the Angels?

I am swollen with pride to think that a street should have been named after this famous club.

In company with my Yale classmate, Judge John Henry Kirkham, of New Britain, with whom I made a memorable pilgrimage to New York forty years ago, I travelled by motor-car, during the last week in June, in the glorious State of Vermont, where the inhabitants, like the Romans of old, walk from the kitchen door to the barn on paths of marble. In the gloaming, we arrived at Manchester, and drew up before the pillared front of The Equinox; though I had never been there before, I had seen pictures of it so oft, and so oft talked about it with intimate friends, that I felt as if I were coming home. This feeling was strengthened by the hospitality we received, and by the homelike nature of the interior. In addition to the host, there were other friends, members of the Conversation Club in Augusta, Mr. and Mrs. Cabot Morse, George Gray, the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster, and Mr. Lamb, the Professor of Nicotine. He was discussing the virtues of a certain pipe-mixture; he spoke solemnly, with a holy look on his face. "Why," said I, "you ought to hold the chair of nicotine at Yale." "Yes," added Professor Edward B. Reed, "and then you could preach the tobaccolaureate sermon."

Well, we played golf for three days on the beautiful links; I only wish I could have remained to see the new links, laid out by Walter Travis, which were to be formally opened by Jesse Sweetser and Francis Ouimet. Walter Travis came while we were there, but I was heartbroken to see the King of the Links and of the Conversation Club so shattered by illness that he could not play. Yet, although horizontal, I found all the old force and fire in his conversation. Apart from his prowess and knowledge in his outdoor specialty, he is one of the most interesting men, one of the most informing talkers, and one of the best friends I know.

[To-day I learn by telegram that Mr. Travis died yesterday (July 31) at Denver. I shall always be glad that in 1925 at Augusta, Ga., I had intimate talk with him every day for three months. I remember his saying that he did not wish to grow old; he hoped he would die before beset by physical infirmities. When I saw him July first, in Vermont, he said Manchester was the most beautiful place in America. By his request, his body will be taken thither for burial.]

While playing on the links, I frequently lifted up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh not my strength in golf. Their tops were shrouded in clouds, and I saw why the mountains last so long. They are wrapped in cotton wool. Fair as woman, and much more deceitful, are the Manchester putting-greens.

One afternoon Judge Kirkham and I motored some fourscore and more miles to Middlebury College, and thence vertically some twelve miles to Bread Loaf, the famous summer school of the institution, where I was to give the inaugural address. The president of the college is a former pupil of mine, Paul Moody, and we had the pleasure of his company in the steep ascent. It was a glorious evening—the air sparkled as palpably and almost as visibly as the firmament, and the majestic mountains made as fine a setting for a summer school as heart could wish. I was confronted with a slight sartorial difficulty; I was clad in golf jacket and knickerbockers, and had brought evening clothes. But when I saw the simplicity of nature and the sport clothes of the young men and women who were to be my audience, I felt that evening clothes were an insult to the air of heaven. So I made the public inaugural address in knickers, the first man to do that in America since Oscar Wilde. After the exercises and the pleasure of meeting the faculty and students, the Judge and I motored eighty-six miles to Manchester, arriving at midnight. As Robert Frost

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has pointed out in one of the most charming of his poems, people in those regions go to bed early; we sped over the deserted roads and through the sleeping villages in a way that would have made Paul Revere think he was going backward.

While in Vermont, I met three of America's distinguished woman writers, whose works I devoutly admire—Dorothy Canfield, Sarah Cleghorn, and Zephine Humphrey; met them in their own blessed homes, and inhaled the surroundings from which they draw some of their inspiration. Dorothy Canfield is now in the heyday of her powers, "Her Son's Wife" being the best American novel of 1926. Zephine Humphrey's "Winterwise" is a beautiful book, and needed by all Americans; Sally Cleghorn's only sin is in not publishing more often, for she is an authentic poet. A pleasant characteristic of all three of these neighbors is that they are ardent Ailurians.

Zephine Humphrey took me from her home in Dorset to call on the mother of the late Stuart Sherman; she lives in the neighborhood. As might be expected, she is a charming and exceedingly interesting woman. Her facial likeness to her famous son is very striking.

J. Ranken Towse, the drama critic of the New York *Evening Post*, retires from active service after being on that paper for fifty-seven years. He signalized his retirement by writing an admirable editorial on the death of America's beloved First Gentleman of the Stage, John Drew. Mr. Towse's long experience, acute judgment, and inflexible adherence to the highest standards, made him a critic of the highest order. His book of reminiscences, published a few years ago, is exceedingly interesting.

To those who profess to see no difference between the teachings of religion and the code of civilized behavior, let me call attention to a remark of Mr. Vance in "The 'Canary' Murder Case":

> "Pray don't give way to conventional moral indignation. However unethical—theoretically—it may be to take another's life, a man's own life is certainly his to do with as he chooses. Suicide is his inalienable right."

Of course I am not taking a detective story too seriously; but this jesting remark will do for a text. "A man's own life is certainly his to do with as he chooses" may be an accurate description of the way many men think and live; but it is flatly contrary to the teachings of Christianity. According to Detective Vance, the conventional standards of morality are too high for the average man; Christianity regards them as too low. Religion begins where morality leaves off.

Lady Oxford (Margot Asquith) says that an American journalist came to her in search of "low-down articles of an intimate kind." Well, he certainly knew where to search.

In addition to my two dogs, Rufus H. Phelps, and Lad H. Phelps, and my three cats, I have recently acquired a South American parrot, who speaks English and Portuguese fluently, and shakes hands like the chairman of a reception committee. His name is William L. Parrott; he spells it with two t's. I am fortunate in having for a neighbor the foremost American scholar in the Portuguese language, Professor Henry R. Lang. I shall secure his services as interpreter.

I am often called an omnivorous reader; therein I differ from those who read only modern novels which glorify the flesh. They are carnivorous readers.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WRITING in this place a short time ago, about the Henry E. Huntington collection at Pasadena, I pointed out its importance for the student of eighteenth-century British portraiture. It contains masterpieces lifting it above the public galleries of England in representative significance for the historian of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and their circle. It is unique in its illustration of a certain tradition. What of other traditions? How far has the American collector been swayed by taste and circumstance to cultivate this or that school? Mostly he has been an eclectic, yet there has been something like a definite sequence in our importation of old masters. Thirty years and more ago Rembrandt and Hals were peculiarly to the fore and somewhat later the old decorative portrait of almost any school, but especially of the French, had a marked vogue. It subsided as the drift of fashionable predilection came more under the influence of a growing connoisseurship. Then upon the horizon shone a pell-mell of illustrious names—Velasquez as well as Vermeer, Titian as well as Memling, the mystical El Greco as well as the blithe, mundane Frago, a host of "all the talents." The eclectic motive still rules. But the Italian school would seem to have taken an exceptional hold upon the American imagination and a recent incident in the market brings the matter into sharp relief. I refer to the announcement that Sir Joseph Duveen had bought *en bloc*, for $3,000,000, the collection of one hundred and twenty pictures formed by Mr. Robert H. Benson, the London banker, and would bring it for exhibition and dispersal to the United States.

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WHEN I heard of this sale and the promise of its repercussions over here, one famous picture particularly came back to my memory. I recalled the enchanting Hylas of Piero di Cosimo, musing on its beauty as an example of Renaissance imagination dealing with myth, and on its rarity, its high status as a "museum picture." In that it is typical of a collection that has long had an international renown. Mr. Benson was as fortunate as he was discriminating. The most astounding prizes fell into his net. He went after the Italians and as a collector of them he brought off one brilliant *coup* after another. Among his Primitives the four Duccios would alone give a gallery distinction, and they have remarkable companions in works of other schools. In early and later phases the Florentines and the Venetians—notably the Venetians—impressively loom. Antonello da Messina, Luini, Ghirlandajo, Bellini, Del Sarto, Francia, Titian, and so on through a dazzling catalogue, are represented by paintings which have been widely recognized as among the major things of their respective categories. I might exhaust much of my space just in the enumeration of them. They figure with surprising frequency in the literature of Italian art. Mr. Benson was generous in loans to exhibitions over a long period, and criticism has taken appreciative account of his treasures. But I am concerned to-day not so much with their individual qualities as with the question involved in their inevitable transference to this country. It seems only yesterday that such conditions prevailed as wouldn't have made their coming inevitable at all.

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WHEN James Jackson Jarves went to Italy in another generation and brought together the valuable collection that for years has been at Yale it was little enough appreciated. Who in that time had any idea of the distinction to be conferred upon the university by the presence there of, say, the Hercules and Dejanira of Pollaiuolo? All manner of developments had to ensue before Italian art took on anything like the status here which it

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Madonna and Child.

From the relief by Rossellino in the Clarence H. Mackay collection.

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now enjoys. But the change has been worked and if the Benson collection comes to America it is because the ground has been prepared for its reception. In fact, just as the historian of British art now has to journey to California to see Reynolds's Tragic Muse and Gainsborough's is nobly represented in the Altman collection. Where those who love the Mantuan once went to the Duke of Buccleugh's to see his stately Tarquin and the Sibyl they must now search it out in the collection of Mrs. Emery at Cincinnati. The Kann collection in Paris once exposed to

The Adoration of the Shepherds.
From the painting by Andrea Mantegna in the Mackay collection.

Blue Boy, so the historian of Italian painting must come to America to study an always increasing number of its most indispensable documents. The late John G. Johnson, who was omnivorous, took the Italians in his stride, and left numerous examples of their work in the collection now owned by the city of Philadelphia. The late Isabella Bird Gardner made her Fenway Court, in Boston—also a public possession since her death—a kind of Renaissance shrine. No connoisseur of Botticelli, Crivelli, Giorgione, or Titian, to mention only a few of her masters, can neglect it. The Titian-Bellini Bacchanale is in the Widener collection, along with Raphael's Cowper Madonna and Mantegna's Judith. Mantegna again the beholder Ghirlandajo's adorable portrait of Giovanna Tournabuoni. Now it belongs to Mr. Morgan. Mr. Kahn owns one of the great portraits by Botticelli. There are Italian gems in the Goldman, Frick, and Mellon collections. The activity of the private collector is deliberately stressed for it is he, or she, quite as much as the public museum—if not more than that institution—who has brought the Italian inspiration into the air. What patience has been necessary to wait for the opportunity to do so! There was a period when the Renaissance masterpiece was the most infrequent kind of episode in the market. I can remember, as a commentator on the subject, how natural it was to consider the occasional

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St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata.
From the painting by Sassetta in the Mackay collection.

St. Francis and the Beggar. The Dream of St. Francis.
From the painting by Sassetta in the Mackay collection.

appearance of a great Italian picture a sort of fantastic break in the story of what looked like permanent European segregation. All the really desirable objects were apparently locked up forever in the historic museums or were in private collections probably as secure against invasion. But economic developments have latterly unbarred many a door in Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, and even Italy itself—despite the Pacca edict—and this country has in consequence been artistically enriched beyond measure.

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THE evidence I have cited is convincing enough but an addition to it is to be reckoned with which lends more force to the argument. It is indicated in a great folio, appropriately bound in sumptuous morocco, containing the privately printed catalogue of the collection formed by Clarence H. Mackay. Doctor Wilhelm Valentiner has compiled this book, not only listing and describing the works of art at Roslyn but discussing them with scholarship and judgment and recording everything concerning them that research could discover. The reproductions are perfect photogravures and among the sculptures photographs have been taken from more than one point of view. The volume makes in the fullest sense a monument to a collection having distinctive character and importance. This collection is not extensive. It embraces only about sixteen paintings and but a slightly larger group of marbles, terra-cottas, and bronzes. But it is unique in its isolation of the Italian genius. Though other collections in America have specific gems equally resplendent, they are associated with others of different schools. This one is formed of Italian masterpieces and nothing else. The

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Madonna and Child.

From the painting by Baldovinetti in the Mackay collection.

list of the painters is a roster of shining figures functioning at their best. Mr. Mackay has disclosed other tastes at Harbor Hill. The house itself was designed by Stanford White in the French style. It contains a room, sheathed in old French *boiseries*, which enshrines divers Gothic sculptures. It is against mediæval tapestries in the great central hall that a famous gathering of antique

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armor is assembled. But in the big room of stone in which White recreated the background of the Renaissance, the Italian note is revived in its absolute integrity. Pictures and sculptures, with the huge carved mantelpiece, the coffered ceiling, and the furniture about, might have come, in themselves, and in the ensemble they make, from some Florentine *palazzo* of the fifteenth century.

There is a conspicuous reminder, encountered immediately on entering this room, of that change in conditions on which I have dwelt, the transition of precious things from Europe to America. I may venture to show how the instance met on the threshold has rounded out an experience of my own. It must be twenty-five years, if not more, since I was unforgettably entranced by a panel hanging at Chantilly, a panel delineating The Marriage of St. Francis to Poverty. The animated group in the foreground, the beautifully drawn mountains in the distance, the angelic figures floating above, made one of those tender, gracious designs that haunt the mind. I had had slight contact with Sassetta, the Sienese painter of the picture, and I did not know anything about the series to which it belonged. Then Berenson published, in 1909, the little book in which he ardently celebrated Sassetta as the artist "who has left us the most adequate rendering of the Franciscan soul that we possess in the entire range of painting," not even excepting Giotto, and I learned the whereabouts of the other parts of the polyptych to which the Chantilly panel belonged. Six panels of exactly the same dimensions were in the collection of M. Chalandon, in Paris. A seventh lodged in the château of the Count de Martel. The central Glory of St. Francis was—and still is—in Mr. Berenson's hands at I Tatti, ultimately destined by him, I believe, to go to the Italian Government. His painting is unprocurable and so is that divine thing at Chantilly. But the seven Chalandon-Martel panels hang in the Mackay collection, where I have continued the study of Sassetta begun in France so long ago. And I can imagine one foreign critic after another seeking the same completion of an analysis begun abroad.

Portrait of a Young Princess.
From the painting by Pisanello in the Mackay collection.

It is not the only instance at Harbor Hill. Pisanello, a Veronese contemporary of Sassetta's, a late fourteenth and early fifteenth century master, is known chiefly for his medals. A scant handful of his paintings is all that the mustered galleries of Europe have to show. In the Mackay collection hangs his portrait of a princess of the house of D'Este, a marvellous little profile, the face drawn with an Oriental fineness and precision, the head-dress and costume discreetly ornate, and the bejewelled color scheme a bold yet restrained harmony of pale ivory, blue, and gold. It is one of the rarest portraits of the Renaissance, very delicate,

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almost Chinese in its refinement, but with drawing in it of the strength to be expected of a man accustomed to the idiom of bronze. This is the kind of masterpiece that to the critical student spells a fresh, inspiriting adventure. It spreads before him a long-hidden page. So it is with Mantegna's Adoration of the Shepherds. For years I traced Mantegna wherever I could find him in Europe, for in his Roman forms, austere draughtsmanship, and noble spirit I find a deep, abiding joy. He is, to me, one of the sublime exemplars of style. For a long time my knowledge of him suffered certain serious omissions. The Aigueperse St. Sebastian eluded me until it was fetched to the Louvre. This Adoration was buried in an English castle and I knew it only in reproductions. But at last in the Mackay collection it finds a home on this side of the water, a perfect wellspring of beauty, and my Mantegna journeyings have come full circle. I had loved Baldovinetti for his great Madonna in the Louvre, but I confess that he moves me even more subtly in the Mackay Madonna of kindred type, one not only more piercing in its spiritual power but having an incomparable charm in the dusky loveliness of its color.

Bust of a Young Woman.

From the sculpture by Desdiderio da Settignano in the Mackay collection.

AS I speak of these paintings, the Mantegna and the Baldovinetti, I am conscious of the special characteristic of the collection, a characteristic which they help to determine. There is another secular work besides the Pisanello, a radiant portrait of a young man by Botticelli. In general, however, the artists represented are dedicated to the cult of the Madonna. There is Matteo di Giovanni, echoing in his naïve sentiment, his serene immobility, and his gleam of gold, the Byzantine tradition which lies back of Siena and Florence. There is the Umbrian Perugino, with his wholesomely sensuous note, and there is the Bolognese Francia, likewise of a melting sweetness. Finally there is Verrocchio, monumental, the man of intense virility, plastic in his forms and gloriously forceful in his color, the sculptor turning from the chisel to the brush and fusing the traits of both instruments. All uplift the same impassioned canticle to Our Lady of Heaven, each filling out the Renaissance formula with his own stroke and style, but all expressing a common emotional impulse. The devotional unity of the Italian school is heavily underlined in this group of pictures. By a happy coincidence the priceless relic of Raphael that exists here, the predella piece given to The Agony in the Garden, reflects not the intellectual dry light in which he produced the decorations of his prime, but the heartfelt sentiment of his pupilage under Perugino.

The collection reverberates in silver tones with the organ music of the ancient church, but, adding enormously to its value and suggestiveness as a microcosm of the Renaissance, there rises up upon a pedestal a monument to keep one in mind of the complexity of the period. It was a period in which crime and culture went hand in hand, and to be devout did not necessarily stay a man when he was set upon violence. The bust on the pedestal is one of Lorenzo de' Medici, fashioned by Verrocchio in terra-cotta. It is a tremen-

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Madonna and Child.
From the painting by Andrea Verrocchio in the Mackay collection.

dous portrait, the heroically simple style matching the saturnine truculence of the sitter. Lorenzo looks less the patron of the arts than he does the town bully. He is grim, brutal, a very portent of ruthless power. And his bust magnificently illustrates the alchemy of art. As you turn from Lorenzo to Desiderio's fascinating Bust of a Young Woman, or to the exquisite Mino that used to be taken for a Saint Catherine, but that Doctor Valentiner would designate quite impersonal-

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ly, or to the ravishing modulations of Rossellino's Madonna, you see that though they penetrate to an infinitely suaver world they are not more beautiful than Verrocchio's bluntly realistic portrait.

Lorenzo de' Medici.
From the sculpture by Andrea Verrocchio in the Mackay collection.

IT is the paradox of the Renaissance. Dissecting a soul in confusion, Thomas Hardy says: "Poor Jude did not know whether the breeze blew from Cyprus or from Galilee." The fifteenth-century Italian artist had no such dubiety. He knew just where the breeze came from—and trimmed his sails to suit his mood. Wherever he found himself he was supremely sincere. Always he drove—even recklessly, on occasion—at truth. It is Verrocchio's consummate truth that makes him in the bust aforesaid as beguiling as he is startling. That is why the portrait of Lorenzo makes so dramatic an impact upon the imagination, it is so human, so sympathetically vitalized. The paintings in the Mackay collection, whether Madonnas or portraits—the sculptures, whether a touching Saint John by Donatello, an electrifying Young Warrior by Pollaiuolo, or a proudly prosaic bust of some nameless middle-aged man by Benedetto da Majano—are all instinct with the passion of an historic school, the passion for life, for corporeal as well as spiritual truth. A momentous chapter in the history of art is set forth in this room. And not so long ago it could have been studied only in Europe.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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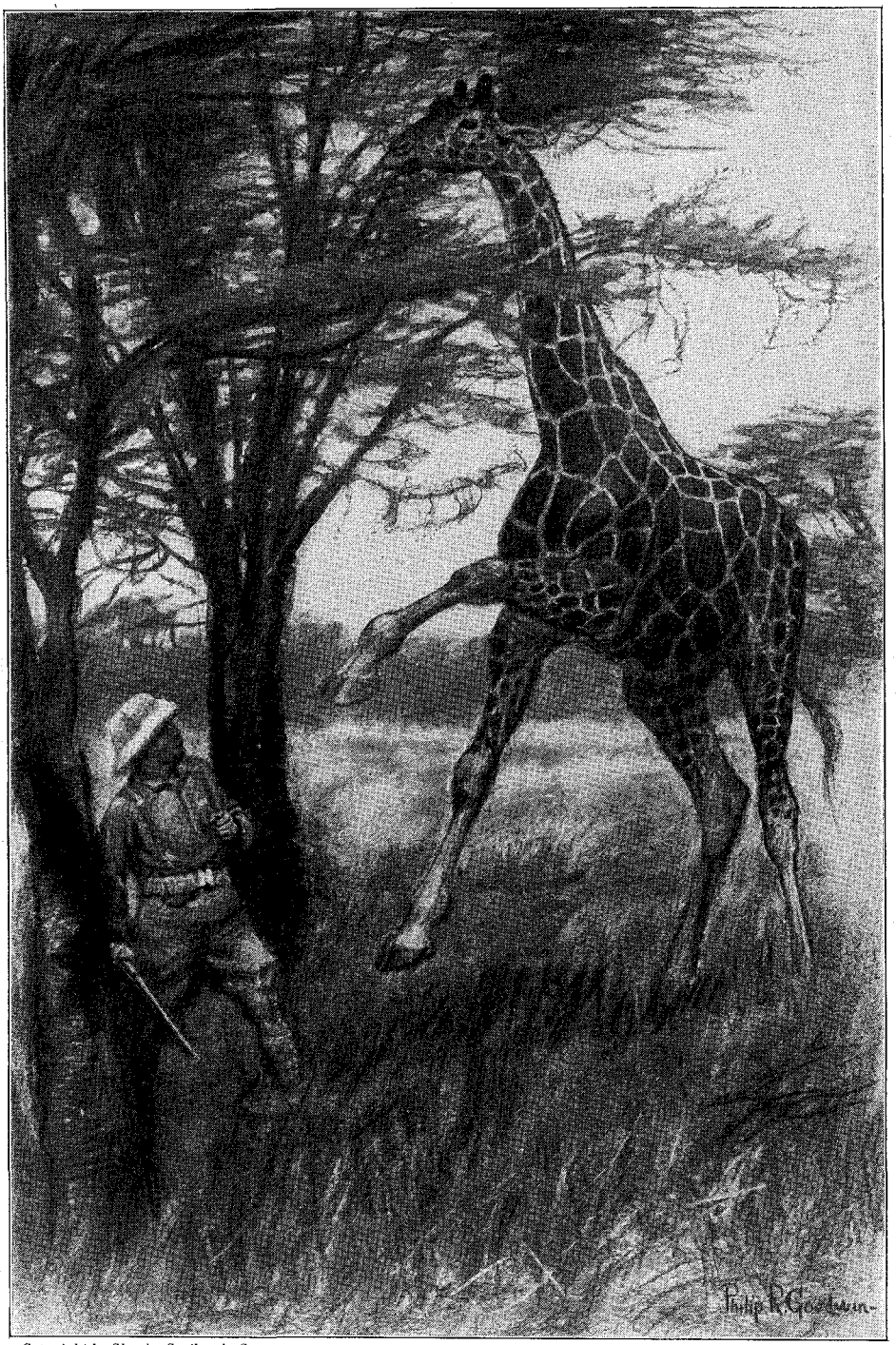

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GIRAFFE MENACING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

From a drawing by Philip R. Goodwin.

—See "Wild Animals We Never See Alive," page 584.

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